★ Sept. 27, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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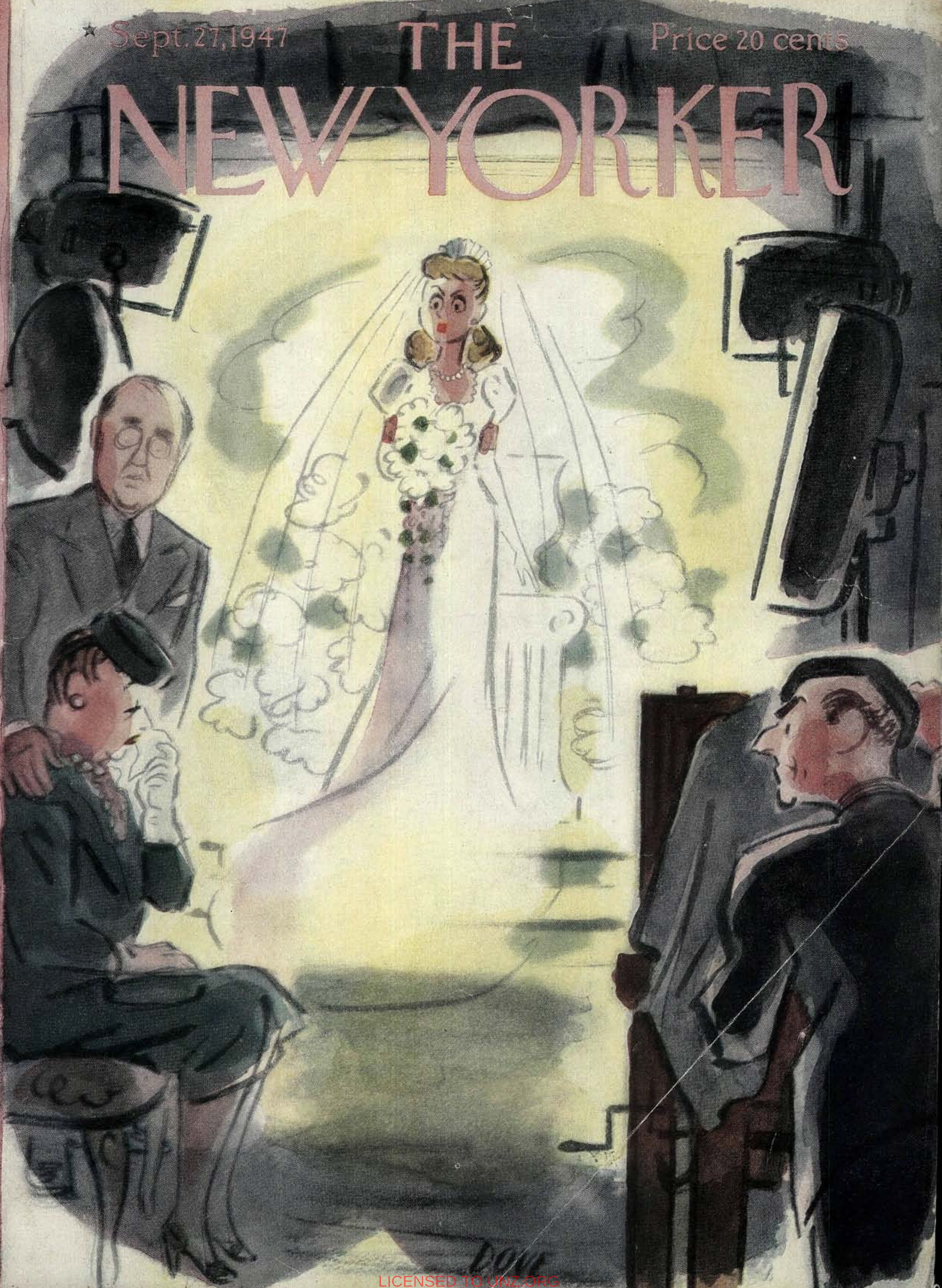

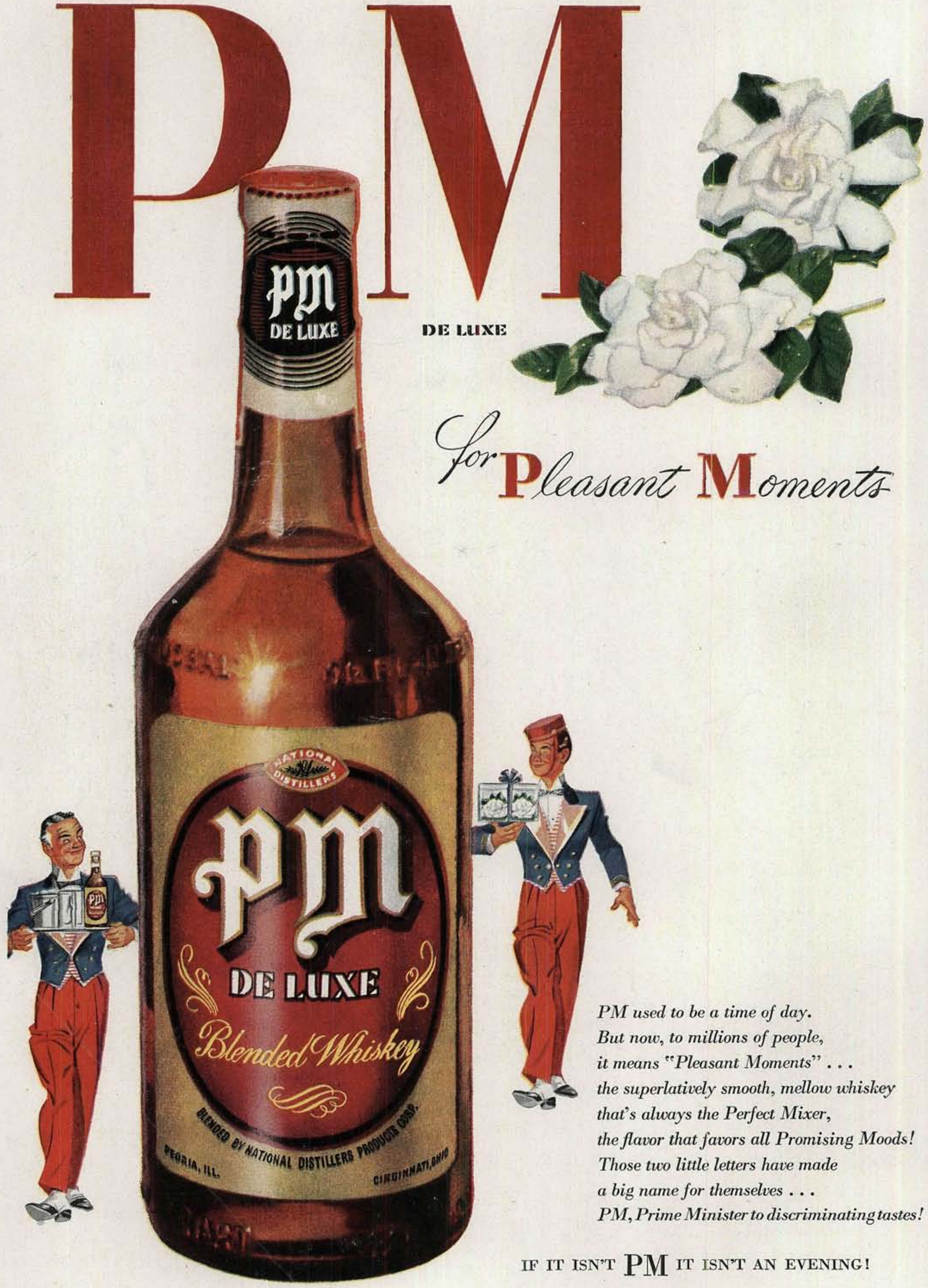
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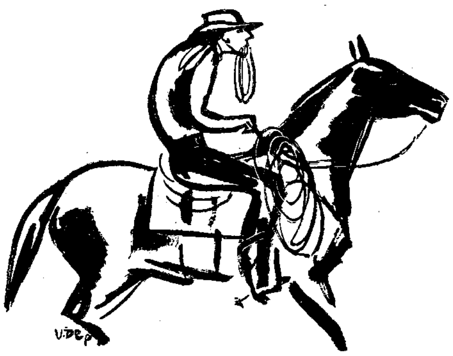

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—A smooth, waxy piece of hokum having to do with a soldier's postwar difficulties, aided no little by smart direction and an expert cast. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, Margaret Bannerman, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—Something about the reformation of a sissy at a children's summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BURLESQUE:** Bert Lahr in the revival of the 1927 hit. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** Frank Fay and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** Harvey Stephens is the latest inductee for the sergeant's role, and Phyllis Ryder and Peggy French play his two girls. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are too widely spaced. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two short plays by Gian-Carlo Menotti, in which the actors sing Mr. Menotti's lines to Mr. Menotti's music and do a sharp job of it. Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, and Frank Rogier head the troupe. Marilyn Cotlow will rejoin them on Monday, Sept. 29. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—Bobby Clark tearing this ancient and anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 27.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Life as it never was in the Army—or out of it, either. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** In saecula saeculorum. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to check dates and curtain times.)

I Gotta Get Out—A comedy by Joseph Fields and Ben Sher, with a cast that includes David Burns, Edith Meiser, and Reed Brown, Jr. Directed by Mr. Fields, and produced by Herbert H. Harris and Lester Meyer. Opens Thursday, Sept. 25. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Our Lan'—Julie Haydon, Muriel Smith, and William Veasey in a play by Theodore Ward. Produced by Eddie Dowling and Louis J. Singer, and directed by Mr. Dowling. Opens Saturday, Sept. 27. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge in a play by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, based on Henry James' novel "Washington Square." Directed by Jed Harris and produced by Fred F. Finklehoffe. Opens Monday, Sept. 29. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

How I Wonder—A comedy by Donald Ogden Stewart, produced by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, with Raymond Massey, Everett Sloane, and Carol Goodner in the leading roles. Mr. Kanin is the director, and Donald Oenslager designed the settings. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 30. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter at 2:40.)

Command Decision—Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, and Paul McGrath in a play by William Wister Haines. Produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and directed by John O'Shaughnessy. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 1. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Music in My Heart—A musical with a Tschaikowsky score, and a book by Patsy Ruth Miller. Produced by Henry Duffy and directed by Hassard Short. Vivienne Segal and Charles Fredericks are in the cast. Opens Thursday, Oct. 2. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Under the Counter—A London musical comedy, with an English cast headed by Cicely Courtneidge. Produced by the Shuberts and Lee Ephraim, and directed by Jack Hulbert. Opens Friday, Oct. 3. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Anna Lucasta—A return engagement of Philip Yordan's all-Negro play, with Isabelle Cooley, Warren Coleman, and other members of the old cast. Produced by John Wildberg and directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rodeo—Two hundred and fifty cowboys, riding, roping, and otherwise harassing seven hundred and fifty head of stock. Gene Autry and his horse Champion provide a few less nerve-racking moments. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Children's Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturdays at 11 A.M. at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or *other entertainment. Several of them are* closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—Deep and cool as an apple cellar, but somewhat more opulent. Basil Fomeen's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The sedate Bowman Room offers dinner and supper dancing to two orchestras.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, with a new sheaf of those terribly sad or terribly gay French songs. Abbey Albert's orchestra for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras, rapping out their familiar jog-trot music.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-

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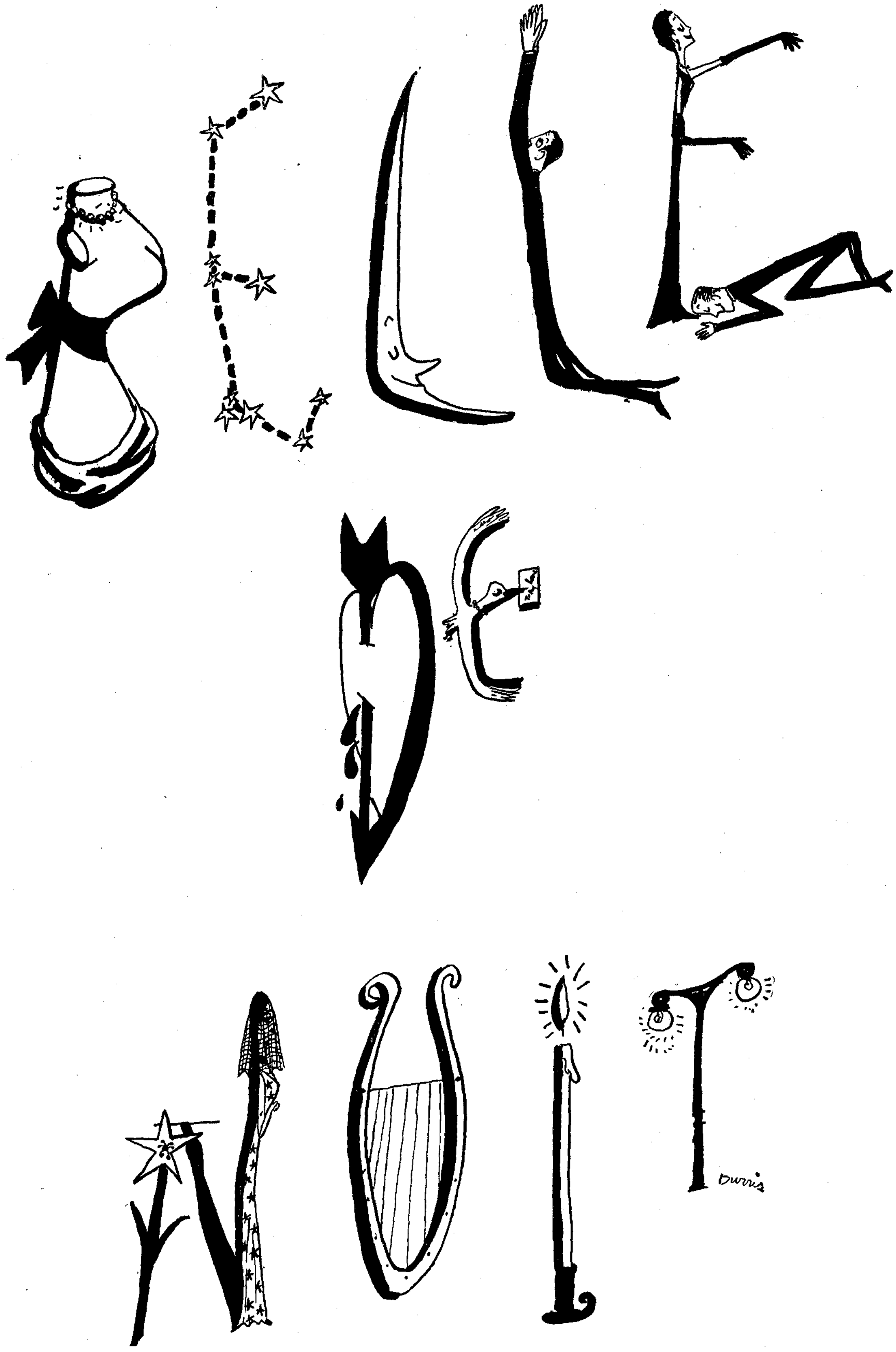
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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3400)—It only *looks* like a Coney Island fun house; in other respects it's a smoothly functioning establishment, with piano music during dinner and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—Señor Wences, the ventriloquist, and a dance team perform at dinner and supper in the Cotillion Room. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo is clowning around the Persian Room at dinner and supper, and there is dancing all evening to Emile Petti's and Mark Monte's orchestras. On Monday, Sept. 29, Hildegarde will take over for a ten-day stand.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, with dinner and supper dancing to Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Maisonette Quintet, will be open through Monday, Sept. 29. The following evening, a benefit for the United Hospital Fund will open the Iridium Room. For tickets, call the maitre d'hôtel. Paul Sparr's orchestra will play for dancing, and, this year, evening dress will be required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the urbane Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band provide non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dwight Fiske, a grown-up Peter Pan, being just as naughty as he can be. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Fina's orchestra plays all evening on the Starlight Roof, Ginny Simms sings at supper, and Mischa Borr's band helps out around midnight. On Thursday, Oct. 2, the Sert Room will open for the winter, with Jean Sablon at supper, and music all evening by Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's orchestras. Opening night will be a benefit for the Sister Kenny Foundation. For tickets, call the maître d'hôtel. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this lively corner. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Dagger-dancing, vigorous balalaika music, and other jolly-peasant entertainment. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at the piano after nine. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A piano team, Ferrante and Teicher, after ten. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dinner dancing, and Belle Gale supplies piano music after nine. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Nellie Lutcher, a newcomer to New York night life; Dorothy Jarnac; and Dave Martin's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): The Joe Mooney Quartet.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Ray Bolger, looking as wry and gangling as ever, in the center of a show that at times resembles a professional hurley match. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, spinning jokes about race horses, headwaiters, and Broadway characters, to the robust delight of the customers, who seem to know all the subjects by name. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, who invented vaudeville just after the Civil War, and a new floor show.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): This establishment is putting a well-turned foot forward with a show headed by Alice Pearce, the Three Flames, and the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, who can make almost any show worth while. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chippie Hill, the blues singer a lot of people will remember from the nineteen-twenties, along with the Jimmy Shirley Trio and other fetching people. Dancing. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A garret where you will hear Sheila Barrett's monologues and Spivy shouting her songs about life's uncertainties. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A brisk comedienne named Louise Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and others, all in good tongue. On Tuesday evenings, associate professors of the art are likely to drop in. . . . **CLUB TROUBADOUR,** 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): Singing by Anita O'Day, and George Auld's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Ernie Caceres, Muggsy Spanier, and their colleagues, working at what can truthfully be called full blast. Monday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's trio, turning out an amiable din. A jam session every Monday evening. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Ella Fitzgerald, offering a rewarding seminar in how to sing jazz. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Ben Webster's band.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Skinnay Ennis's orchestra. (Closes Saturday, Sept. 27.) . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra, starting Thursday, Oct. 2. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): *Richard Himber's orchestra.* . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Claude Thornhill's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Orrin Tucker's orchestra.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

Drawings and Lithographs—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Sol Wilson, John McCoy, and other artists of the gallery; through Sept. 30. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57th St.: Lithographs by William Stanley Hayter and members of Atelier 17, as well as by such men as John Taylor Arms and Stow Wengenroth; through Sept. 27. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings, mostly by newcomers; through Oct. 1.

Ralph Fasanella—Primitive paintings of tenements, crammed with detail and arranged in conventional over-all patterns. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 27.)

Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors—This year's show is given over to guests of Federation members, among them Perle Fine, Sidney Gross, and Mary Callery. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 27.)

Groups—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: A show of new work by the gallery's group and guest artists; weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; through Oct. 3. . . . **CHINESE,** 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg and other artists affiliated with this establishment; through Oct. 3. . . . **KOOTZ,** 15 E. 57th St.: A large Picasso, called "Femme au Costume Vert," and more paintings of women, by Léger, Carl Holty, and others; through Sept. 27. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57th St.: Recent oils and water colors by Joseph DeMartini, Andrew Wyeth, and others of this gallery's group; through Oct. 11. . . . **NEW-AGE,** 138 W. 15th St.: The work of some new artists supplementing that of Julian Levi, Helen Ratkai, and other gallery regulars; weekdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10; through Oct. 4. . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: New paintings by Mario Carreño, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Stuart Davis, and other members of the school's art faculty; Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., and Sundays, 1 to 4 P.M.; through Oct. 18. . . . **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56th St.: The second annual show of a group called Creative Art Associates; through Sept. 27. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French pieces; through Oct. 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SELIGMANN,** 5 E. 57th St.: An ambitious collection of abstractions, done last summer by young Provincetown artists; through Oct. 1.

J. M. Hanson—Semi-abstract figure paintings, emphasizing design somewhat at the expense of feeling. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 4.)

Hugh Kappel—Lively abstract oils, and splashy water colors in a style often reminiscent of Marin's. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Oct. 4.)

John Masteller—Paintings that strive for wit and imagination, sometimes with success and sometimes falling flat. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 11.)

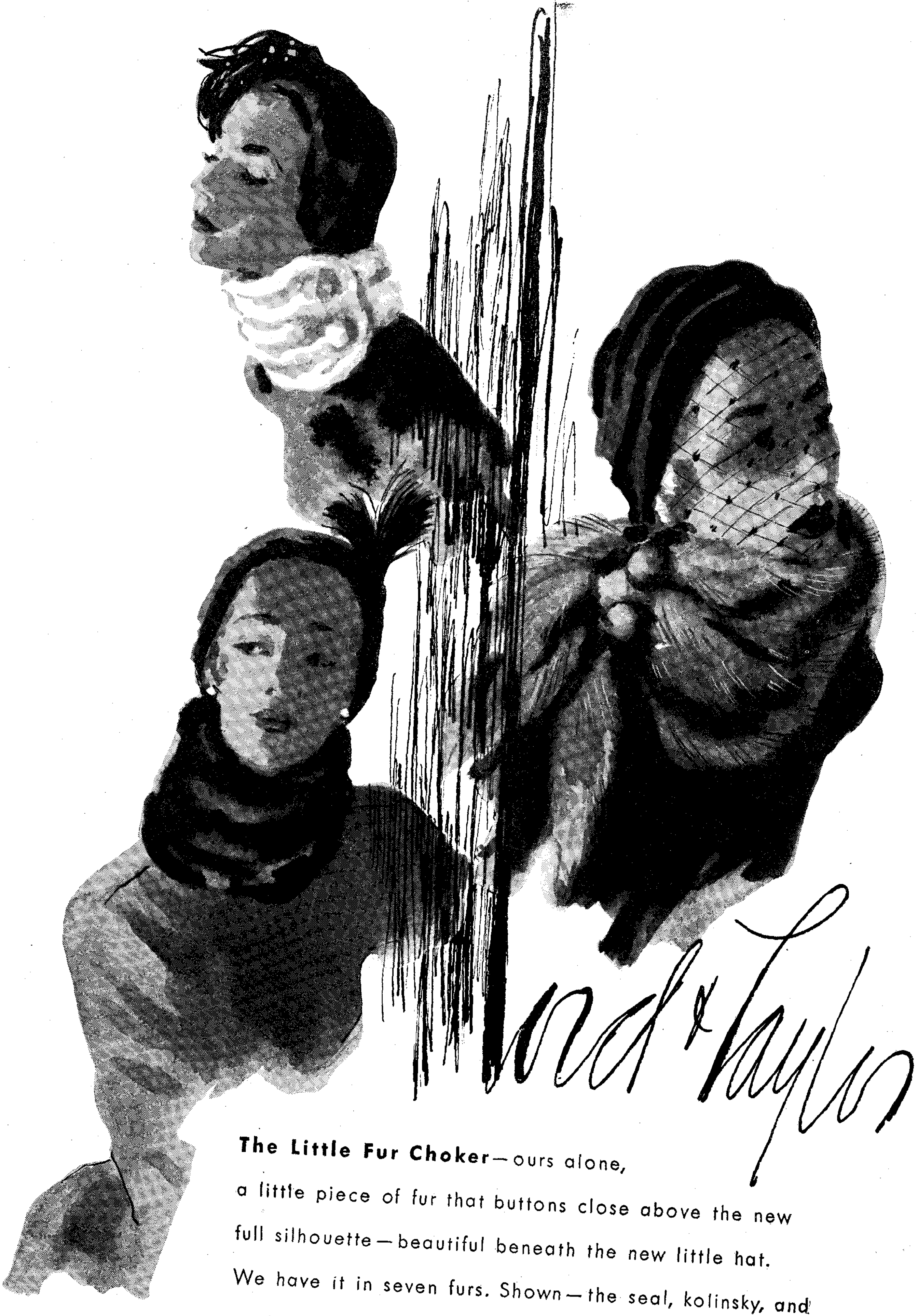
Eugénie Schein—A show of figure pieces and New York scenes. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St.; through Oct. 4.)

Jacob Getlar Smith—Pleasant New England water colors, by an artist who likes to experiment with the effect of rocks and houses set against distance. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 4.)

Stanley Wilson—Semi-abstract water colors of driftwood, mushrooms, and other still life, by an English artist new to this country. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 26.)

Note—The semiannual art exhibition in Washington Square will be open daily, from noon until dark, through Sept. 28.

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **LEVITT,** 16 W. 57th St.: Marjorie Bishop; through Oct. 11. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** 1250 Sixth Ave., at 49th St.: Water colors, drawings, and prints by contemporary Palestinian artists; through Nov. 1. . . . **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Claire Mahl; through Oct. 4. . . . **ARTISTS',** 61 E. 57th St.: Hans Boehler; through Oct. 11. . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: John Stephan; through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.; through Oct. 11. **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison



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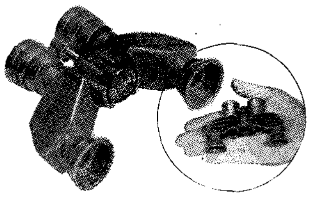

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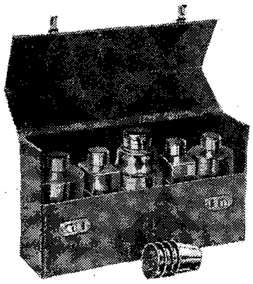

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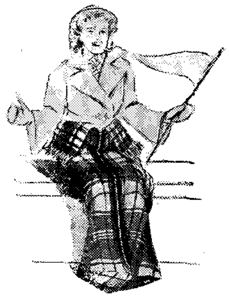

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Ave., at 58th St.; through Oct. 11. **NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY**, 38 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 8.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan collection of paintings by thirteen contemporary British artists, including Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, and John Tunnard. . . . ¶ Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs in a retrospective show of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect; through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 14.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—Oils, sculptures, and water colors from the Museum's permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 12.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Leonard Bernstein conducting and playing the piano, and Jennie Tourel, soprano. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Monday and Tuesday evenings, Sept. 29-30, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season—Thursday evening, Sept. 25, at 8:45: "Salome." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 26, at 8:45: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 27, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 28, at 2:30: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 28, at 8:45: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "Werther." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 3, at 8:45: "Salome." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:45: "La Traviata." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—James P. Johnson, Albert Nicholas, Sidney Bechet, Georg Brunis, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Sept. 27, at 5:30.) . . . ¶ Coleman Hawkins, Illinois Jacquet, and a number of others, in a program organized by Norman Granz. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Sept. 27, at 12.) . . . ¶ Dizzy Gillespie, with a seventeen-piece orchestra, and Ella Fitzgerald. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Sept. 29, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Eddie Condon's first concert of the season, with Cozy Cole, Joe Sullivan, Max Kaminsky, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Oct. 4, at 5:30.) . . . ¶ Nellie Lutcher, Joe Bushkin's orchestra, and Red Buttons, presented by Fred Robbins. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 11:30.)

FOLK-MUSIC CONCERTS—Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, and other folk singers. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Sept. 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Josh White. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

ELLA GOLDSTEIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Sept. 30, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—F. Charles Adler conducting, with Hélène de Reszke, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

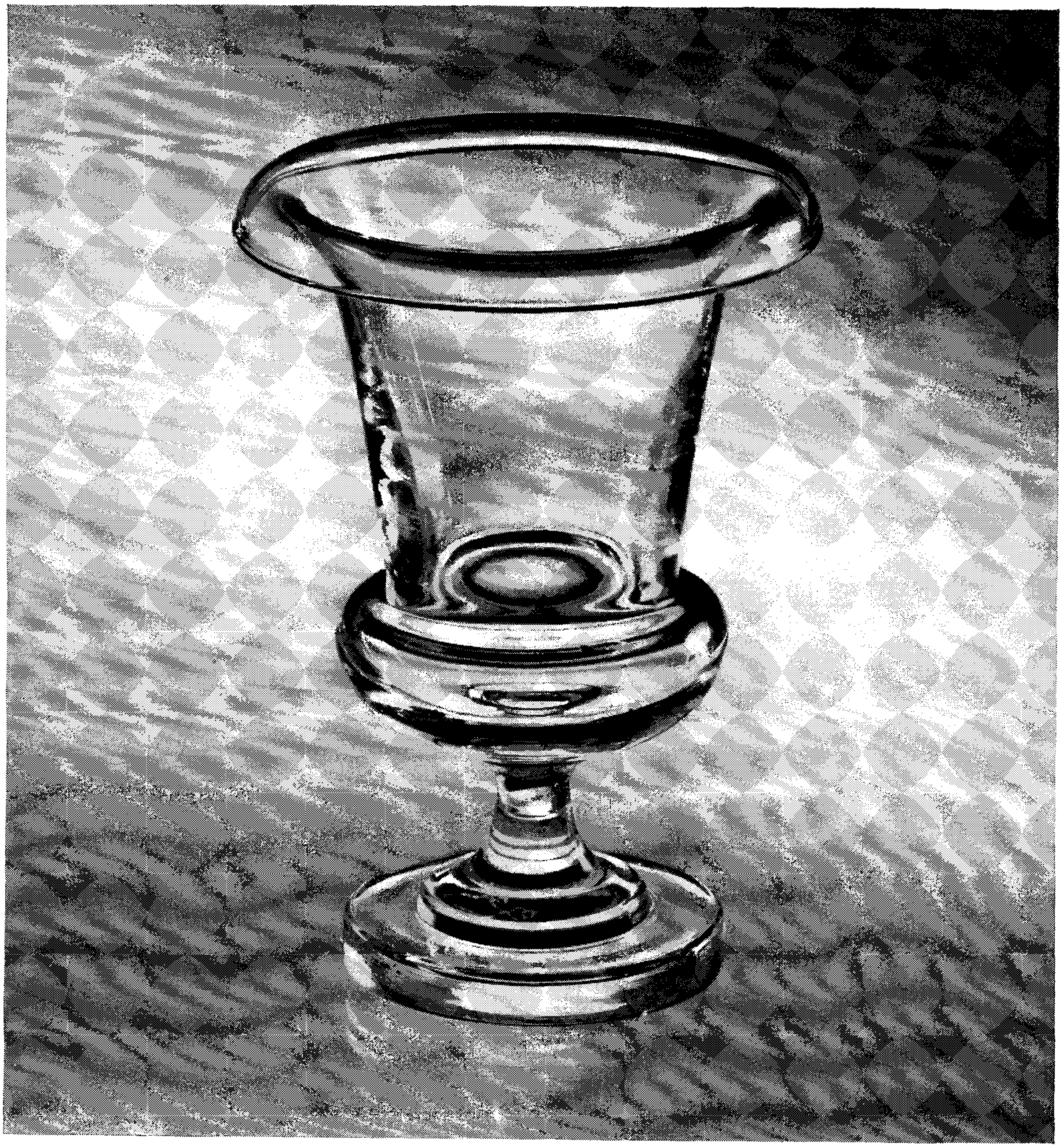
JEAN LOVE—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

DANIEL ERICOURT—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday evening, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

TOSKA TOLCES—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 3, at 8:30.)

PERSINGER-BRITT TRIO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

EDOUARD NIES-BERGER—Conducting a chamber or-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestra and playing the organ. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Thursday, Sept. 25, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Boston.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 27-28, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Philadelphia.... WORLD SERIES: Yankees vs. Dodgers. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 1:30 P.M., at Yankee Stadium; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, and, if necessary, Saturday, Oct. 4, at 1:30 P.M., at Ebbets Field.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Saturday, Sept. 27: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point, at 2 P.M.; Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M.; Cornell vs. Lehigh, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Western Maryland, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Merchant Marine, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 4: Army vs. Colorado, at West Point, at 2 P.M.; Brooklyn College vs. N.Y.U., at the Polo Grounds, at 8:30 P.M.; Harvard vs. Boston University, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Navy vs. Columbia, at Annapolis, at 2 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 2:30 P.M.; Syracuse vs. Dartmouth, at Syracuse, at 2 P.M.; Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.

DOG SHOWS—Suffolk County Kennel Club. (Bay Shore, L.I., Saturday, Sept. 27.) ... ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (Westbury, L.I., Sunday, Sept. 28.) ... ¶ Danbury Fair. (Danbury, Conn., Wednesday, Oct. 1.) ... ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Paoli, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 4.)

HORSE SHOWS—Bryn Mawr Horse Show. (Bryn Mawr, Pa., through Saturday, Sept. 27.) ... ¶ Montclair Horse Show. (West Orange, N.J., Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26-27.) ... ¶ Rock Spring Horse Show. (West Orange, N.J., Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 4-5.) ... ¶ Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va., Friday through Sunday, Oct. 3-5.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa., Wednesday, Oct. 1, and Saturday, Oct. 4.)

POLO—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury, L.I.: East-West Championship, Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3:30 P.M.... FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

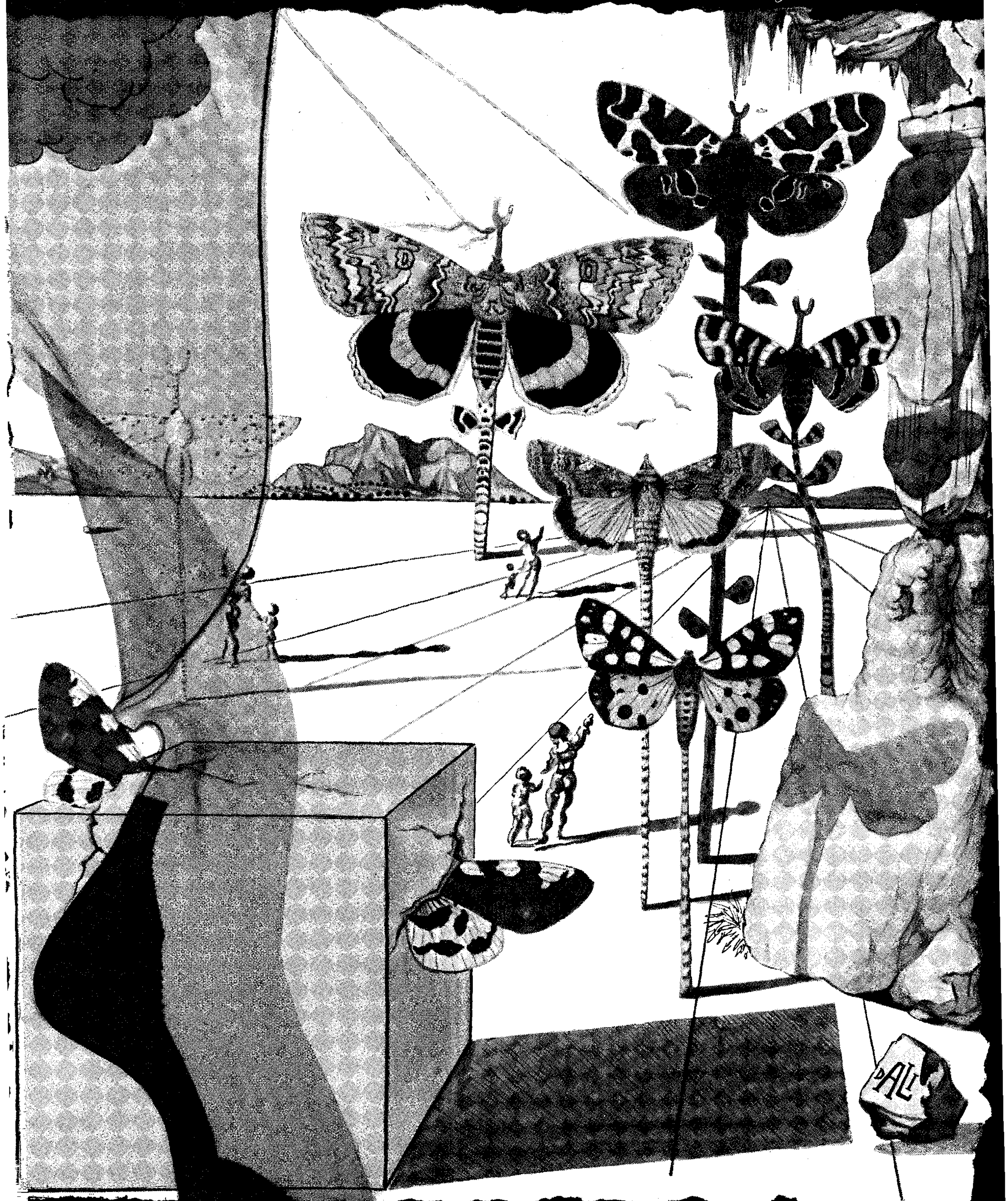
RACING—At GARDEN STATE: Weekdays at 2 P.M.; through Oct. 11. The Garden State Stakes, Sept. 27; the Vineland Handicap, Oct. 4. (A special train to the track leaves Penn Station weekdays at 10:50 A.M.) ... BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Oct. 11. The Matron Stakes, the Manhattan Handicap, and the match race between Armed and Assault, Sept. 27; the Lawrence Realization, Sept. 29; the Grand National Steeplechase, Oct. 2; the Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Oct. 4.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.; through Oct. 18. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—About six hundred visitors are admitted to each plenary meeting of the General Assembly. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, early on the day before you want to go. Trains leave Penn Station for the special United Nations stop at Flushing Meadow at 8:07 A.M. and twelve minutes past every hour and half hour thereafter.... ¶ Committees of the General Assembly meet at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers, and about twice that number of visitors continue to be admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

DANBURY FAIR—Prize pumpkins and piccalilli, "Beauty is rather a light that plays over the symmetry of things than that symmetry itself" — PLOTINUS



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sheep-shearing and fiddling contests, square-dancing, midget-auto races, and Connecticut's largest goat show are all part of these time-honored annual celebrations. (Danbury, Conn., Saturday, Sept. 27, through Sunday, Oct. 5, from 8:30 A.M. to 8 P.M.)

FREEDOM TRAIN—A seven-car train, loaded with historically important American documents and memorabilia of the sort that made grade school so burdensome. The papers, which seem considerably more impressive today, include Thomas Jefferson's rough draft of the Declaration of Independence; an early copy of the Bill of Rights; a letter from the King of Siam offering President Lincoln and the United States a gift of young male and female elephants (declined); and the United States' official copy of the United Nations Charter. (Track 30, Grand Central Station, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 25-26; Vandeveer Park, Brooklyn, Saturday, Sept. 27; Jamaica Station, Queens, Sunday, Sept. 28; Tremont Ave. at Bronxville Rd., Bronx, Tuesday, Sept. 30. Open to the public between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.)

NEW PASSENGER TRAIN—An exhibition of a four-car experimental job, comprising a chair car, a diner, a bar and observation car, and a sleeper. Each is equipped with a glass sight-seeing dome, pneumatic doors that open at a touch, radio-telephones, and so on. It's all sure to induce severe melancholia in present-day commuters. (New York Central tracks, at West End Ave. and 61st St., Thursday through Monday, Oct. 2-6, from 2 to 9 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "A Rocket Trip Around the World." Beginning Wednesday, Oct. 1, there will be a new one, called "Fall Skies." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Louis XV furniture, eighteenth-century porcelains, and a collection of modern French paintings, by Marie Laurencin, Degas, and others, owned by Paulding Fosdick and others. (Auction, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 25-27, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century English and American furniture, owned by Mrs. Hope Aspell and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Sept. 27, and Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday, Oct. 2, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ All sorts of objects of art, from Egyptian antiquities to Georgian silver, from the collections of the late Harry K. Thaw and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Sept. 27, and Monday through Thursday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 2 P.M.)

NOTE—Daylight-saving time will come to an end on Sunday, Sept. 28, at 2 A.M., when we can all get back into the comfortable winter rut of knowing just what time it really is. Turn the clock back an hour.

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Sept. 28, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Izler Solomon conducting, Sunday, Sept. 28, at 5 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Baseball: The World Series, starting Tuesday, Sept. 30, at 1:15 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Football: Army vs. Villanova, Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2 P.M., WNYC; Georgia vs. North Carolina, Saturday, Sept. 27, at 3:15 P.M., WCBS, WJZ; Minnesota vs. Washington, Saturday, Sept. 27, at 3:45 P.M., WNBC; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, Saturday, Sept. 27, at 2:15 P.M., WOR.

DRAMA—Full-length plays recorded by the B.B.C.: "The Trojan Women," by Euripides, Friday, Sept. 26; and "Hedda Gabler," Friday, Oct. 3; both at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.

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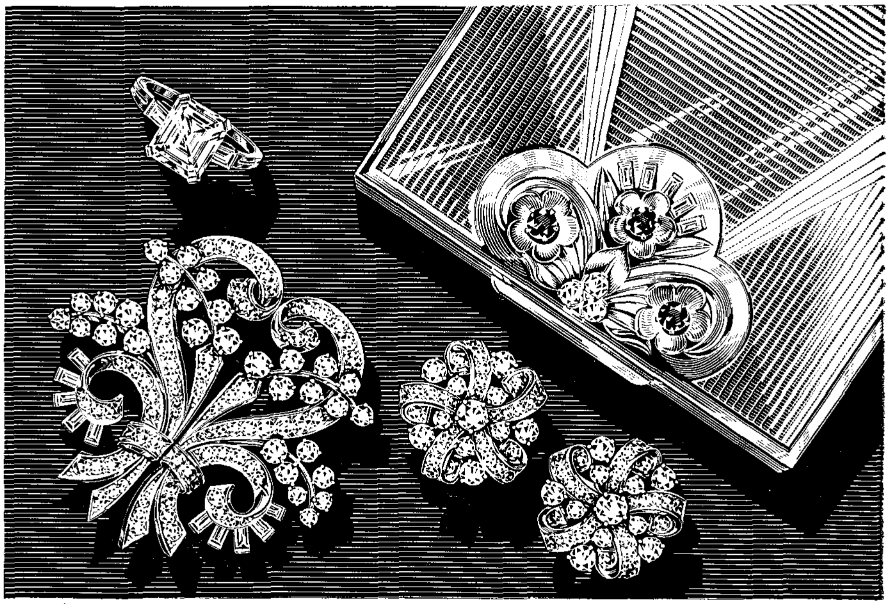

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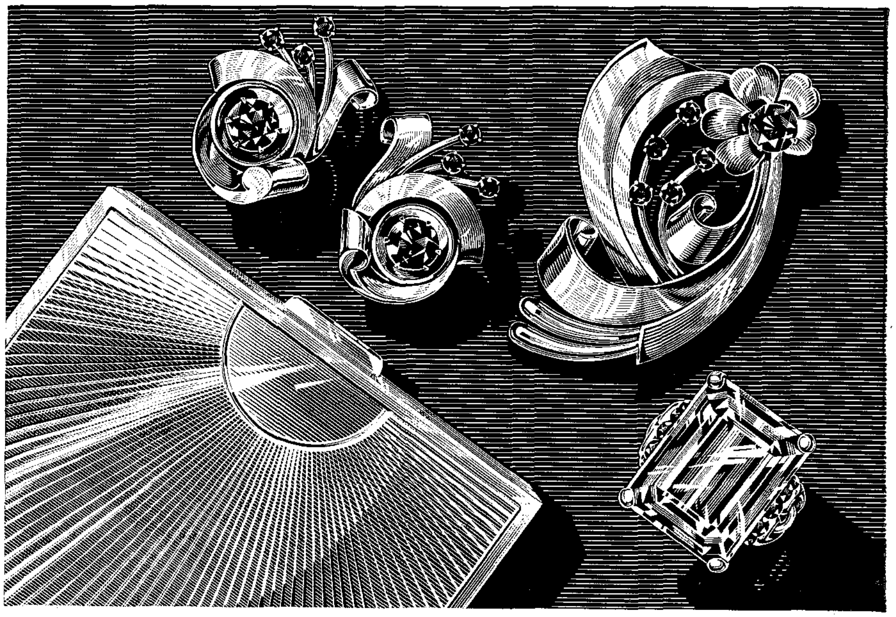

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Crossfire—There wouldn't be much to this mystery film if it weren't for some frank talk about anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan is effectively villainous as a Jew-baiter, and Sam Levene is wholly convincing as his victim. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Dead of Night—A series of eerie episodes that includes everything from Death disguised as a bus driver to a ventriloquist's dummy that succeeds in dominating its master. Michael Redgrave is supported by a talented cast. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 26-29.)

Dear Ruth—A fairly funny, if unsubstantial, comedy that concerns itself with some wartime romantic mixups on the home front. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; through Sept. 27.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 29.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Sept. 26-29.... ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Sept. 26-30.... ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Sept. 29-Oct. 1.)

Henry V—Any superlatives you have handy may well be applied to Laurence Olivier's adaptation of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Brooklyn Academy, 30 Lafayette Ave., ST 3-6700; at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; through Sept. 27.)

The Hucksters—There's a trifle too much of Clark Gable's determined charm in this version of Frederic Wakeman's book about advertising, but Sydney Greenstreet and Adolphe Menjou work up some amusing scenes. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Sept. 30.... ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Oct. 1.)

Kiss of Death—A tough, violent, and exciting gangster picture, with Victor Mature and a terrifying newcomer to films named Richard Widmark. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349.)

Life with Father—An exact and completely enjoyable transfer of the play to the screen. In Technicolor, with William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts. (Warner, B'way at 51st, CI 7-5545.)

The Macomber Affair—Closer to Hemingway than most reworkings of the great man's stuff in the past, and consequently much more stimulating. With Robert Preston, Joan Bennett, and Gregory Peck. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Sept. 27-30.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Sept. 30.)

Open City—A powerful account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Outlaw—A burlesque Western about Billy the Kid that is rather long but that has some hilarious moments. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell treat the plot with the disrespect it deserves, while Jane Russell and Jack Buetel, the hero and heroine, play it straight. (Broadway, B'way at 53rd, CI 7-2887.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Danny Kaye romping through a confused version of the James Thurber story and often being quite funny about it. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Shoe-Shine—A simply told and memorable tragedy of street children in postwar Rome. In Italian. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

Tawny Pipit—Ornithology in general and bird-watching in particular provide a lot of simple fun in this English picture. The villain is as criminal a type as has turned up in years—a member of the Royal Ornithological Society who steals rare eggs. With Bernard Miles. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 26-29.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; Sept. 27-29.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. In French, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, BR 9-3839.)

Journey into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles in the Eric Ambler thriller about spies in Turkey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 25.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—Harry Baur as the composer. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Sept. 30.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's wry story about a girl who thinks she's going to die. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 27.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Sept. 25.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz bringing music to the lower East Side. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Sept. 30.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—Raimu in the French comedy about seduction. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Sept. 25, at 3, 5:30, and 8 P.M.: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928).... ¶ Sept. 26-27, at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Sept. 28, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.: "Joie de Vivre" (1934); and "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), directed by René Clair.... ¶ Starting Sept. 29, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), with Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
THE OUTLAW.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Desire Me," Greer Garson, Robert Mitchum.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
Through Sept. 26: "The Roosevelt Story," documentary film.
From Sept. 27: "Fun and Fancy Free," Walt Disney film.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
KISS OF DEATH.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Down to Earth," Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"The Long Night," Barbara Bel Geddes, Henry Fonda.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Desert Fury," Lizabeth Scott, John Hodiak, Burt Lancaster.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Foxes of Harrow," Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara, Victor McLaglen.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Oct. 1: "The Other Love," Barbara Stanwyck, David Niven.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Oct. 1: "Dark Passage," Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
Through Oct. 1: "Lured," Lucille Ball, George Sanders.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Singapore," Fred MacMurray, Ava Gardner.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

Brooklyn Academy, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700)
Through Sept. 27: **HENRY V.**

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

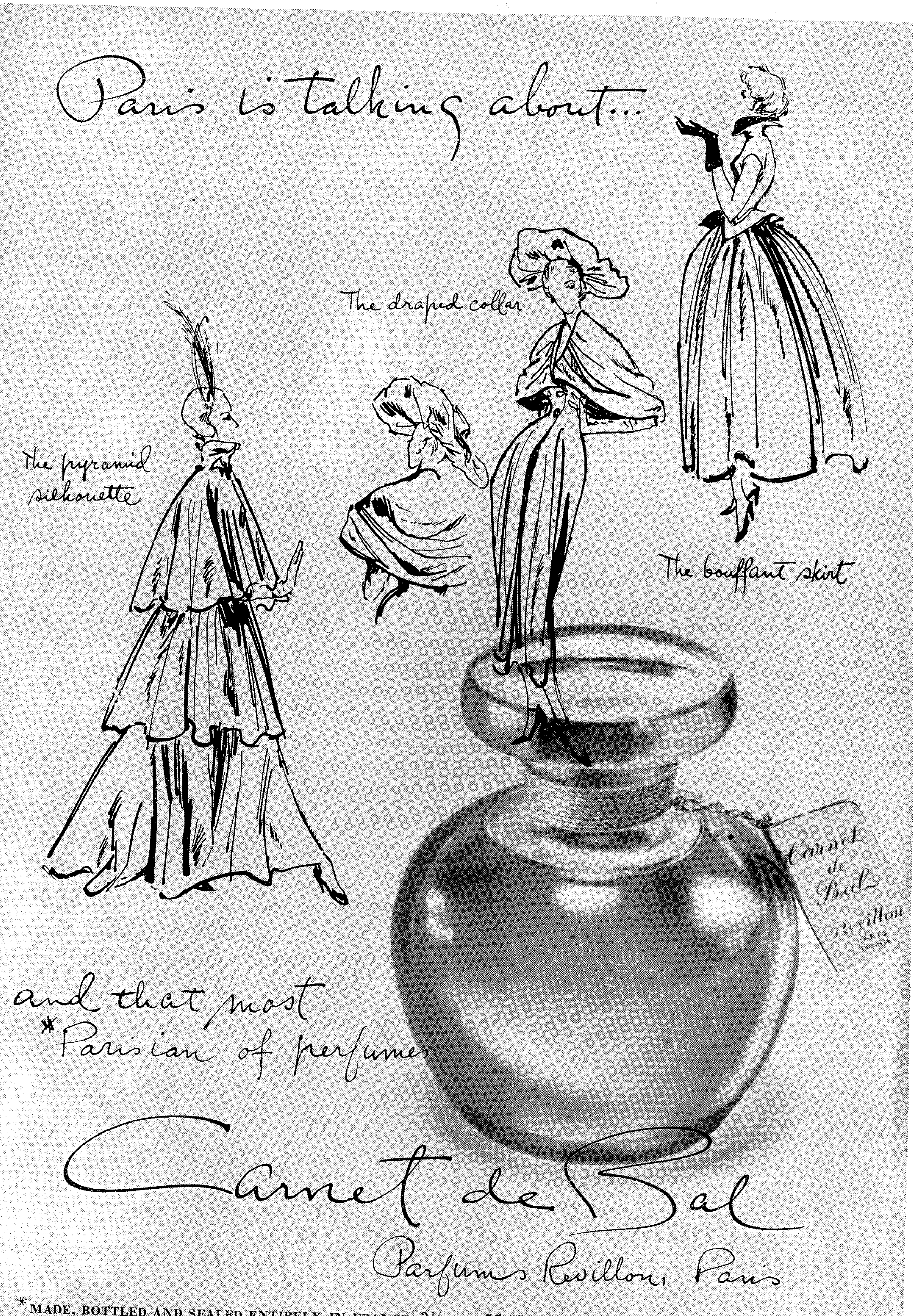
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
TAWNY PIPIT.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Frieda," David Farrar.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"Russian Ballerina" (in Russian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"I Know Where I'm Going," Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.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Your own personal moon-magic, affecting all who come under its spell. Creamy-textured lipstick in a bright, strong, slightly-blued red, with rouge to match; heavenly-smooth face powder in a rich, cream-rose tone. Brilliant accent for all neutral shades, in perfect harmony with most of the rich, deep costume colors for Fall.

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THE WINSTON COLLECTIONS MAY BE SHOWN
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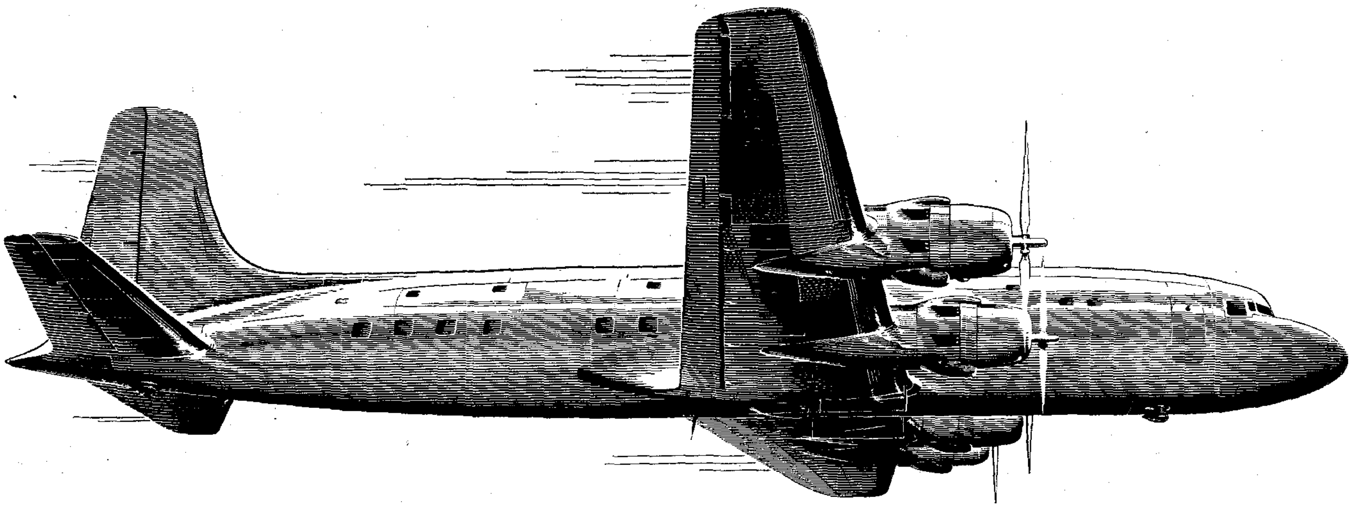

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ALTIMATIC CABIN assures "living room" comfort. It is *automatically* altitude-conditioned from sea-level up to 30,000 feet. Soundproofed for superb quiet.

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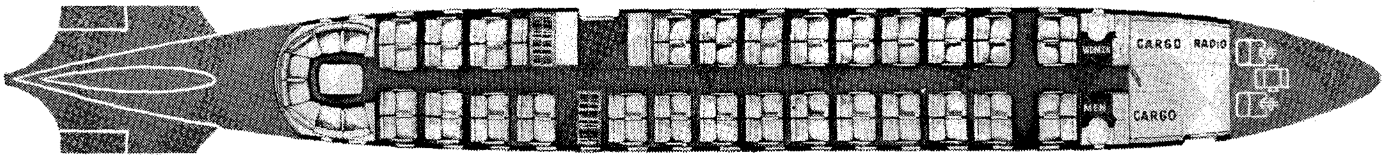
DINE SUMPTUOUSLY while cruising more than 5 miles a minute. Ultra modern buffet provides hot dishes and drinks, or crisp cold salads and desserts.



LUXURY LOUNGE of the DC-6 offers passengers extra space to read, play cards, or rest.

FRESH COOL AIR, on the ground or in flight, makes the DC-6 comfortable in all weather.

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Swift passage — a few hours speed you across the widest oceans or continents, because you're flying high in the upper air where the giant Douglas DC-6 rides smoothly and speed multiplies.

Now the DC-6 joins the famous Douglas DC-3s and DC-4s in carrying over 90% of all airline passengers throughout the world.

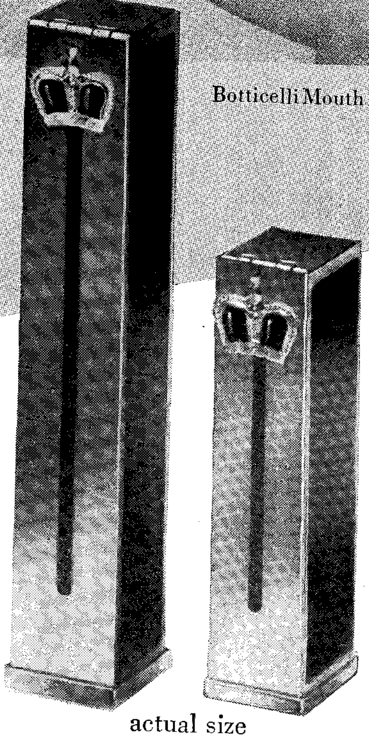
MORE PEOPLE FLY MORE PLACES BY DOUGLAS

They're talking about the Prince Matchabelli automatic lipsticks

Botticelli Mouth Make-Up in *Fuchsia Tulip* by Del Russo of Prince Matchabelli

Queen-size automatic

So big, so beautiful . . . the new Prince Matchabelli Queen-size Lipstick! Majestic in size, automatic in action. Flick down the tiny crown . . . up pops the lipstick. A bright conversation-piece for you! In gleaming metal case with black or aqua panels. Choice of five shades, $3.



actual size

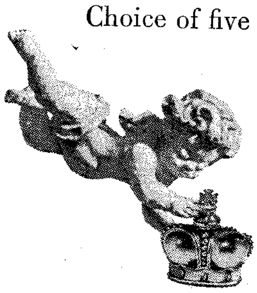
Queen-size Automatic, yours, $3

Regular-size Automatic, yours, $2

Regular-size automatic

Prince Matchabelli's wondrous lipstick also in regular-size automatic case. Smooth texture, perfect for the new Botticelli Mouth Make-Up: double-curve your lower lip in sweet-and-sensuous fullness. Lipstick in gleaming metal case, with black or aqua panels. Five shades, $2.

(*all prices plus tax*)



PRINCE MATCHABELLI

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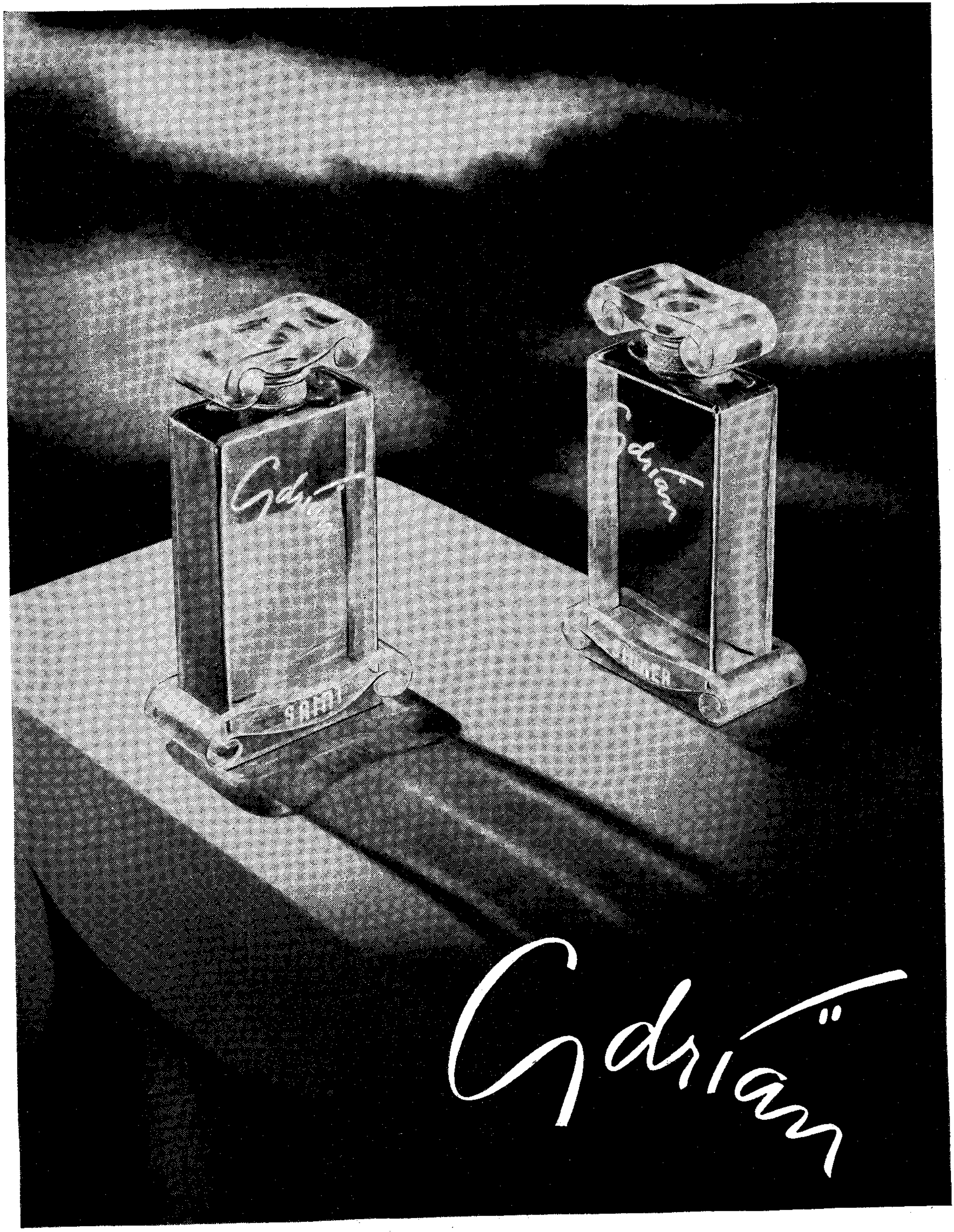
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America's Most Distinguished Woolens

So luxurious you can tell with your fingertips . . . it must be Stroock. Originala tweed, blend of rarest wool and alpaca. At leading stores, or write 404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18.

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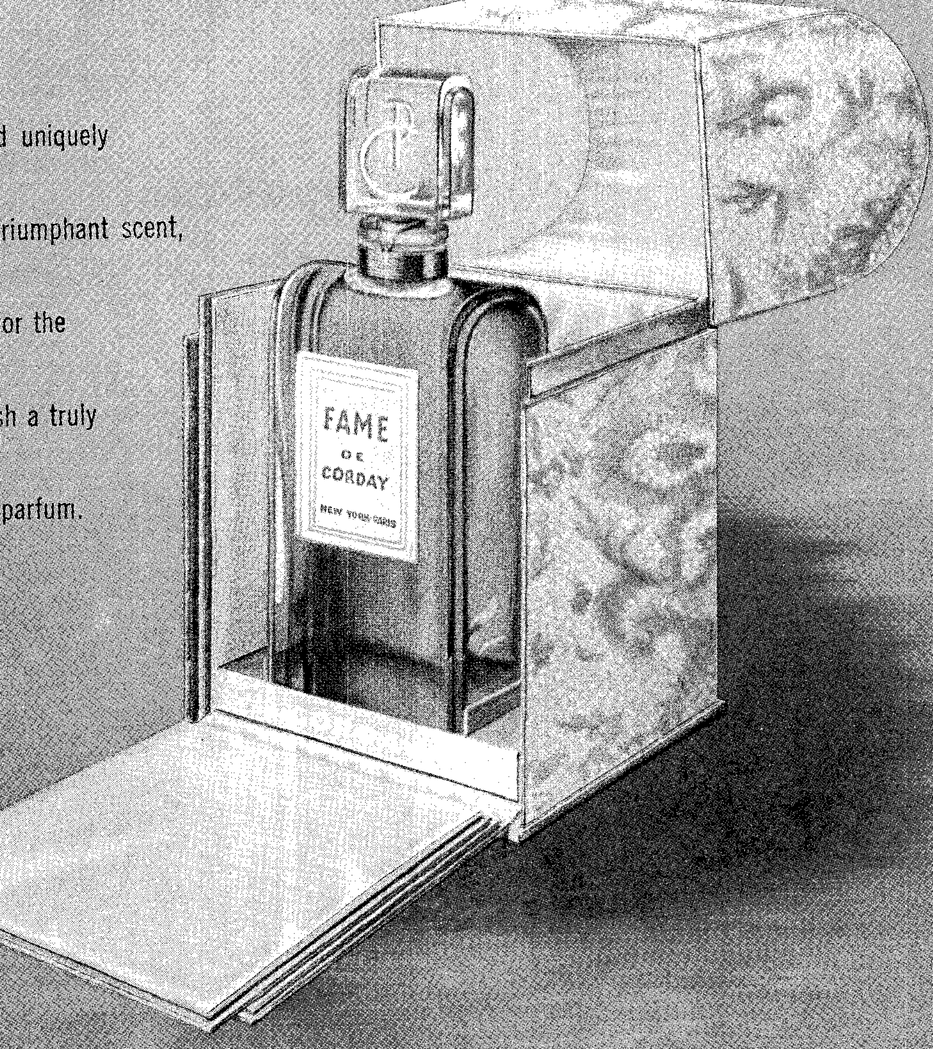
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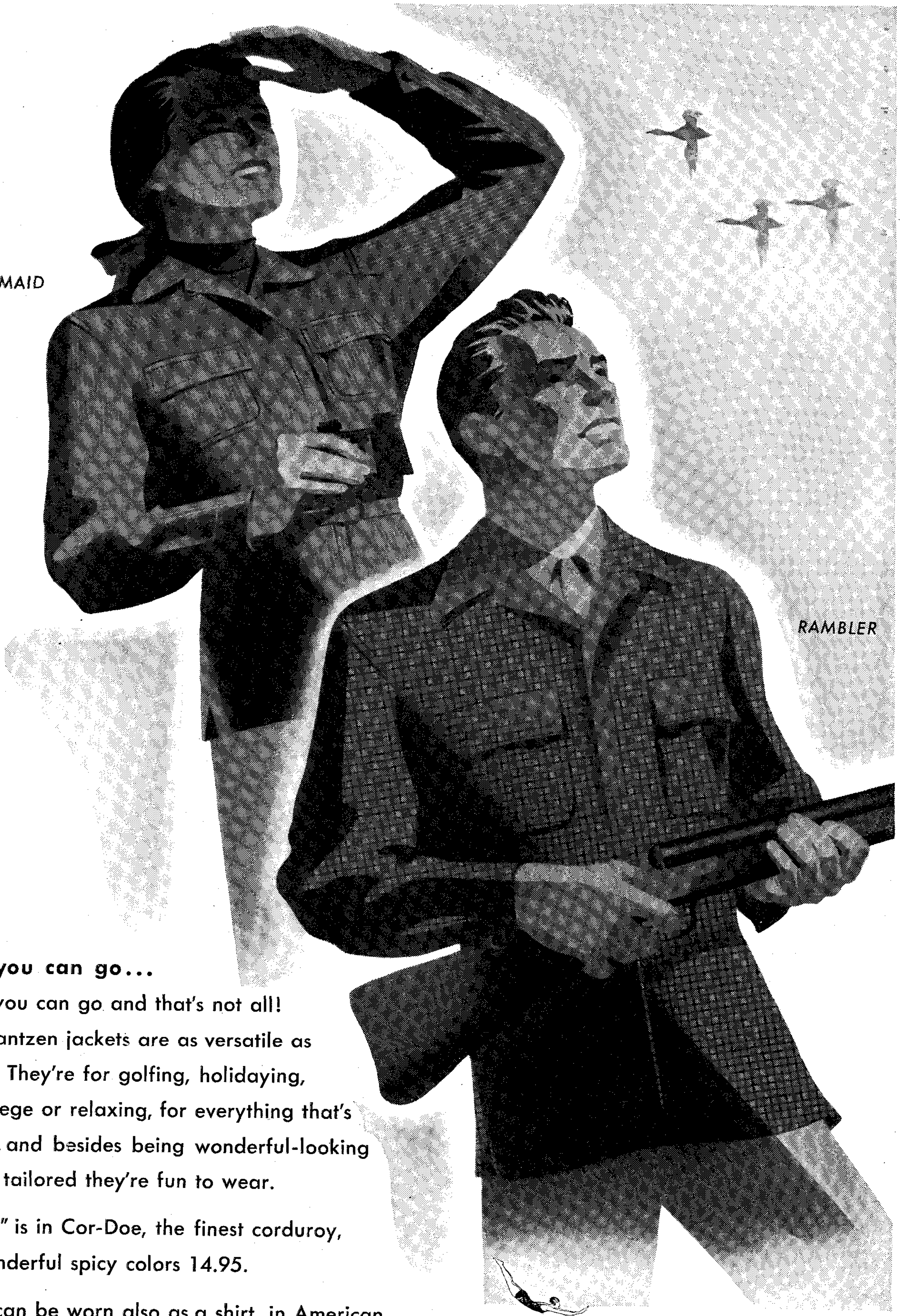
FAME is destined to take its place among the classic parfums of Corday . . Toujours Moi, Tzigone, Frenzy, Jet, Promesse, Possession, L'Ardente Nuit . . . known and loved the world over.



a'hunting you can go...
and fishing you can go and that's not all! These new Jantzen jackets are as versatile as all outdoors. They're for golfing, holidaying, going to college or relaxing, for everything that's fun to do... and besides being wonderful-looking and Jantzen tailored they're fun to wear.

"**Play Maid**" is in Cor-Doe, the finest corduroy, comes in wonderful spicy colors 14.95.

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DANCE FROCK . . .

cut to ankle length. Of Cohama Bur-Mil* rayon taffeta in emerald, violet, pink, peacock or black. In sizes 10 to 16, 35.00. third floor

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

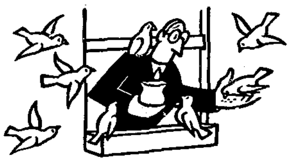
Notes and Comment

ANTI-IMPERIALISM NOTE: The Court of Customs and Patent Appeals has just denied a patent to an inventor who claims to have worked out a system of extending the territorial boundaries of the United States by selecting appropriate locations and then forming islands on them.

SHARE THE WEALTH NOTE: In the 1947 *Social Register*, the de Gots follow the de Gives.

THE announcement by the National Broadcasting Company that, taking the impressionability of American children into consideration, it will no longer permit crime and mystery shows on its stations before 9:30 P.M. was assailed by spokesmen for the three other big networks, who scoffed at N.B.C.'s arbitrary line of demarcation between juvenile listening time and adult listening time, and also expressed doubt that such programs constitute the menace that N.B.C. seems to think they do. While all this was going on, the papers began reporting another incident involving radio, about which no network spokesman has as yet issued a statement, so far as we know, and which, we believe, raises a much graver question. We have in mind Ambassador Stanton Griffis's effort to drive eleven Polish squatters from the two top floors of the American Embassy building in Warsaw by subjecting them to the simultaneous blaring of four stepped-up radios twenty-four hours a day. The Ambassador occupied the two lower floors and wanted to expand upward, and, having failed to get possession by other means, resorted to this drastic form of mental torture. Mr. Griffis won out in fairly short order; the besieged Poles cracked up and decamped. This was to be expected, but Mr. Griffis's four-radio barrage must have been heard not only in the Polish territory upstairs but, even more clearly, in the American sector downstairs, where the loudspeakers were emplaced. The dispatches contained no indication that the interminable cacophony had any noteworthy effect upon the Embassy people; in fact, they definitely left the impression that none of the staff had fled the scene. Ambassador Griffis, of course, used to be connected with Madison Square Garden, and it is easy to see how *he* could be inured to the terrors of the loudspeaker for long periods of time. But what of his diplomatic colleagues, less suitably conditioned for such an ordeal? Can it be that they also are able to carry on their delicate and important duties oblivious of the merciless pounding of four loudspeakers? Evidently, they are. Can we, then, deduce that *all* Americans, at home and abroad, are so inured to the blast of amplified noise that they are able to go about their business without quivering while foreigners are driven to distraction and retreat? If so, why should mature Americans, such as network spokesmen, be worrying about the possible effect on the minds of our children of a half hour of dramatized mayhem? Why should the kiddies be deterred from an early attainment of an immunity to which they are destined anyhow, by national environment? These are questions to which we do not expect an immediate answer.

GETTING into the journalistic swim, we went down to the office of the Department of Markets last Friday to talk to Commissioner Eugene Schulz about the high cost of food. The Commissioner is a tall, sad-eyed man in his middle forties, with tortoise-shell glasses and a deep voice; a native of the Bronx; the son of the first Surrogate of the Bronx; a member of the Bronx Elks, of the Bronx Masons, of the Bronx Bar Association, and of the Bronx Chamber of Commerce; a former Assistant District Attorney of the Bronx; and a former First Deputy Fire Commissioner of the whole city. We found him rationing corn to a flock of pigeons at his window, ten grains to a pigeon. "I'll be right with you," he said. "So busy I forgot to feed my pigeons for three days. Now a lot of them are mad at me. I used to have fifty here every morning, and I was corn-extravagant with them then. This morning, I've got only nineteen. Most of them have taken to hanging out at the old Criminal Courts Building, across the way. God knows what they get to eat over *there*." The Commissioner told us that he had had to cut down on the pigeons' food because the cracked-corn situation is as bad as the butter, meat, and egg situations. "Up, up, up," he said, "while the consumer goes to pot." He dusted his hands, watching the nineteen pigeons fly off in groups. "We can't do much of anything about it," he went on. "Take meat. If we get a meat-price complaint, we can send an inspector out to check up on the butcher's weights, scales, and advertising. And we can tell the consumer where to buy food on her economic level, and how to prepare it to best advantage. We can tell you forty ways to prepare cucumbers and fifty-two ways to prepare tomatoes. But all we can tell you about prices is resist them. Have a chair."



The Commissioner himself took a chair and riffled through a stack of papers on his desk. "Last year, the inhabitants of this city bought 12,211,768,101 pounds of food—fresh fruits, vegetables, butter, cheese, eggs, live poultry, dressed poultry, fresh and frozen fish, meats, milk, and cream," he said. "That's about a million pounds over the year before. This year, we'll eat even more. Prices go up, and so does our paperwork. We used to make one report a week, giving the price of everything. Three months ago, we began making daily reports. Now we're making surveys and issuing figures four times a day. We're running out of paper." The Commissioner referred to a document before him. "Last weekend, most butter was ninety-one cents a pound, and by Monday it had gone up to ninety-three. Today, it's eighty-nine. I say, if the people can pressure butter, they can pressure meat. We keep begging people to resist buying the choicer cuts of meat. The price of sirloin is entirely out of line. Resist sirloin is what we say. Eat poultry. The other day, we had a record poultry day—two million pounds of chicken. Show me a person who is buying poultry and I'll show you a person who is resisting sirloin. My wife follows the policy of resistance. My mother follows the policy of resistance. It's the only way to bring whoever is responsible for the high prices of meat back to his senses." The Commissioner's wife has been offering him mainly tasty servings of fish, poultry, and lamb and beef stews. "Chuck beef, that's the ticket for beef stew," the Commissioner said, assuming an air of relish. "What *is* chuck beef, exactly?" we inquired, and he was able to inform us, after some research, that it comes from the forequarters of a cow and includes part of the neck and shoulders. "Wholesome," he said, "and just as nutritious as sirloin. Last week, chuck steak was fifty-nine cents. Today, it's four cents more. If it gets out of hand, we'll push fish. Matter of fact, the fish dealers are going to help us find a daily best fish buy, and we're going to issue a daily fish recipe for it. We're making history with our daily, low-cost, nutritious menu. Today, we're recommending wheat-germ fish fry with escalloped potatoes and stewed eggplant and tomatoes. Every afternoon, six motorcycle cops rush our recipes to the newspapers and the radio stations."

The Commissioner's telephone rang as we got up to go. "Haven't my egg report," he said into the phone, "but porterhouse is still a dollar a pound. We've got some indication of consumer resistance, but I keep urging more." Hanging up, he told us, "Every time I get a phone call, I put in my bit about resistance." He accompanied us to the door. Beside it was a large fish bowl, a gift, he said, of the Chief Inspector of the Division of Weights and Measures of his Department. "He's a fish fancier," the Commissioner said. "Fortunately, I don't have to feed the fish in this bowl. It's a balanced aquarium. They eat the foliage, as I understand it. It's something I'm going to look into as soon as I get a chance."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The cheery slogan of the Stephen Merritt Burial & Cremation Co., of 234 Eighth Avenue, is "We Buried General Grant."

A Port Washington liquor store manages to stay in business under the name Blithe Spirits.

There's a sign, painted in an angular, misanthropic hand, at the entrance to an inviting, bosky lane on the outskirts of Sag Harbor that reads, "No Hunting. No Fishing. No Parking. No Trespassing. Keep Out. Beware the Dog."

A company in Newark puts out Dumbarton Oaks Date and Nut Loaf bread.

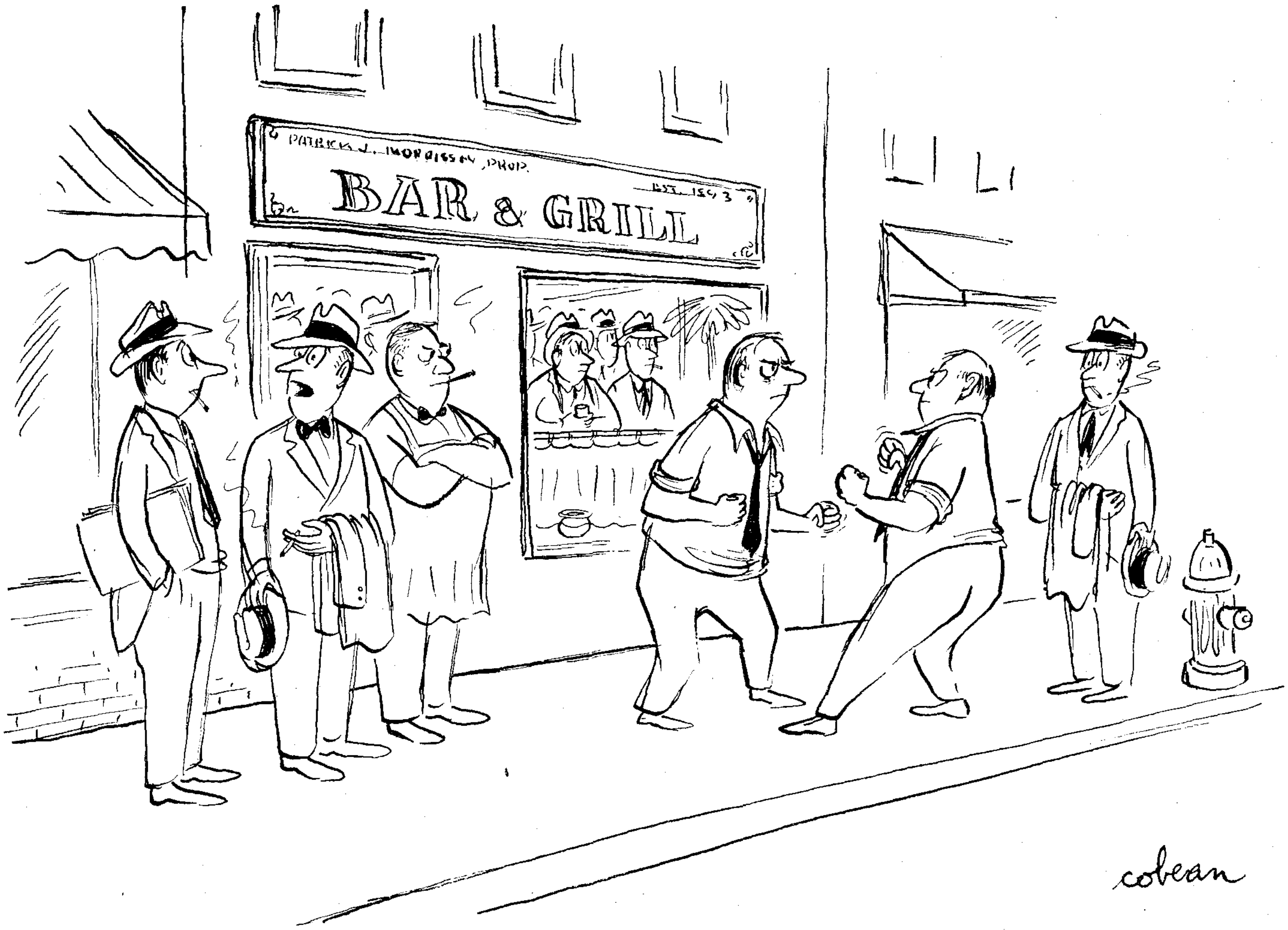
Resourceful

FRIEND of ours was taking a taxi to an address on upper Park Avenue, and along about Sixty-second Street the driver complained that a cinder had blown into his eye. At a red light a block or so farther on, the driver pulled up beside a car with an "MD" attached to the license plate, hopped out of the cab, and explained his difficulty to a gray-haired man behind the wheel. As our friend looked on, the gray-haired man took out a handkerchief, rolled back the driver's eyelid, and removed the cinder. The driver said, "Thanks, Doc," slapped the roof of the doctor's car affectionately, hopped back into his cab just as the light turned green, and proceeded up the avenue in noisy good humor.

New Store

THERE was a party in the Maisonette of the St. Regis Hotel of a recent afternoon to celebrate the opening of Foley's, a new Houston, Texas, department store, and we were among those present—as much, we confess, to learn why such an event should be held fifteen hundred miles from home as for anything else. (Texans, we knew beforehand, claim they have the best department stores in the world, and are prepared to put up a hot argument on the subject at any time.) At the entrance to the Maisonette, we saw a sign proclaiming that Foley's is "Tops in Texas" and depicting a cowboy in the act of lassoing the store. Inside, an orchestra was playing "Deep in the Heart of Texas," and four men at a ringside table were earnestly clapping their hands to the rhythm of the song. The rest of the celebrants seemed rather subdued, and most of them definitely citified. Approaching half a dozen possible cowmen gathered around a four-foot-wide reproduction of Texas in cake, decorated with sugar bluebonnets and surmounted by a wooden model of Foley's, we were surprised to hear the conversation running to sophisticated remarks about a killing someone had just made in Tennessee Gas & Transmission. This financial discussion was cut short by the entrance of Jesse Jones, who moved sombrely through the Maisonette to a corner table, at which he sat for an hour in what seemed to us a state of dejection, but that may have been just his normal manner. Bobbing along in his impressive wake was Roy Howard, whose gray-and-white striped shirt matched his bow tie and pocket handkerchief. "What's *he* doing here?" somebody said. "How would I know?" someone else answered. "I don't know what I'm doing here myself."

We drifted on, and presently came upon a small, dapper gentleman who turned out to be Fred Lazarus, Jr., president of Federated Department Stores, a chain that includes Bloomingdale's, Abraham & Straus, and Foley's. He told us that Foley's is to be *the* modern department store—windowless, totally mechanized, with a garage, Raymond Loewy interiors, everything the customer's heart can desire—and that it is to open October 20th.



"It started when one of them assumed something for the sake of argument."

• •

"This is just a road-company celebration," said Mr. Lazarus gaily, adding that there would be a really big opening in Houston. A photographer who was busy taking various views of Mr. Jones asked a young lady standing near us if she'd like to have her picture taken with the financier, and she asked, "Who is he?" The photographer said "My God!" and went off. We grilled the young lady cagily and learned that she hails from Wayne, Nebraska, and had been asked to the party by one of the models in attendance. "There are twelve of them here from Powers," she told us, "and they're all supposed to be from Texas." "And are they?" we asked. "Is *anybody* here from Texas?" she replied with apparent sincerity. "I thought Texas men were all big, and these are mostly just little ones." While we were talking, a thin, spry, elderly gentleman interrupted to ask us for a match. "You know," he said, chuckling, "this suit I've got on is over seven years old and it's no shinier now than when I bought it. Can't beat that, can you?" "Certainly can't," we said. "That's Bloomingdale's for you," he said. "I'm from Bloomingdale's—the store, I mean. First-class material, first-class."

At this point, there was a bit of agitation in the vicinity of the cake, and when we investigated, we came upon a publicity man muttering about the difficulties of getting the thing over to the Waldorf. "Going to have a tremendous banquet there for Mr. Jones, and the cake will come in handy," he said. "This is a Schrafft cake. There's a woman at Schrafft's who is the only living pastry cook who can confect a bluebonnet, which is the state flower of Texas." "Have I had a day!" exclaimed a gentleman who later identified himself to us as Mr. Joseph and explained that he handles banquets and the like for the St. Regis. "Four weddings booked and a couple of banquets in the Maisonette. For Mr. Jones, I was tempted to break out a bottle of seventeen-year-old bourbon, but I could not part with it. He is drinking Dunfife with White Rock—a good liqueur Scotch. An affair like this in the old days was child's play. But now! Ah, every minute something wrong!" The press agent with the cake problem suddenly announced an inspiration—he'd have Mr. Jones cut it then and there. Quite a few guests assembled around the creation expectantly, but it developed, alas, that Mr. Jones had quietly slipped out.

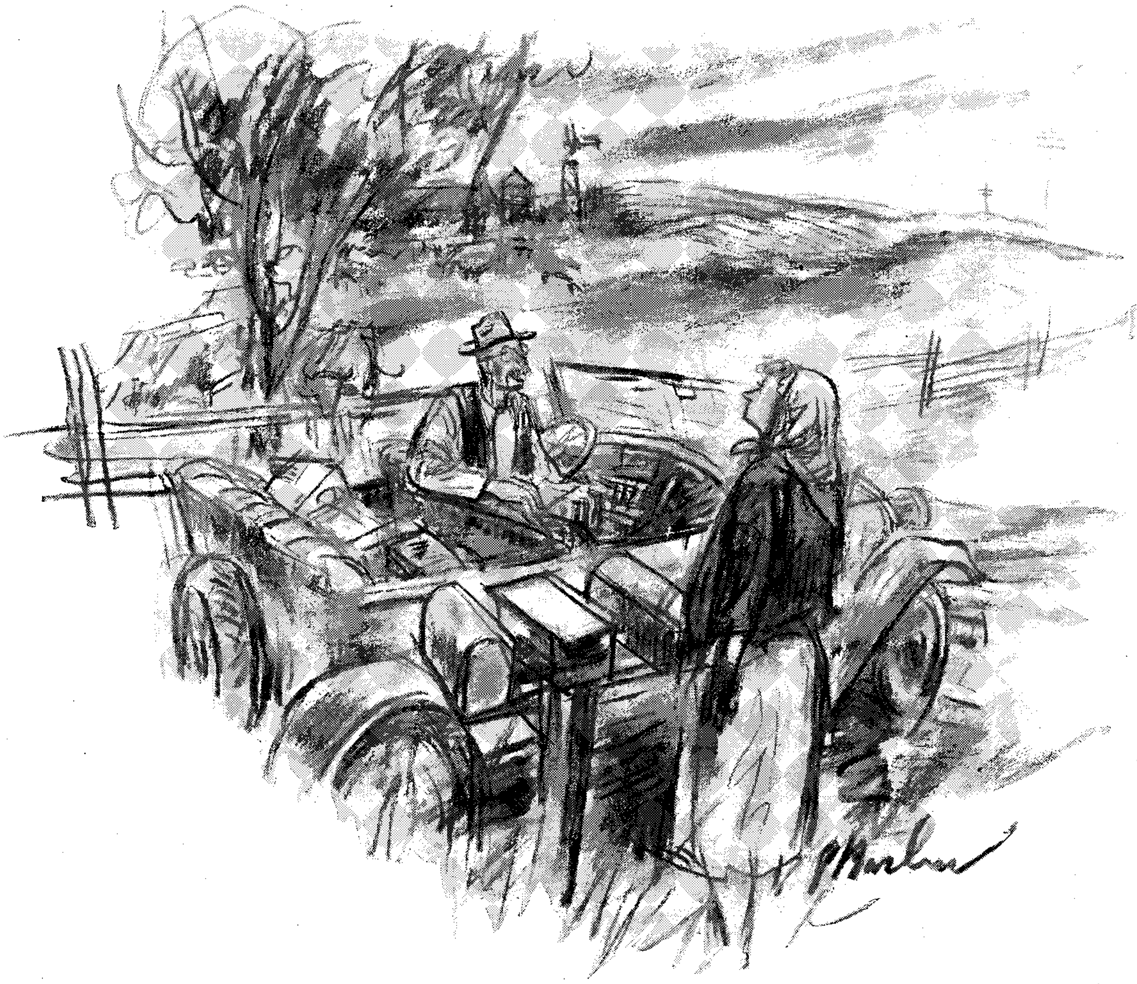
Case in Point

WE'VE been favored with a copy of a teletype message sent from one office of United Air Lines to another:

> PLEASE CHECK BAG REPORTS TO SEE IF BAG R99-25 HAS BEEN REPORTED. CONTAINS BLUE SWEATER SLACKS BOOK ENTITLED EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OF LIVING AND OTHER CLOTHES. PASSENGER EXTREMELY IRATE.

Antique

IN our recent survey of local street excavations, we neglected to mention the big one on Madison Avenue



"I may be a little late tomorrow, Mrs. Searle. I'm having my loyalty checked."

• •

between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Streets. We've now talked with a member of the contracting firm that is active there, and have learned that this cut has been made in connection with the installation of a new sewer from Fifty-eighth to Fifty-fourth Street and through Fifty-fourth Street to Park Avenue—a trifle, our construction man said, compared to what will happen when and if the city starts on a broad-scale program of sewer rehabilitation. The old sewer under Madison Avenue is a brick one, built in 1884. It is three and a half feet high by two feet wide and still works fine, except that during heavy rainstorms it gets overloaded and floods basements, and the city is sued for damages. The new sewer, which will cost two hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars, is being built of reinforced concrete, is five feet high by four feet wide, and should be able to handle anything up to a tidal wave.

Under the terms of the contract, the flow of sewage beneath Madison Avenue is not to be interrupted. The procedure of the contractors is to dig down some twenty-five feet to the old sewer, knock the top off it for a distance of thirty or forty feet, lower a twenty-inch pipe into it to serve as a temporary drain, break up the remainder of the old sewer, and then build the new sewer around the temporary pipe—not forgetting, of course, to remove the temporary pipe. The contract also specifies that only one block may be torn up at a time. In June, the contractors dug up the block between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-seventh Streets, and by August 29th had the new sewer installed there and the street restored almost to normal. The Fifty-seventh-to-Fifty-sixth-Street block was then ripped up. The contractors have been allotted two hundred working days to finish the sewer. Days when the weather is bad don't count, so the job will probably string along until next June.

One recurring problem in the Madison Avenue undertaking is unidentified pipes. When the excavators expose a pipe that isn't shown on the maps supplied by the city, the contractors call up Con. Ed., the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, and anyone else who may be able to give them a lead. If no one claims the pipe, and it proves to be empty, it is yanked out. So far, over a dozen unclaimed pipes have turned up, all empties. The iron crossbeams, or yokes, that supported the Madison Avenue streetcar tracks are another bother. They are located at six-foot intervals a few inches below the surface of the avenue and are made of cast iron so difficult to cut with a torch that it has to be smashed with a swinging steel ball instead. A third problem that has dismayed the contractors is the amount of sub-pavement on this stretch of Madison Avenue. The city assured them there were only nine inches of concrete sub-pavement there, but between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-sixth Streets they've found a section where it's four and a half feet thick, indicating, apparently, that the avenue has been imperceptibly gaining in altitude over the years. Further, there being no storage space on the thoroughfares of Manhattan, the dirt taken out of the excavations has to be trucked to Long Island and dumped, and then trucked to the city when it's needed to backfill a trench. Uneconomic on the face of it, but what are you going to do?

Riposte

A DISTURBED father has told us of coming down to breakfast on a pleasant, sunny morning and, as a token of gaiety, lifting his glass of orange juice toward his young son and saying, "Cheers." To his dismay, the cunning little fellow lifted his glass in turn and responded, "And Roebuck."

Love Duck

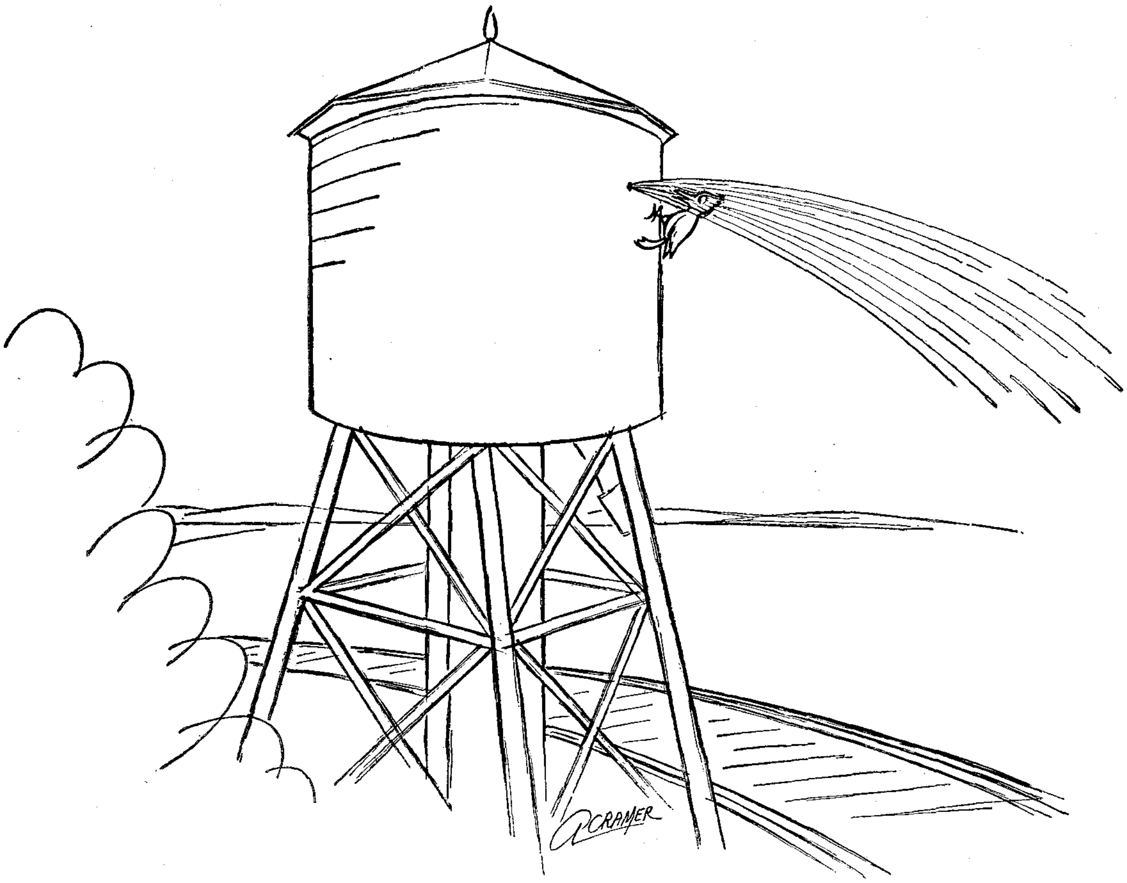
YOU may have heard or read about the hotel section of the United Nations Secretariat, whose duty it is to procure accommodations for the representatives of foreign governments here. It consists of a great natural force, named Mrs. Silvia Mullins, and three assistant forces. It is now carrying on from a building that the New York City Housing Authority has just put up on the new United Nations Headquarters site. We called on Mrs. Mullins last week on a day when she was completing the allocation of space to the delegates to the United Nations General Assembly, which was also a day when one group of workmen was installing sheet-metal ventilators in her office and another group was thunderously knocking a hole in the wall to provide space for a new door. Their labors by no means diminished the virtuosity of her performance on the telephone. We heard her handle exactly thirty-two calls in about as many minutes, all in such violent high spirits that we could swear the instrument occasionally flinched in her hand. "If it's about Czechoslovakia," she was saying as we came in, "I don't know anything about Czechoslovakia." She waved cordially to us and kicked a chair in our direction. "Honduras is at the Vanderbilt," she went on, into the phone. ". . . Well, then, he'll have to sleep in a tree. . . . I don't know if there's a wife. If there is, she'll have to sleep in a tree, too."

Mrs. Mullins dropped the phone and turned to us. "*Isn't* he nice?" she asked, apparently rhetorically, of the man to whom she'd been talking. Working fast, we learned that Mrs. Mullins is an Englishwoman, that she lived at Cap d'Antibes until the war, and that she got out of France the traditional one jump ahead of the Germans. Then the phone rang. "Norway will sit in the lobby," she said. "But don't forget the suite for Mrs. Pandit and her three daughters." Mrs. Mullins was a volunteer worker in the hotel section of the Officers' Service Commission here during the war, and had just made plans for an extended vacation when she was pressed into United Nations service. "If anyone had told me ten years ago that I'd be sitting in this room wearing telephones and a pink camisole," she said, "I'd have"—the phone rang, and she picked it up—"turned them over to the authorities. . . . Uruguay? No, not the Ritz-Carlton. Your reservation is at the Sulgrave." As she put down the phone, it began to ring. She listened to someone at the other end of the line for a moment, then, covering the mouthpiece with her hand, whispered to us, "Pakistan is as mad as a weasel." Removing her hand, she said, "Hello, love duck. I've some fine news for you. Mrs. Pandit is arriving tomorrow, not the next day. What will you do with Mrs. Pandit? . . . That's what I thought. Goodbye." She beamed at us. "Mrs. Pandit," she said, "may have to keep Norway company in the lobby for a while. I *do* hope we don't have any such trouble as we had last year with Mrs. Koo and the Pekinese. The Pierre has nothing against Pekinese. It just doesn't take dogs."

At that moment, two men appeared on a hanging scaffold outside Mrs. Mullins' office window and started scraping the pane with rusty knives, adding a high squeak to the sound of the ventilators being forced into place and the wall being broken through. Mrs. Mullins waved to the men and told us that one of her difficulties is that the foreign names of the people who write in requesting reservations frequently give no clue to their sex. "God knows how many beautiful friendships I've started by doubling people up," she said. "There haven't been any difficulties about delegates' bringing their own goats, however—that's all silly rumor. I'd have known about it if they had." The phone rang. "Hello, love duck," Mrs. Mullins said. "Is Yemen being nice to you? . . . I know you want the Turkey list, but I know less about Turkey than you do." A sledge suddenly crashed through the wall, followed by a shower of powdered plaster. "The blooming old blighter is coming a day early," said the imperturbable Mrs. Mullins. She put down the phone. "Wouldn't you think they'd have left a hole for that door in the first place, instead of filling it up with wall?" The phone rang. "You might as well know the worst about China," she said. "There'll be eight." A man's face peered through the hole in the wall, and Mrs. Mullins waved to him. The phone rang.

Prejudice

ONE of those men who can't be separated from their pipes had occasion the other day to do some research in the reserve-book room of the Public Library. Well aware of the Library's anti-smoking rule, he settled down with an empty pipe in his mouth, drawing from it what scant comfort he could. Within thirty seconds, a clerk tapped him on the shoulder and pointed to the pipe. "It's empty," said the man. "I know," said the clerk, "but we do not permit pipes to be either seen or smelled here," and off he went, his nostrils twitching.



SEEING EYE

AS the hotel doorman opened the door of the taxi, Ruth Hardy leaned across Ellen Russell and spoke to him anxiously. "Is Mr. Hardy here yet?"

"Not yet," he answered cheerfully. "But I'll be on the lookout for him, and when he does come, I'll give him a hand. Don't you worry."

Mrs. Hardy stepped out of the cab and stood frowning thoughtfully while Ellen Russell paid the driver. "Well, give him a hand as far as the door," she said, "and then tell him to wait. I'll be out and get him. We'll be in the dining room, and you can just speak to George and George will speak to me. Unobtrusively."

She turned to Ellen Russell. "It will be better that way," she said. "He hates to be *led* and sort of passed around from one person to another. Besides, I'm used to it."

The two women went through the revolving door, through the lobby, and then stood in the entrance to the dining room until Mrs. Hardy caught the headwaiter's eye and he hurried toward them. "I hope you have a nice table for us near the door, George," she said. "Mr. Hardy is lunching with us, and it will be better if we're near the door."

"Of course, Mrs. Hardy," George said. He showed them to a table to the right of the door and stood there attentively while they seated themselves side by side on the banquette. There was an empty chair opposite them.

"And, George," Mrs. Hardy said, "I told Tim to tell you to tell me when he does come, so you let me know and I'll slip out and bring him in."

"Yes, Mrs. Hardy," George said. He opened two menus and handed them to the women.

"We'll have a cocktail while we're waiting, and order later. A Martini, Ellen?" Ellen Russell nodded, and Mrs. Hardy smiled up at George. "Two Martinis, then."

As George hurried away, Ruth Hardy took off her gloves and folded them neatly before she tucked them into her handbag. She sighed and then gave a little start. "Oh, Ellen," she said. "How stupid of me! But do you mind changing your seat? I always put Don next to me—for obvious reasons, you know."

"Oh, I don't mind a bit," Ellen Russell said, and she got up and took the chair.

"Besides," Ruth Hardy said, "now I can *see* you. It doesn't seem possible it's been ten years. Now, tell me, what are you doing in New York, and how long are you going to stay, and *everything*."

"There isn't much to tell," Ellen said. "I just thought I'd come on for a while, see some shows, and go back when I got tired of it." She unfolded her napkin and began pleating it nervously. "How's Don?"

"Wonderful!" Ruth Hardy said enthusiastically.

"I'm glad," Ellen said. "He didn't look well at all the last time I saw him."

Mrs. Hardy's smile became fixed. "And when was that, dear?" she asked.

"Just before he went in the Army," Ellen said. "The time he came out to Chicago."

"Oh, yes," Ruth Hardy said vaguely. "That must have been during those two weeks I was up at Placid trying to get some relief from my sinus. Yes, of course. And you're quite right. He wasn't well then. Not that there was anything wrong with him. He was just restless. You know how men get."

"I don't, really," Ellen said. "I've never had one."

Mrs. Hardy smiled tolerantly. "Well, they do," she said. "And then the war came, and he *would* go, although they never would have drafted him at his age. Poor, foolish Don. And now!"

"I know," Ellen said, her voice dropping. "I was shocked when I heard about it. Louise told me. I can't think of Don as being blind. But then, when Louise said he was going about his business and everything the same as ever, I felt better about him."

"You shouldn't have worried, dear," Mrs. Hardy told her. "And you may think it strange of me, but I do believe I can say that Don is happier than he was *before*. And I am, too. Busier and happier. You see, I have to be his eyes. At first, I didn't do so well, I'm afraid, but gradually I learned to anticipate and to think *ahead*, and now we really manage very well with surprisingly little outside help."

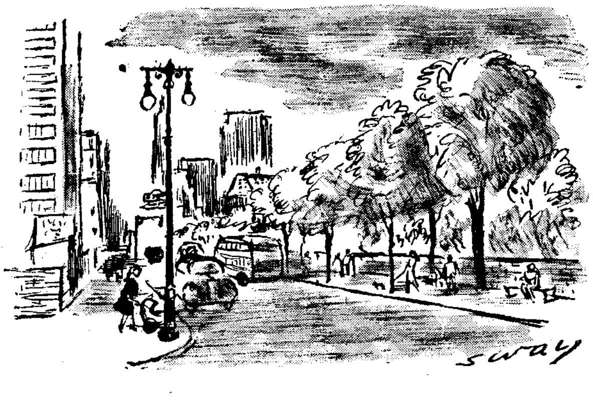
A waiter set two cocktails down on the table, and Mrs. Hardy looked across at Ellen with the air of a conspirator. "Let's drink these fast," she said, "and then we can have another one when Don comes. He'll want one to celebrate seeing—being with you again, but we don't want to make things any more difficult for him than they are, so one will be plenty." She took a sip of her cocktail. "It's really quite fun for both of us," she went on. "We get up in the morning and listen to the news while we're dressing, and he does very well with that except for his tie. And then we have general inspection, so that he'll feel shipshape before we leave the house. And then we go to the office, where Mr. Tyler takes over. Mr. Tyler is his secretary, and he's such a nice boy. So helpful. We've had many little plots that Don never has known about. Like the little plot we had when Don thought he was perfectly able to go home alone. But I told Mr. Tyler no. It would worry me to death, I said, if I thought he might be standing on the street by himself and not able to find a taxi. So when Don *insisted*, why, Mr. Tyler simply called me up before it was time for Don to leave, and I just *happened* to drop by in time to go home with him."

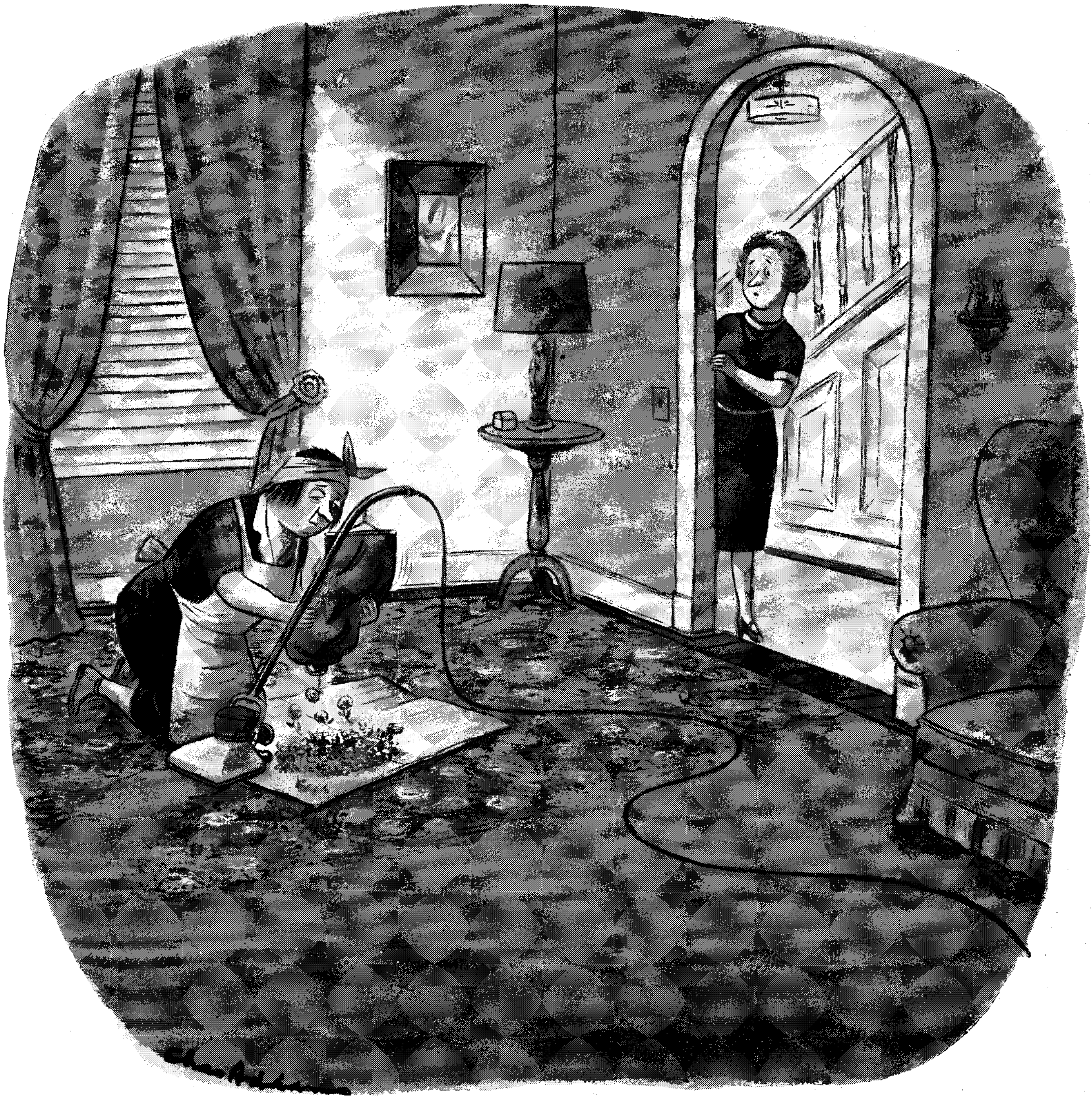
Ellen Russell finished her Martini. "Didn't he mind?" she asked. "Didn't he mind your getting him when he wanted to go alone?"

"How could he mind when he didn't know?" Mrs. Hardy shook her head, amused. "Besides, I don't really think he wanted to try it alone, because he never wanted to again. It was just an idea he had, and after he thought about it, I suppose he realized it just wasn't practical."

"You could get him one of those wonderful dogs," Ellen said.

"But whatever for?" Mrs. Hardy asked. "And in an apartment. I hope you don't think for an instant, Ellen, that I *mind* doing these things for Don. And a *dog*—well, granting that a dog could get him *about*, and I'm sure that they do, or so I've heard, a dog couldn't read to him, or cut his food up for him, or help him dress, could it? And, of course, I'm not *obtrusive* about it. After all, he's coming here today by himself. Mr. Tyler's putting him into a cab, and you heard what I told the doorman. No,





Ellen, he can do anything he wants so long as I feel he's *safe*."

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ELLEN RUSSELL looked up and saw that Don Hardy was standing in the doorway. "Why, there he is! Don!" she called.

He turned his head in her direction and smiled. Almost instantly, Mrs. Hardy was on her feet. She walked quickly and heavily on her sturdy legs and took her husband's arm, and as she did so, she called out to George, who was hurrying toward them, "It's all right, George! We saw him!"

They started toward the table, and it seemed to Ellen that it was Don who was leading and Ruth who was hanging heavily on his arm. As they reached the table, Ellen caught his hand and shook it, laughing. "Don!" she said. "Don!"

"Well, what do you know?" he said. "What do you know?"

"Sit down, dear," Ruth Hardy said. She edged him around the table and pushed him onto the banquette and took her place beside him.

"You look marvellous," Ellen said.

"I'm too fat," he told her. "A hundred and seventy."

"A hundred and seventy-*two*," Ruth Hardy corrected him.

"What's a couple of pounds between friends?" he said. "You girls had a drink?"

"We were going to have one with you," Ruth said. She looked at Ellen and winked.

"Well," Don said, "let's order one." He raised his hand to motion to a waiter.

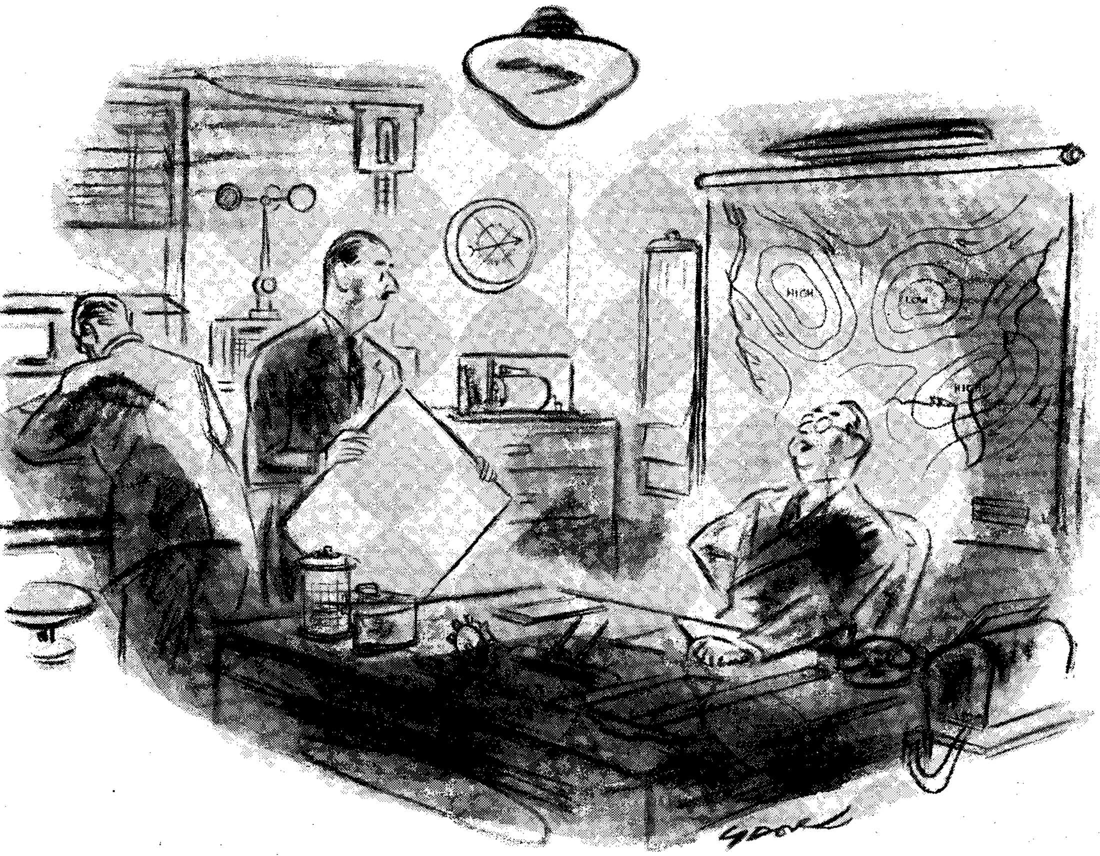
"He's got his back to you, dear," Ruth Hardy said. "I'll catch his eye."

Don bent his head toward Ellen. "What are you up to?" he asked. "And how do you look? The same?"

"She looks very well," Ruth Hardy said. "Of course, *I* haven't seen her for ten years and I don't know how she looked the last time you saw her, but she looks very nice."

"Trapped!" Don said, and laughed. "What did you tell her for, Ellen?"

"It slipped out," Ellen answered



"The vacation was fine, thank you. For the first week it was warm and humid, partly cloudy with occasional thunderstorms, and temperatures ranging from a low of sixty-two to a high of ninety-two. Then a ridge of high pressure was forced in from the Lake Region and the days were sunny with somewhat lower temperatures, relatively cool sea breezes alternating with variable light to moderate southerly winds."

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gaily. "But I didn't tell all. I didn't tell about the night club."

"I have the waiter's eye, dear," Ruth Hardy said. "If you're through reminiscing, we can order our drinks."

"I'll have a double Martini," Don said. "What are you going to have?"

Ruth Hardy looked up at the waiter. "Three Martinis," she said.

"And make mine double," Don said.

"And, waiter," Ruth Hardy said, "we'll order now."

She picked up the menu and studied it. "The lamb chops are nice here, Ellen," she said. "Suppose you and I have the lamb chops, and, Don, I think you could manage bacon and eggs very nicely. Or perhaps just the eggs, scrambled, without the bacon."

"Anything's all right," he said impatiently. "How long are you going to be in town, Ellen?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I'm just going to see some shows—"

"I'll take you to one," he said. "Which one do you want to see?"

"We've been reading 'The Moneyman,'" Ruth Hardy said. "I suppose you've read it, Ellen?"

"I don't believe I have," Ellen said.

"You wouldn't like it," Don said quickly. "Anyhow, let's decide what we want to see."

The waiter brought their cocktails and set them down on the table. Don spread his fingers, feeling gently until he touched the glass. Carefully, he raised it to his mouth and drank. "Wonderful," he said. "So what'll we see?"

"There are quite a few nice things," Ruth Hardy said. "I'd like to see a good play. Wouldn't you, Ellen?"

"Oh, anything," Ellen said.

"Well, I don't want to see a good play," Don said. "I want to see something a little more lively. Something with music. And we can go somewhere afterward." He drank the rest of his drink and leaned toward Ellen, pleased and excited. "What do you say?"

The waiter brought a tray filled with bread, and three bread-and-butter plates, which he arranged, and Ellen waited until he had gone away before she answered.

"I'll go anywhere and do anything," she said. "Any time."

"Don't you think—" Ruth Hardy began, and then she looked from Ellen's face to her husband's. They were smiling at each other, and suddenly Don reached across the table impulsively and Ellen caught his hand.

Ruth Hardy watched them for an instant, frozen, and then she spoke sharply. "Look what you're doing, Don!" she said. "Look at your sleeve! It's covered with butter!"

His face flushed suddenly and painfully. "Oh," he said, "I didn't see." He drew his hand away, and Ellen glanced down at his sleeve. There was not a sign of butter on it, nor was the butter plate near where his arm had rested. She started to say something, and decided not to, because Ruth Hardy was already busily and solicitously scrubbing away at Don's sleeve with her napkin.

—Sally Benson

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THE NAUGHTY PREPOSITION

I lately lost a preposition;
  It hid, I thought, beneath my chair;
And angrily I cried, "Perdition!
  Up from out of in under there!"

Correctness is my vade mecum,
  And straggling phrases I abhor,
And yet I wondered, "What should he come
  Up from out of in under for?"

—Morris Bishop

SWEET AND SOUR

WHEN I was twelve, my great ambition was to own a delicatessen. I had shown only erratic enthusiasms for such run-of-the-mill juvenile pleasures as electric trains, chemical laboratories, magician's kits, and loose-leaf postage-stamp albums. (Interchangeable pages were a necessity in 1918, when kingdoms were folding up like badly managed night clubs.) At that time, I lived with my widowed mother and my seven-year-old brother, Max, on the top floor of one of the few four-story stone buildings in Moravská Ostrava, a fast-growing coal-and-steel town in eastern Czechoslovakia. Two of my uncles and their families occupied the second and third floors, and on the ground floor was the family bank, which had been founded by my grandfather and managed since his death by these uncles. Most of the city's substantial businessmen lived thus, above their offices or stores. Our family building was right in the middle of the business district, near the City Hall square, a convenient and fashionable location.

I was never particularly impressed by the capitalistic grandeur of the bank. I liked to watch my cousin Nellie, the cashier, count banknotes with what seemed to me incredible speed, and it was pleasant to dip into the bank's supplies of fresh pencils, erasers, colored envelopes, and paper clips. But on the whole I was delighted when my mother told me, with much excitement, that we had lost the family bank and that the ground floor had been leased to a delicatessen.

In the wake of defeat and postwar depression, many small, privately owned banks were wiped out or, like ours, swallowed up by one of the big trust companies. My mother didn't explain to me how bad the family's financial reverses were. We continued to live in the top-floor apartment of what I still considered our house, and I thought the change from bank to delicatessen on the ground floor would be a definite improvement. The delicatessen would add to my social prestige in school.

There were two delicatessens in the town—the one that was to replace the bank, and another that was owned by the father of Otto, one of my classmates at the local *Gymnasium*. By virtue of his father's smoked eel and paprika bacon, Otto had long maintained a hold upon our classmates that I had tried in vain to break. I owned the only available soccer ball and for this reason had been elected captain of the class team; even so, Otto's prestige was greater than mine. He had set up a formidable system of barter. We other boys did all his homework—a difficult set of algebra exercises in exchange for a slice of goose liver, a written theme for a small piece of imitation-Emmentaler cheese. With sweet butter, which was a rarity in those days, Otto even managed to bribe the Latin-and-Greek professor, a poor, shrivelled, coughing man who suffered from tuberculosis.

Every day, when I got home from school, during the remodelling of our first floor, I stood and watched the gradual transformation of the bank into a delicatessen. The smoke-stained oakwood panels came down and the walls were painted white, an audacious color in a town notorious for its dirt and coal dust. The bank's customers' counter, covered with pencil marks and ink spots, disappeared and a shiny, silvery aluminum showcase took its place. The dim chandeliers were replaced by modern lighting fixtures. Where Cousin Nellie's cashier's booth had stood, the workmen installed an enamel-topped table with a newfangled meat-slicing machine. When there was nothing left of the bank but the old, familiar shield displaying our family's name above the entrance, the shield came down and was replaced by a modern, gold-and-black sign that read, "*S. Bitter, Lahůdky—Delikatessen.*"

On the day the store opened, the window displayed what I assumed to be a champagne supper laid out in a *cabinet particulier*. There were a table and two chairs, and on the table, which was covered with beautiful white linen, stood a magnum of French champagne in a silver bucket, a big can of the finest beluga caviar (label in French), one of whole natural goose-liver *truffée* (label in French), and a big wheel of cured Edam cheeses (label in Dutch). A painted sign beside the champagne magnum said, "Finest Imp. Specialties Sold Only Here." And indeed, no other food store in town had any such imported specialties. The best Otto's father's delicatessen could offer was Hungarian salami and Polish ham, neither of which had any exotic appeal.

Just inside Bitter's new store, flanking the entrance, were two big barrels, one containing dill pickles, the other sauerkraut. A large wooden spoon lay across the top of each barrel, and above each hung a hand-lettered sign saying, "Free for Our Customers." The shop window could not be opened from inside the store, and when a customer wanted a piece of Edam cheese, Mr. Bitter had to go out on the sidewalk, open the window, remove the cheese, take it inside, cut off a piece, and then go outdoors again with the cheese and put it back in the window. He was a small man with a long, tired face and a drooping lower lip, which he snapped up with a gasp at the end of each sentence, as though he were afraid of losing it. He wore a beautiful white apron and a battered gray derby. I presumed he wore the hat because he was afraid of catching cold, but the next day at school, Otto told me that Mr. Bitter wore it because he was self-conscious about his baldness. I doubted the truth of this statement and suspected that Otto was suffering from envy. His father's shop window displayed a dusty, dreary arrangement of inferior sardine and anchovy cans, and a couple of moldy salami.

I HAD taken it for granted that we would trade at Bitter's, and I was dismayed when my mother said we were going to keep on patronizing the other delicatessen. "It wouldn't be fair to run out on them," she said. This loyalty, I soon sensed, was only a secondary reason for my mother's attitude. A few days after the opening of the delicatessen, some friends came to call and stayed for dinner. My mother told me to run over to Otto's father's store, which was five blocks away, and get a dozen dill pickles and half a pound of imitation-Emmentaler cheese.

"Let me go to Bitter's," I said. "He's giving the pickles away free."

"We don't want anything free," my mother said sternly. "Besides, I don't want you to ever set foot in Mr. Bitter's place."

At the other delicatessen, Otto greeted me with a sardonic grin. "I thought you wouldn't come here any more," he said. He didn't let me choose the dill pickles myself but reached into the barrel with his dirty hands and picked out the smallest, most shrivelled specimens. The place smelled of old Moravian sausages and *tvarůžky*. These last were little, moldy cream cheeses, which you could buy at any ordinary grocery store and which smelled like overripe Limburger.

Later, I learned the principal reason why my mother wouldn't let me go to

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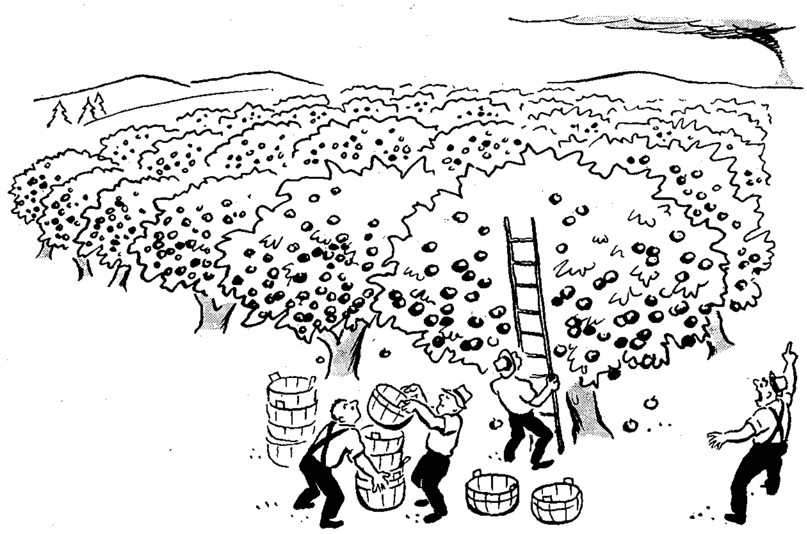

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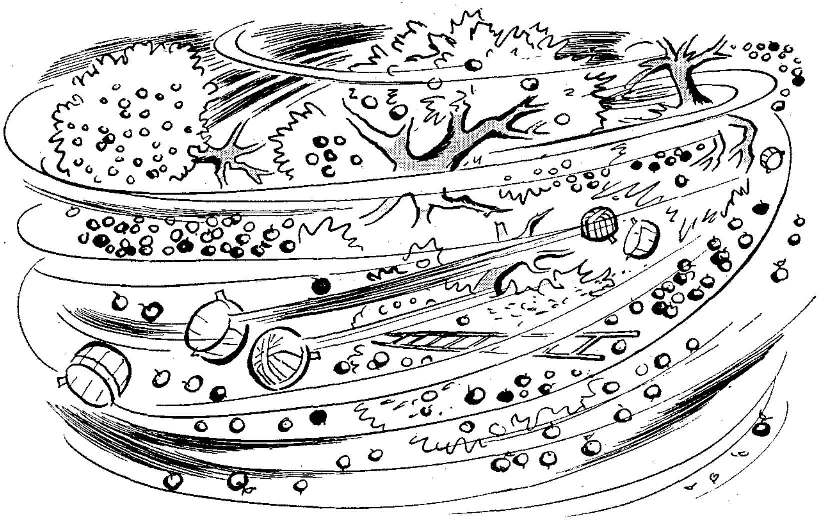

the new delicatessen. Bitter had been a depositor at our family bank, and when it was swallowed up by the big trust, he had lost some money—though not much compared to the various members of our family, who had put all the money they had into the bank in order to save the depositors from severe losses. Like every other depositor, he had got back eighty-five per cent of his deposits, but he had made a scene at the bank when he learned of the forthcoming merger and had shouted in front of all the employees that he was going to fill the sacred premises with the smell of old *tvarůžky*, if it was the last thing he did. Of course, Bitter's delicatessen was too refined a place to sell *tvarůžky*, and, of course, he was renting the place simply because it was ideal for his new store. Bitter's threat was much discussed around town. My mother and my uncles were outraged, and began a feud with Mr. Bitter. Once or twice, we *had* to buy at his store, when people dropped in for an after-dinner snack and Otto's place was closed, but even then my mother wouldn't let me make the purchases. Instead, she called up a friend and asked her to, so Bitter wouldn't have the triumph of selling to a member of our family.

I had looked forward to hanging out at Bitter's place after soccer games and when my homework was done, and now that this was impossible, I used to stand in front of the entrance, looking wistfully into a forbidden, wonderful world. Through the open door came the bewitching aroma of French Roquefort, Rhine salmon, Italian sea food, Belgian *salmis de perdreaux*, Westphalian ham, Rumanian *mititei* (small, grilled hamburger sausages), English Cheddar cheese, Danish *matjes* herring, and other imported specialties.

There were three booths on one side of the store where people could sit down for a glass of wine, a snack, or a meal. Spread out on the counter were large wooden plates filled with ready-to-eat appetizers, which I was told about—small pieces of roast goose liver, fried calves' brains, *ichor de carpe* (a mixture of carp roe and caviar), eggplant toasted and baked in oil, Russian salad and Italian salad and *salade tartare* and *salade de bœuf*, Bismarck herring in dill sauce, cold duck, saddle of venison, Italian mushrooms in *sauce vinaigrette*, local *klobasy* (small, fat frankfurters), cold and warm pâtés, sweet and sour cream, chicken livers with onion, barbecued meats, and warm Prague ham. Everything was prepared fresh twice a day by Bitter and two assistants, and everything was delicious, according to the unanimous comments of the customers, which I would overhear as they came out of the store. Even Bitter's hard-boiled eggs were said to be remarkable. They were prepared after an old Jewish recipe; the eggs were simmered in their shells for twenty-four hours in a concoction of black coffee and onions. They were served with fresh caviar.

At the end of the day, most of the happy customers were men. They started to arrive about six o'clock, when the stores and offices closed. They were divided into two groups: the bachelors, who didn't have a home to go to and so had their dinner at Bitter's, and the married men, who dropped in merely for an hors d'œuvre. The bachelors would help themselves to a plateful of specialties at the counter and sit down comfortably in one of the booths; the married men would stand around the counter and snatch a few things here and there, looking guilty and casting nervous glances at their watches. I could see that they hated to go home to their dull dinners of potato soup and boiled beef.

The outstanding figure among the married men around the counter was usually the chief of police, a sharp-eyed, stoop-shouldered man with an immense black mustache. "I've tried every method known to the criminologist to conceal my visits to this place," I once heard him say to a couple of married men standing at the counter. "Gentlemen, it's no use. We are up against feminine intuition. They sense our lack of enthusiasm as we sit down at the dinner table." The bachelors in the booths behind him laughed maliciously. I decided to remain a bachelor, so that when I grew up I could have dinner every night at Bitter's, where a man was assured of independence, the company of other men, and a plentiful supply of imported delicacies.

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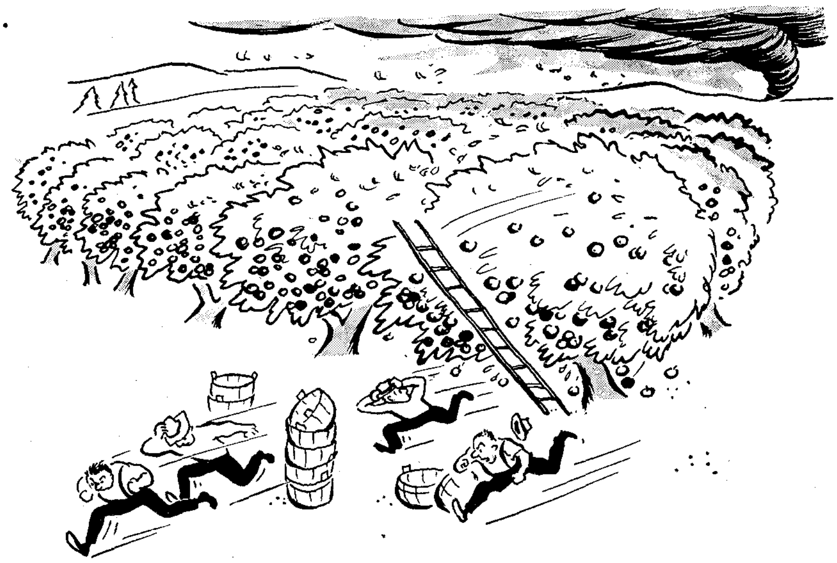

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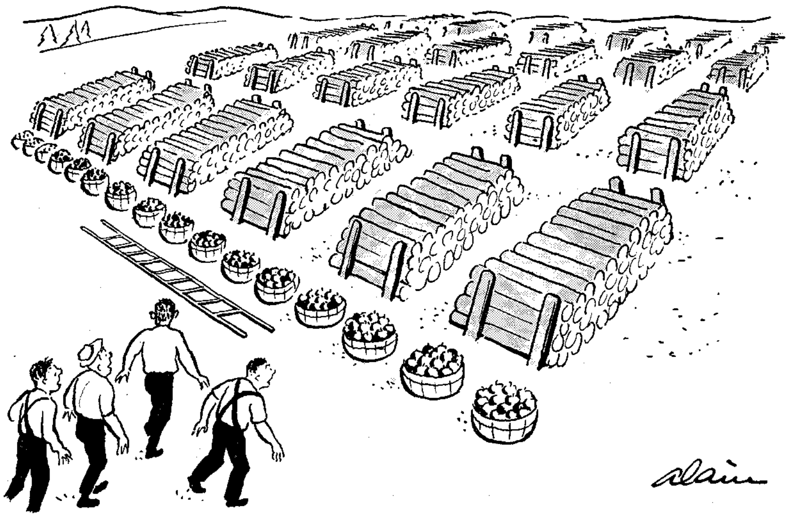

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One night, when I was standing near the entrance as usual, the chief of police began telling his friends a story. His voice was low and I couldn't quite hear what he was saying, but the men listened with heads bent together, and every once in a while they would laugh. Two ladies walked into the store, and the police chief nodded politely and waited until they had left before going on with his story. Trying to get in on what I assumed to be the history of a sensational criminal case, I moved through the entrance without realizing what I was doing. Mr. Bitter saw me standing next to the barrel of dill pickles and he came out from behind the counter and said, "Well, well! If it isn't young Wechsberg! What can I do for you, young man?"

The customers turned to look at me, and the chief of police, who knew my mother well, said, "Grab yourself a handful of those wonderful things, but don't tell your mother I told you to!" Everybody laughed.

"Sure, my boy," Mr. Bitter said. He lifted his derby, mopped his head, which *was* bald, with a corner of his white apron, and then put the derby on again. "Take whatever you want."

Like someone hypnotized, I stared at the plates on the counter—the roast goose liver, the twenty-four-hour eggs, the barbecued meats, the imported cheeses—all within easy reach. The temptation was terrible.

"I don't have any money," I said, stuttering stupidly.

"Never mind about the money," Mr. Bitter said grandly. "It's such an unexpected pleasure to see you here, young man."

The aroma of smoked eel, warm ham, and pheasant Demodoff was overwhelming, but the faint irony in Mr. Bitter's voice brought me back to reality. I saw that the chief of police and the bachelors were smirking at one another. A new and somewhat painful emotion began to surge up within me—loyalty to the honor of my family. I closed my eyes, tried not to breathe in the tantalizing smells, swallowed hard, and said with what I thought was supreme dignity, "Thank you, Mr. Bitter, but *we* don't buy here." Then I turned and walked out, heartbroken but proud.

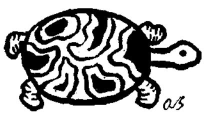
For a few moments, while I was climbing the stairs to our apartment, I felt that I was a richer and better man than Mr. Bitter. By my sacrifice, I had saved the honor of the family and fulfilled my moral obligations. I was almost moved to tears by my own greatness, but this feeling didn't last long. When I sat down at the table and Marie, the cook, brought in the meat loaf, boiled potatoes, and carrots—all of which I hated—I was more miserable than I had ever been in my life.

"I'm not hungry," I said, and got up from the table. My mother looked worried and asked whether I felt sick. I said, "No, I'm not sick," but I couldn't have touched the meat loaf for anything in the world.

IN spite of the ill will that my family bore Mr. Bitter and the trick that he had tried to play on me, I realized that he was an unusual man in many ways. He sent his only daughter, Lilya, a dark-haired girl of about my age, away to a French-language *pensionnat* near Lausanne. This caused the raising of eyebrows among the other merchants and professional men, all of whom sent their children to the local schools. Mr. Bitter was said to have announced that he wanted to give his daughter all the advantages in life that he himself had been denied. This seemed a lot of rubbish to me; what could a man expect or desire from life beyond a practically unlimited choice of imported specialties?

In the late spring, before the end of the local school year, Lilya came home for the summer vacation. The Bitters lived in another part of town, but she spent a lot of her time at her father's store. She was often standing in front of our building when I came home from school. She always seemed to be waiting for somebody, but as soon as I appeared, she would start to polish the window or would step inside and stir the pickles in the big barrel. Usually she wore white, which I had to admit made her look rather pretty. Two of her best friends confided to me that Lilya had told them, under oath of secrecy, that she had a crush on me. The thought was not unpleasant to me, though I had not begun to pay much attention to girls, and I hardly had time for such foolish matters, what with my interest in the delicatessen and in playing soccer. One day Lilya actually spoke to me. She said that she was helping out at the store, and I wondered if she was also eating all the good things there. Whether the Bitters ate nothing but imported specialties or whether, now and then, they fell back upon potato dumplings and meat loaf was a problem I often pondered.

That spring, our class team was having soccer practice every afternoon. I would rush home from school, change my clothes, and hurry back to the playing field. One day, when I came downstairs on my way to the field, Lilya was waiting outside her father's store. "Hello," she said. "Where are you going?"



I told her, and added that our class team had qualified for Sunday's final game for the chief of police's trophy. "I'm captain of the team," I said. "I play center forward."

"I'm sure you'll win," she said. "I'll keep my fingers crossed."

I stole a glance at the dill-pickle barrel, and she must have noticed it, for she said, "Would you like one? May I bring you something from inside? We have—"

"Thank you, no," I said quickly.

She sighed and said, "It's a shame you're not interested in food."

"Why?" I asked.

"Just because," she said, shrugging, and then she said, "We have real French food in our Swiss *pensionnat*. Our French chef makes crêpes Suzette. You know, cooked in flaming brandy."

I nodded. I hadn't the faintest idea what crêpes Suzette were, but I knew they couldn't be bad if a French chef cooked them in flaming brandy. Mr. Bitter appeared in the entrance for a moment and looked at us, and I thought I'd better leave. We had just learned in school about the Capulets and Montagues, and Romeo was the last person in the world I wanted to emulate. "I've got to go," I said, and started off.

"Wait," Lilya said, clutching my arm. "Wouldn't you like to go to the Bobrovnik tomorrow after school? We can take our bicycles and have a picnic there."

The Bobrovnik was a small, wooded hill a little way outside of town. Sundays, it was always crowded with picnickers and bicyclists, but during the week nobody went there. The idea of going to the Bobrovnik with Lilya was a startling one, but I saw that it was also my one great chance to taste the imported delicacies without jeopardizing our family honor. "We have soccer practice at four," I said, but my voice lacked firmness.

"You get out of school at one o'clock," she said. "Could we meet at one-thirty?"

I nodded. "And you'll bring the food?"

"Yes," she said. "Tomorrow at one-thirty."

"Wait behind the Evangelical Church," I said. "We must be careful not to be seen, of course." My friends would have ragged me if they had seen me going off alone with a girl, and my mother would never have approved of my associating with Mr. Bitter's daughter.

"Of course," she said, and ran into the store, giggling.

THE next day, Lilya was at the appointed place with her bicycle. I noticed immediately that a rather big closed basket was tied to the handle bar and that she was carrying a plaid blanket, presumably to sit on. I had taken my own bicycle to school in the morning. Ignoring her friendly greeting, in order to calm my pangs of conscience, I reminded her gruffly that we had to be back by four o'clock. We started off. I was hungry and quite excited about the contents of the basket, and I set a fast pace. We went by way of the less frequented streets. Twice, Lilya made me slow up. "I can't ride so fast," she said. I was impatient, but I had to wait for her. It took us over an hour to get to the Bobrovnik. Lilya wanted to sit down somewhere under the trees where it was cool and shady, but I spread out her blanket on a mossy spot in the sun. She untied the basket and sat down next to me.

"You wouldn't believe how one gets fed up with crêpes Suzette, pheasant *à la Souvaroff*, eggs *cocotte*, and French bread," she said as she began to take one package after another out of the basket. "Ever since I came back, I've been simply *starved* for good, simple food." She spread out a couple of paper napkins and opened the packages. I gasped. They contained slices of cold meat loaf, black bread, potato salad, a piece of Hungarian salami, a cold *Wiener Schnitzel*. I could have killed her. There were a couple of dill pickles and two coffee-boiled eggs, but they seemed hardly worth the long, dull bicycle trip and the danger of being seen with a girl—especially with Lilya.

"I first thought I'd bring a few things from the shop," she said, "—goose liver and caviar—but then I thought there's nothing *personal* in those things. I made the meat loaf with my own hands. I also made the potato salad—" She saw my face and stopped. "Don't you like—"

"Come on," I said. "Let's eat and go back. It's late."

The meat loaf tasted of garlic, which I loathed, and the eggs, minus caviar, were just eggs. I was so furious I didn't even touch the dill pickles.

"What's the matter?" Lilya asked with tears in her eyes. "Don't you like pickles? *Everybody* likes pickles."

"No!" I shouted and jumped up. That was all I needed, tears. I walked over to my bicycle and pumped more air into the rear tire, though it didn't need any. I despised myself. For meat loaf and potato salad, I had become a traitor to my family. Lilya sniffled and dried her tears and suggested that we sit down for a while and talk, but I had had enough. I told her we had to get back right away. This time, I started off even faster. When we had gone a little way, Lilya fell off her bicycle and hurt her knee. She cried, and it took me some time to persuade her to get on her bicycle again. We had to ride very slowly, because of her knee, and it was long after four when we reached the center of town.

At the crossing of Sokol Street and Prokeš Square, we ran into Otto and a group of my classmates coming home from the playing field. They whistled after us and made foolish remarks. The next day, they told me that they had waited three-quarters of an hour and then decided that it was useless to practice without me, since I was the captain. During the rest of the week, at practice sessions, they kept asking me pointed questions about my trip with "the beautiful Lilya." I played badly.

On Sunday, I played badly, too, and we lost the game for the police chief's trophy by a score of 3–0. I was forced to resign as captain, and Otto was elected my successor. During the following season, we lost a great many matches, but after the games, Otto handed out goose-liver sandwiches and dill pickles and they provided consolation.

—Joseph Wechsberg

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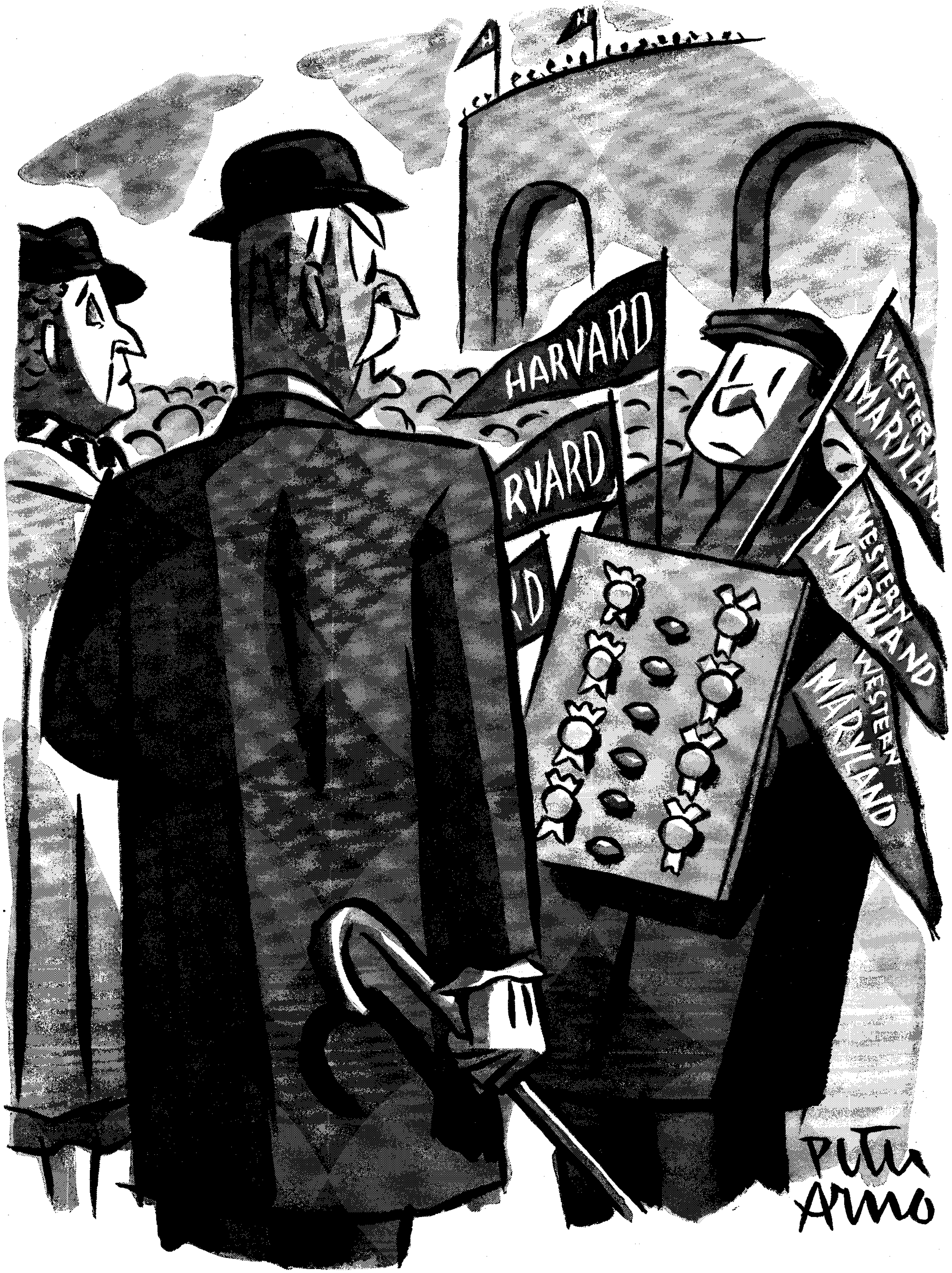
As you no doubt know, production difficulties are not as yet back to normal.
—*Letter from Sears, Roebuck & Co.*

Give 'em time.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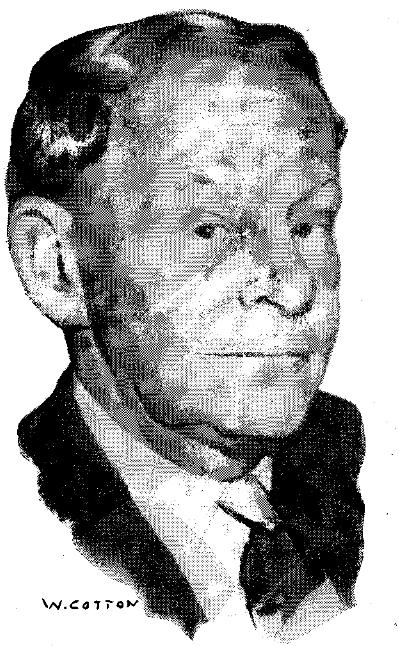
Peter Arno

"Which one? Great heavens, are you mad?"

PROFILES

COMEDIAN

III—UP FROM MOOSE JAW



Bobby Clark

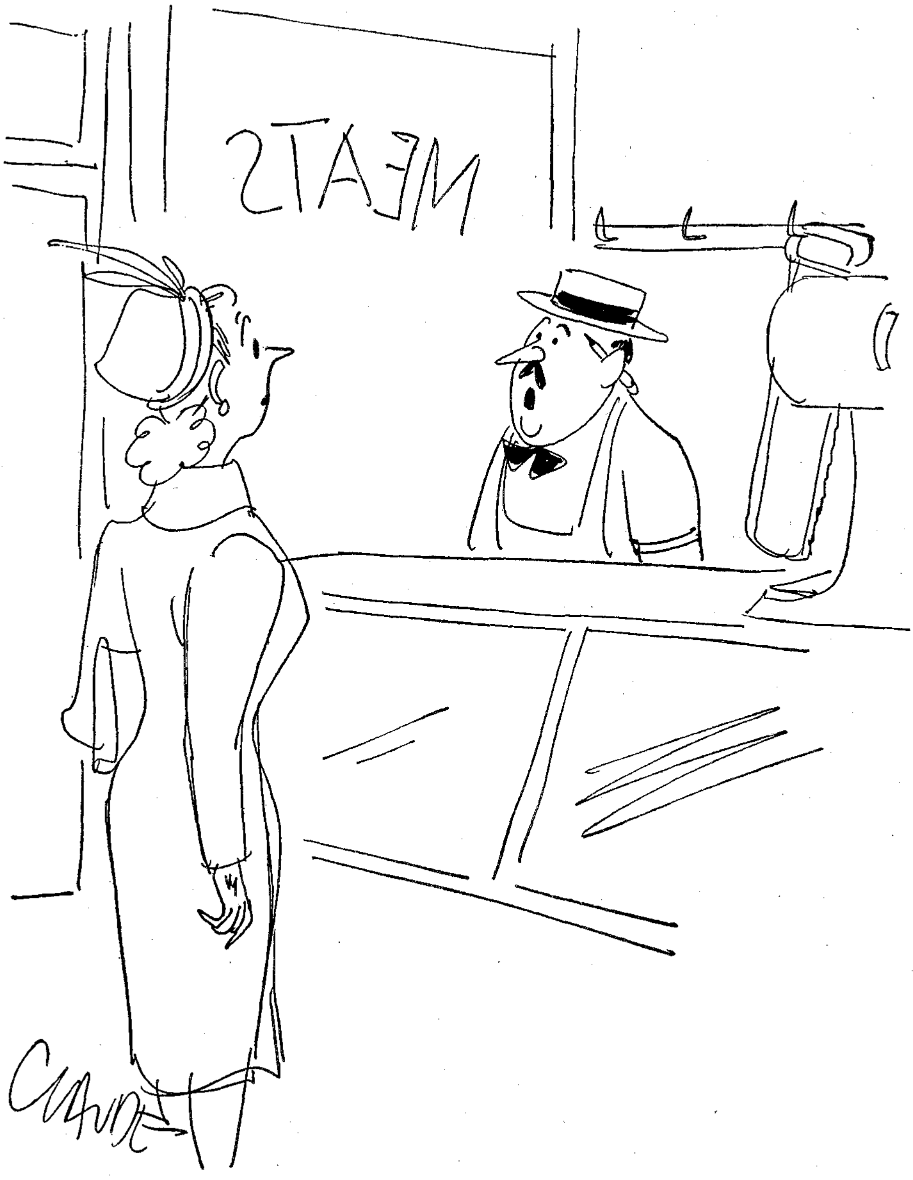
THE team of Clark and McCullough first appeared in vaudeville on December 2, 1912, at the Opera House in New Brunswick, New Jersey. For some years, Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough had been with the circus, billed variously as the Jazzbo Brothers, the Prosit Trio, and Sunshine and Roses, but this had brought the partners little publicity. It is a handicap of the circus that its performers are largely anonymous. Even such names as are announced make a small impression on the spectators, who have come to see certain traditional rites and are not so much drawn by stars as they are in the theatre. Clark and McCullough were quite nervous at their vaudeville opening. Having broken off a dependable career by leaving the circus, they felt obliged to succeed in this new and unfamiliar medium, in the interest of physical and professional survival. Clark recalls that McCullough was sweating freely in a recently acquired prop, a long, voluminous, rather conspicuously unattractive fur coat, which he had bought for six dollars from a secondhand dealer who had an unenviable celebrity as a fence. The coat was light-colored and remarkable for patches where the hair had worn off during the incumbency of a previous wearer, perhaps the original owner, the establishing of whose precise zoological standing the partners, and the seller, had dismissed as impossible. Onstage, Clark, laying about energetically with his perennial walking stick, was able to relieve the garment of considerable dust, some of which he believes dated back several generations. Besides the coat, McCullough wore a straw hat, a microscopic string bow tie, a loudly checked suit, and a pair of white shoes, and over one arm he carried a college pennant. Clark wore a badly dented silk hat, a pair of skin-tight trousers, a three-quarter-length covert-cloth topcoat, and a pair of felt boots that somehow gave the curious impression that he was walking on his knees. His costume was completed by his cane, a lighted cigar, and the painted-on spectacles he had taken as a kind of identifying symbol late in his circus career. These costumes were to become traditional with Clark and McCullough. Their act was substantially one that they had made popular in the circus—it revolved around their failure to hoist a chair onto the top of a table—and they did it with misgivings. "It seemed too simple," Clark said not long ago. "Or maybe we stood too close to the audience. Anyhow, we didn't feel it was right, some way or other." As it turned out, their feeling was spectacularly wrong; the audience, the moment the chair caught on the edge of the table, began to laugh, and kept it up steadily for fifteen minutes.

Thus immediately successful, Clark and McCullough were booked by the Keith circuit for theatres all over this country and Canada. In the journal that he conscientiously kept during this period, Clark made careful entries of their itinerary, with notes on their reception. On numerous occasions, for example, he inscribed pleasurable odes to the citizens of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, a town he will always regard as exceptionally cultured. "They like to laugh," he says. "We were always at our best in Moose Jaw." In a brief time, Clark and McCullough grew away from the old circus act and added new skits. They played down the tumbling and leaned more heavily on pure comedy with dialogue. For the most part, Clark conceived and wrote the material. Many of his skits became standard in vaudeville; with variations, they continue to turn up in theatres even today. One of these, much admired by their fans of the period, involved renting a lion wherever they were playing. The curtain arose on a circus scene, in the center of which was an empty lion's cage. Clark, McCullough, and the manager of the circus were discussing the disastrous fact that the lion had just escaped. The tamer, it seemed, had clipped off in pursuit. As the manager wrung his hands, Clark volunteered to act as lion tamer for one show if McCullough would throw on an old lion skin and get in the cage. "We'll give them some real bloodcurdling stuff," Clark told the manager, with a clap on the back and a leer at the audience. While McCullough was offstage being outfitted, the lion, minus its tamer, turned up and was restored to its cage, unnoticed by Clark. The rest of the scene, according to vaudeville old-timers, was a typical Clark field day, and was never played the same way twice in succession. "How's it going, Joe?" the comedian might ask, rapidly ducking his head between the bars. "Great, boy, great! You're doing a grand job." If the lion sat down or looked bored, Clark would whack it with the cane. "Get up from there, Joe!" he'd cry. "Put some life in it! We're getting fifty cents for this job." Periodically, he would sneak a mirror out of a pocket and hold it up to the lion's face, provoking a frightening roar, for some reason known only to the lion. "By gosh, Joe, that's marvellous!" Clark would yell, with an admiring look. "You've got this thing cold. I'm proud of you, boy!" In the event the lion strolled up close, Clark would say, "Joe, this is one of the classic performances of history. You even *smell* like a lion!" At length, a good-looking girl would jiggle up and say, "Oh, Mr. Lion Tamer, I just dropped my handkerchief in the lion's cage!" "Have no fear, Madam," Clark would reply, waving his cane expansively, bowing, and briefly offering her a cigar. "I'll fetch it right out for you." Then, as he prepared to enter the cage, without any doubt to be authentically finished off by the outraged beast, the manager would rush up and save him.

IN the vaudeville phase of their career, both Clark and McCullough underwent alterations in their personal habits. McCullough, who had theretofore led a rather conservative life, became something of a bon vivant. After a performance, he would sally forth in search of adventure. He was essentially a convivial fellow, and now that he had left the circus, he found time to indulge his social tastes. His favorite lounging areas were the local hotel taprooms, where the talk was cheerful and relaxation was profound. It was his habit to regale the happy throngs with anecdotes and lore about show business, inventing, embroidering, and amplifying as he went along. He brought the brightest spirits of many a community up to date on the act's successes before the crowned heads of Europe and its phenomenal tours through out-of-the-way places like Antarctica and the Belgian Congo. Clark today deplores the fact that these narratives are lost to posterity; the ones he heard, he says, rank high in the annals of prevarication. It is possible that McCullough, in the theatrical niche he was confined to as straight man, was plagued by a certain frustration, but if so he never manifested it by disagreeing with Clark. Early in the partnership, he realized that Clark was the better fitted for comedy, and he voluntarily assumed the lesser role. Even as a straight man, he was funny, but he reached greater heights in the taprooms. On the road, Clark and McCullough roomed together, but they went their separate ways after a performance. Whereas McCullough was soothed by the noisy clatter of revelry, Clark preferred to walk alone, perhaps because of exhaustion after his frantic velocity in harness. He often visited other shows, and he began to look into books, particularly plays. Clark, then in his middle twenties, was far from sedentary, but he was taking his work more seriously. His change represented, perhaps, the birth of ambition. Oddly, the more soberly he reflected on his work, the wilder it became. After an evening of solitary brooding in his room, with many a groan and hopeless shake of his head, he might emerge with a plan for pulling down, at a critical point in the act, much of the overhead gear, including several rafters. He did not abandon all his old habits, however. He continued, as in the past, to make life a frequent hell for the other performers, many of whom, as a matter of course when they saw his name on the bill, arranged for dressing rooms in a secluded part of the theatre. In some cases, players of normal stamina chose to dress at their hotels. None of them could ever be sure that their props would be in good order. A man with a bicycle act might pedal onstage, salute the audience, then collapse in a pile of unbolted parts; or, again, a seal might fasten onto a musical horn and blow out an interesting but unmelodious stream of water.

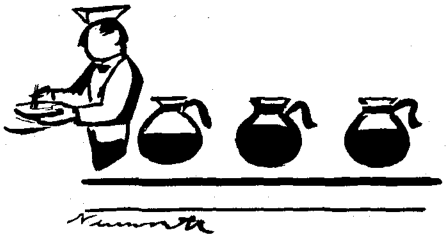
Clark and McCullough practiced their frenzied art for five years in the best vaudeville houses. In professional language, theirs was a "standard act," and never became a headliner. Though not one of the highest-priced teams in vaudeville—they were getting three hundred dollars a week between them when they left—the comedians were popular and established a solid reputation. Together with many other vaudeville performers, they walked off their jobs in 1917 in a protest over low wages and bad working conditions. The walkoff, known as the White Rat Strike, ended quickly, but it kept Clark and McCullough, as well as hundreds of their colleagues, idle for several months, since many theatre managers refused to reëngage the participants. At length, however, the partners obtained a booking at the Orpheum Theatre in Boston, and there, in August, 1917, Jean Bedini, the most successful burlesque impresario of his day, saw their act and immediately hired them.

BURLESQUE was the real beginning of Clark's and McCullough's fame. It was a medium for which they were perfectly suited—uninhibited, strenuous, devoted to free-for-all hilarity, and an unparalleled training ground for comedians. Burlesque fans came to look at the women and to laugh; disappointed on either ground, they were given to healthy, extroverted criticism. Comedians and women had to be talented to get by. Clark believes that the funniest men he has ever seen were in burlesque. "We had a lot of good people then," he said the other day, in one of his rare reminiscent moments. "It would be hard to pick out the best. Maybe Joe Welch, with his Jewish comedy, or his brother Ben Welch, or Dave Marion, or maybe Frank Tinney. I used to catch them



"How much did you wish to spend?"

all whenever I could. They were good—better than anybody today, I think. Real funny fellows. Make you laugh like you meant it." The fans attending Clark's and McCullough's first burlesque appearance, in Bedini's "Puss Puss," at the Casino Theatre in Philadelphia, unmistakably laughed as if they meant it, and the partners—who had begun their career in a minstrel show and gone on to the circus and vaudeville—quickly gained celebrity in this fourth field of entertainment. Working like a day laborer, Clark devised several new skits, one or two of which made their previous efforts seem anemic. Being an uncommonly nimble fellow, he was given to jumping around on the stage, and he finally created a kinetic masterpiece that satisfied even his own high standards of muscularity. When the scene opened, on a street corner, Clark was describing to McCullough a terrible fight he had just had. "The Kid swung a left," he was saying, "but I took it on the shoulder and danced back out of range. Then I stepped in quick and nailed the Kid on the chin, a beautiful blow. I wish you'd seen it." At this point in the sanguinary recital, a portly man in a derby, accompanied by a cadaverous youth, moved up within earshot. Much interested, they conferred furtively and thus missed the last couple of lines, which were "The Kid went down like she'd been hit with a sledge. For a couple of minutes, I thought I'd lost me a wife." The portly man, it developed, was a fight manager and, as he explained to Clark, needed a quick fill-in to meet Canvasback Reilly, the coming champion. "A *man?*" Clark asked, edging behind McCullough. "This is the Canvasback," replied the manager, shoving forward the cadaverous youth, who coughed feebly. "Oh, you mean *him!*" cried Clark, rapidly changing to a combative mood. "Why, boy," he went on, pushing the youth around the stage, "I'll kill you. I'll break your back sure." The manager intervened, arrangements were made, and the scene shifted to ringside in a fight arena. Clark, clad in a hideous assortment of athletic garments and wearing a pair of boxing gloves three feet long, was lounging in a chair in one corner, talking to a newspaperman on the telephone. "It looks like the second, or maybe the third, Ed," he was saying. "Put two dollars down for me and I'll get him whenever you say." At this point, the referee announced that Canvasback Reilly had suddenly been stricken with measles and that the Terrible Cruncher was taking his place. The part of the Cruncher was played by Tom Roper, a well-known heavyweight of the period. The part of Clark's second was played by McCullough, who appeared with a huge bunch of lilies under one arm. Seeing Roper, Clark fainted away, and McCullough brought him around again. Roper, testing the ring, lifted it clear off the ground as Clark tried to get through the ropes and escape. At the bell, the comedian was propelled toward the center of the ring by McCullough, and for the first five minutes he ran like a rabbit, doing various acrobatic feats en route. He climbed the ring posts, made several further attempts to get away, and then found, in the center of the ring, a bouncy, elastic area, which was actually an acrobat's trampolin. Making use of this, he performed some astonishing leaps, flying, at the climactic point, completely over Roper's head and accidentally knocking him cold with one of the three-foot gloves. At the curtain, Clark was contemptuously toss-



THE SOUTHERNER

He entered with the authority of politeness
And the jokes died in the air. A well-made blaze
Grew round the main log in the fireplace
Spontaneously. I watched its brightness
Spread to the altered faces of my guests.
They did not like the Southerner. I did.
A liberal felt that someone should forbid
That soft voice making its soft arrests.

As when a Negro or a prince extends
His hand to an average man, and the mind
Speeds up a minute and then drops behind,
So did the conversation of my friends.
I was amused by this respectful awe,
Which those hotly deny who have no prince.
I watched the frown, the stare, and the wince
Recede into attention, the arms thaw.

I saw my Southern evil memories
Raped from my mind before my eyes, my youth
Practicing caste, perfecting the untruth
Of staking honor on the wish to please.
I saw my honor's paradox:
Grandpa, the saintly Jew, keeping his beard
In difficult Virginia, yet endeared
Of blacks and farmers, although orthodox.

The nonsense of the gracious lawn,
The fall of hollow columns in the pines—
Do these deceive more than the rusted signs
Of Jesus on the road? Can they go on
In the timeless manner of all gentlefolk
There in a culture rotted and unweeded,
Where the black yoni of the South is seeded
By crooked men in denims thin as silk?

They do go on, denying still the fall
Of Richmond and man, who gently live
On the street above the violence, fugitive,
Graceful, and darling, who recall
The heartbroken country once about to flower,
Full of black poison, beautiful to smell,
Who know how to conform, how to compel,
And how from the best bush to receive a flower.

—Karl Shapiro

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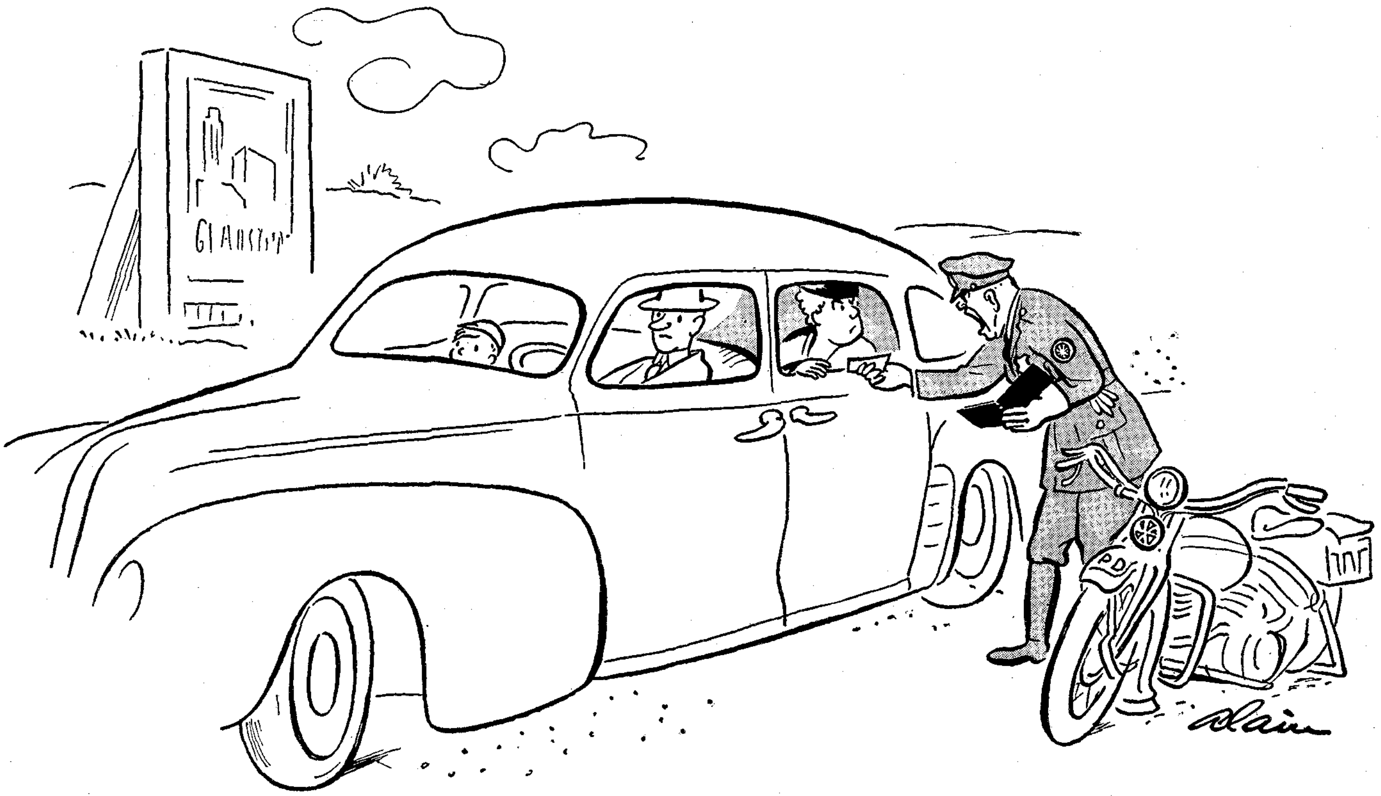

ing the lilies onto the prostrate Roper's chest, with the words "I don't monkey with any of them very long." A retired burlesque manager has expressed the opinion that this sketch established the theatre's high-water mark for vigor. "I used to be afraid for the balcony," he said recently. "I was always glad to see it over."

Burlesque was traditionally a rather bawdy entertainment, but Clark and McCullough kept their act clean. Their antiseptic approach to the medium is the more remarkable today, since Clark now is notoriously fond of throwing out ad-libbed double-entendres, peering down half-exposed bosoms, and otherwise exploiting man's basic relationship with woman. Perhaps most remarkable of all is the fact that the comedian's off-color behavior seems perfectly harmless; matronly vice crusaders have been seen to giggle comfortably at his rawest jokes, secure in the feeling that he is a fraud and that he would, in fact, make an ideal sitter for their sixteen-year-old daughters. Clark, when quizzed about the team's scrubbed burlesque, is inclined to be vague. Wearing a look of fearful piety, he will mutter indistinct phrases like "Everybody's duty be moral," "Remember the young," and "Let's keep theatre clean." These worthy sentiments are not wholly representative of the current theatrical Clark, and certain of his colleagues have attributed his manner during the burlesque days to his youth. The average burlesque skit was a contrivance of wonderful ingenuity, being, in the main, a conversation, sprouting ambiguities, in which a woman was talking about something innocent and a man thought she meant something else. Clark goes as far as to acknowledge that such sketches, though vulgar, were funny.

During the third year Clark and McCullough were in burlesque, they had an interesting experience with nobility. Bedini took a show called "Peek-a-Boo" to London, where it was a thunderous hit. Clark, in particular, caught the foreign eye. Every evening, for instance, Sacha Guitry, his wife, Yvonne Printemps, and his father, all of whom were also playing in London, came to the burlesque theatre, where they lined up and kissed Clark several times each. The comedian grew fond of the three visitors but found them emotionally exhausting. Clark and McCullough, together with three or four youngsters, were appearing in one skit as the Ignatz Pluto Troupe of acrobats. Their act was admirably simple, involving no acrobatics at all. They merely pranced out on the stage, clad in red woollen underwear, and ran around crying, "Hup!," "Ho!," "*Allez!*," and "Yup!," making elaborate preparations for dangerous feats but never quite getting around to them. Early in the engagement, an earl of gregarious and adventurous instincts came backstage with a proposition. What a lark, he said, if he could throw on a red woollen suit and join the troupe for one night; his friends would be transported. Clark consented, and when the moment arrived, the earl, nimbly picking up his heels, sprinted onstage with the others. The new man found the act to be unexpectedly rough. Every time somebody yelled "Hup!," one of the troupe would kick him or land on the back of his neck. He took a terrific pounding, and in a perfectly sporting humor. "How's it going, Earl?" Clark would cry in between yips, and the noble visitor would perhaps get as far as "Splendidly. This *is* a lark, you know—gawk!" before a flying body sent him crashing to the floor. "We all enjoyed it, especially the earl," says Clark, who is fairly sure he will never understand the English. The thing got to be a regular fad, and Clark and McCullough were swamped with applications from the gentry. Clark says he tried to be polite but was forced to turn many away. "I'm sorry, fellows," he would explain to a group at the stage door. "There's no more underwear. We're filled up for the week. Come back next Wednesday."

CLARK and McCullough became internationally famous in burlesque, and their joint salary advanced to nine hundred dollars a week. Not long ago, while reminiscing about the old days with a group of celebrated burlesque graduates, Clark mentioned this figure. Bert Lahr, who was present, was astonished and shocked. “Why, it’s unheard of!” he said. “How did you manage it? I must have been robbed for years.” Clark replied that it had been his custom to ask for a raise every payday. “I thought everybody did,” he added. McCullough always left the finances to Clark, who had then, and still has, a vigilant eye for cash. After five years in burlesque, during which both members of the team were marvellously happy, they received an offer that Clark was unable to turn down. On February 12, 1922, they took their act, unchanged, into the Music Box, where Sam Harris and Irving Berlin were producing the first of the “Music Box Revues.” Clark had recently been married, to Miss Lucette Gaignat, whom he had met when she was a chorus girl in “Puss Puss.” She had come to this country from Switzerland with her parents a year or two before. Clark believes that the responsibilities of marriage influenced his decision to abandon burlesque in favor of the uncertain but potentially more remunerative musical stage. Any doubt he might have felt was unwarranted. The producers had made a fortuitous addition to their cast, and the show ran for a year. On the strength of this, Harris and Berlin engaged the team for two more “Music Box Revues,” each of which ran a year. After the last one closed, Clark and McCullough got their first star billing, in a “book show,” or musical with a plot, “The Ramblers.” Never in their careers, they said later, had they felt as apprehensive as they did about this new venture. “After all,” Clark says, “we were a vaudeville team. How’d we know we could carry a musical? I figured we’d probably be back in burlesque, or maybe the minstrels, within a week.” On opening night, they pitched into their parts with their customary drive, then walked the streets in considerable trepidation, waiting for the reviews. The criticism was all enthusiastic, and even affectionate. Clark especially prized the review Brooks Atkinson wrote in the *Times*, and still has a clipping of it pasted in his journal. “Here they are again,” wrote Atkinson, “up to new as well as old antics, dressed elaborately in loosefitting cloaks and variegated hats, passing gags back and forth at high pitch and winking confidentially at the audience. They masquerade as Professor Cunningham, spiritualistic medium, and Sparrow, servant-in-ordinary, fallen by chance into a motion-picture studio somewhere along the Mexico border. They teeter along the brass rail of a barroom, mix with cautious abandon in a barroom squabble, ruffle up with militant defiance when such hollow bravery seems perfectly safe, and continually reappear, always beaming generously, in makeups successively more ridiculous. For all their swagger and bluster, however, one gathers that they are never far from abject failure. And that may be the secret of their matchless comedy—the transparency of their grand manner.” After digesting the reviews, the partners went home and slept soundly.

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VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR LANDLORD
Alan Dunn

With the expansion of Clark’s and McCullough’s public, it was inevitable that the team should receive a summons from Hollywood, which at that time was becoming one of the world’s great centers of all-around genius. The Fox Studios wanted them to make several shorts, at a gaudy salary. The partners’ disillusionment with the West Coast cultural Mecca was immediate and acute. When they arrived, after a year’s run of “The Ramblers,” talkies had just come in and Hollywood was overstimulated. The extra dimension had gone to everybody’s head. Clark and McCullough soon learned that, after all, they had a pretty feeble grip on humor and that they could pick up valuable pointers from experts like producers, film cutters, hair stylists, directors, porters, studio owners, writers, and charwomen. Another mild annoyance was that nobody quite got their names. “Hey, you, Carp, will you come over here?” an adolescent wearing a beret and blazer might call. “We’ve thought up a novelty number where you and McPherson dress up like alligators, see, and sing ‘Ol’ Man River’ with twenty-four chorus girls pulling a bargeful of wool. It’ll be terrific!” For no reason that Clark could discover, the most unlikely people would begin to shout things like “Quiet!,” “Music!,” “Fade!,” “Dolly!,” “Cut!,” “Take!,” and “Print!” This went on, he recalls, even during slack periods and lunch hours, and he judged that it was mostly for practice. Eventually, Clark insisted that he sit in on the writers’ conferences, and his experiences there left a mark on him. He would look polite and interested while the former conductor of a bird column for an Arkansas weekly and a female author of a libidinous best-seller outlined a number of hilarious suggestions, then quietly reply, “No.” As the result of his stubbornness, he and McCullough made, for Fox, a dozen or so very successful shorts, and later, for R.K.O., about sixty more.

In the next few years, the partners alternated between making movies and appearing on Broadway in “Strike Up the Band,” “Here Goes the Bride,” “Walk a Little Faster,” and “Thumbs Up.” Many of their movies were adaptations of skits they had done in vaudeville, burlesque, or musicals, and bore such titles as “The Prizefight,” “In Dutch,” “The Music Masters,” and “The Courtroom.” This last one, Clark believes, is the closest approach, thus far, to trans-

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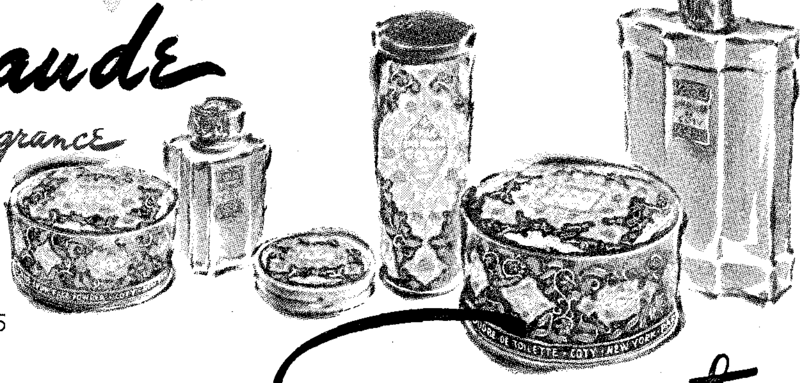
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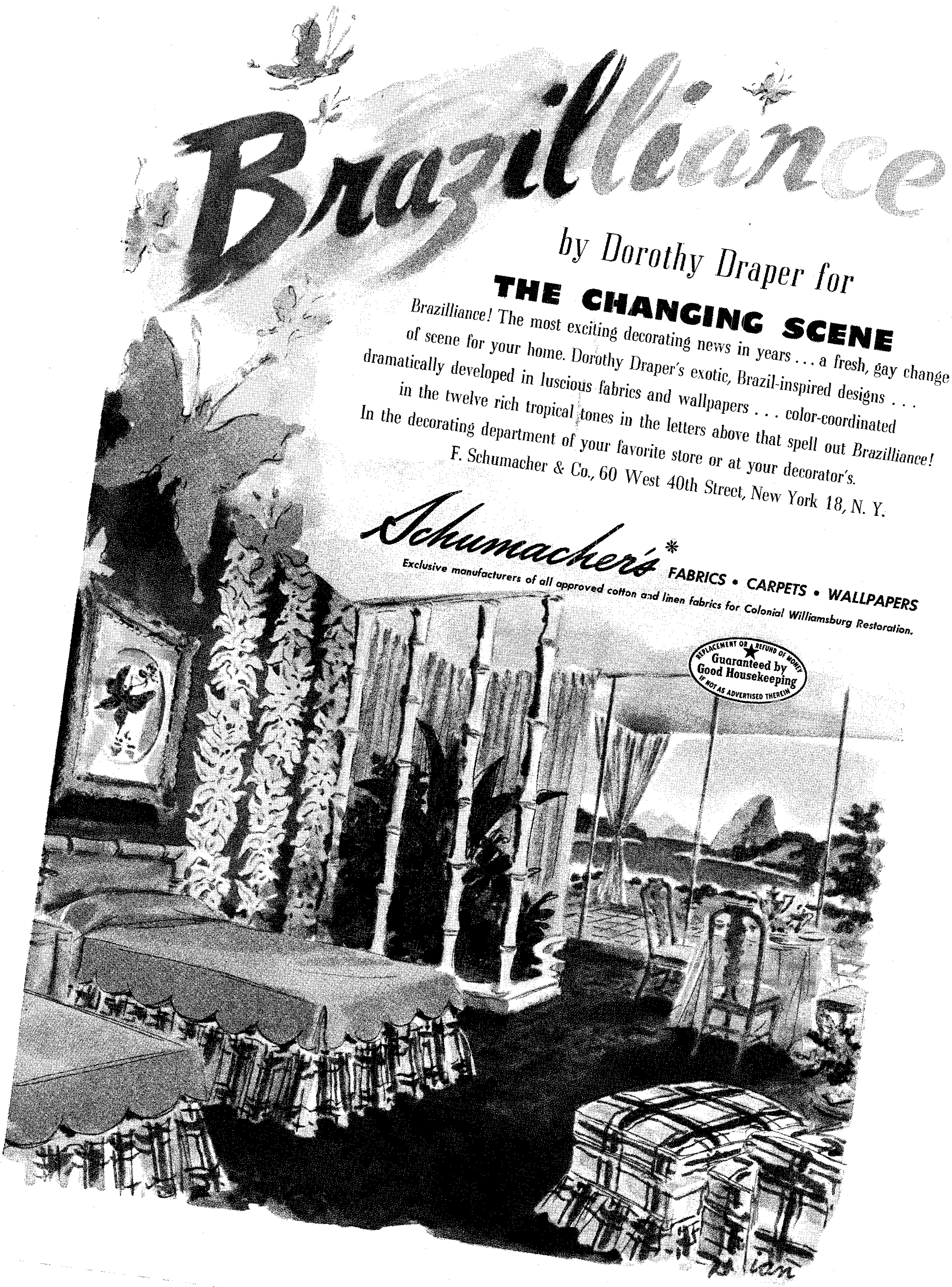

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ferring burlesque successfully to the screen. In it, Clark was the judge in the trial of a strip-tease artist who had been arrested for immorality. Every time an attorney opened his mouth, Clark smacked him with a bladder and yelled, "You're trying to inject hokum into this case!" A knock-down, drag-out fight at length developed, involving not only the attorneys and the judge but the jury and the spectators; it was stopped by a suggestion that the stripper do her act for the judge in chambers. Then the judge and the girl made their exit. The short ended when Clark, after a suitable wait, opened his office door and cried, "Case settled out of court!"

The comedian is still badly soured on Hollywood; he has never felt right about the place since the team's last appearance there, early in 1935. Signed by R.K.O. after a spell of Broadway shows, the two men arrived to tremendous fanfare. They were met at the station by a band and cheering section and carried bodily into the office of the president. "Here they are, Chief!" cried a hysterical press agent. "*Clark and McCullough!*" "Ah, yes," said the executive with a clammy smile of welcome, "the dancers." Clark eyed him speculatively for a moment, then, with McCullough, did a shuffle-off-to-Buffalo out of the president's office. Clark nevertheless returned to Hollywood in 1938, to appear in "Goldwyn's Follies," a hodgepodge that he refers to today as "the world's longest trailer."

ON the evening of March 23, 1936, Clark was watching the Golden Gloves fights at Madison Square Garden when an usher tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to call Sam Zolotow, the theatrical reporter, at the *Times*. The partners had finished a tour with "The Vanities" and were taking a rest—Clark in town, and McCullough, who seemed to be suffering from a mild nervous exhaustion, in a Massachusetts sanitarium. Zolotow's message, when Clark reached him on the phone, was that McCullough had just committed suicide. "I thought he was joking, of course," Clark says. "It took him a long time to make me understand what he was talking about." McCullough, with a friend, had left the sanitarium in an automobile and stopped in a village to get a shave. In between hot towels, he had chatted with the friend and the barber, even touching on some plans he and Clark had for the future. When the shave was completed, McCullough picked up the razor and slashed his throat and wrists. In

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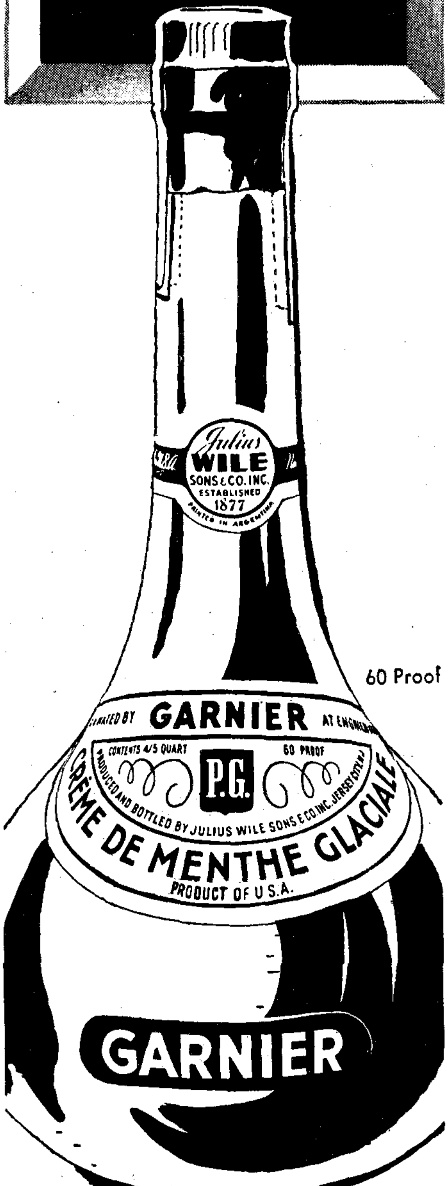
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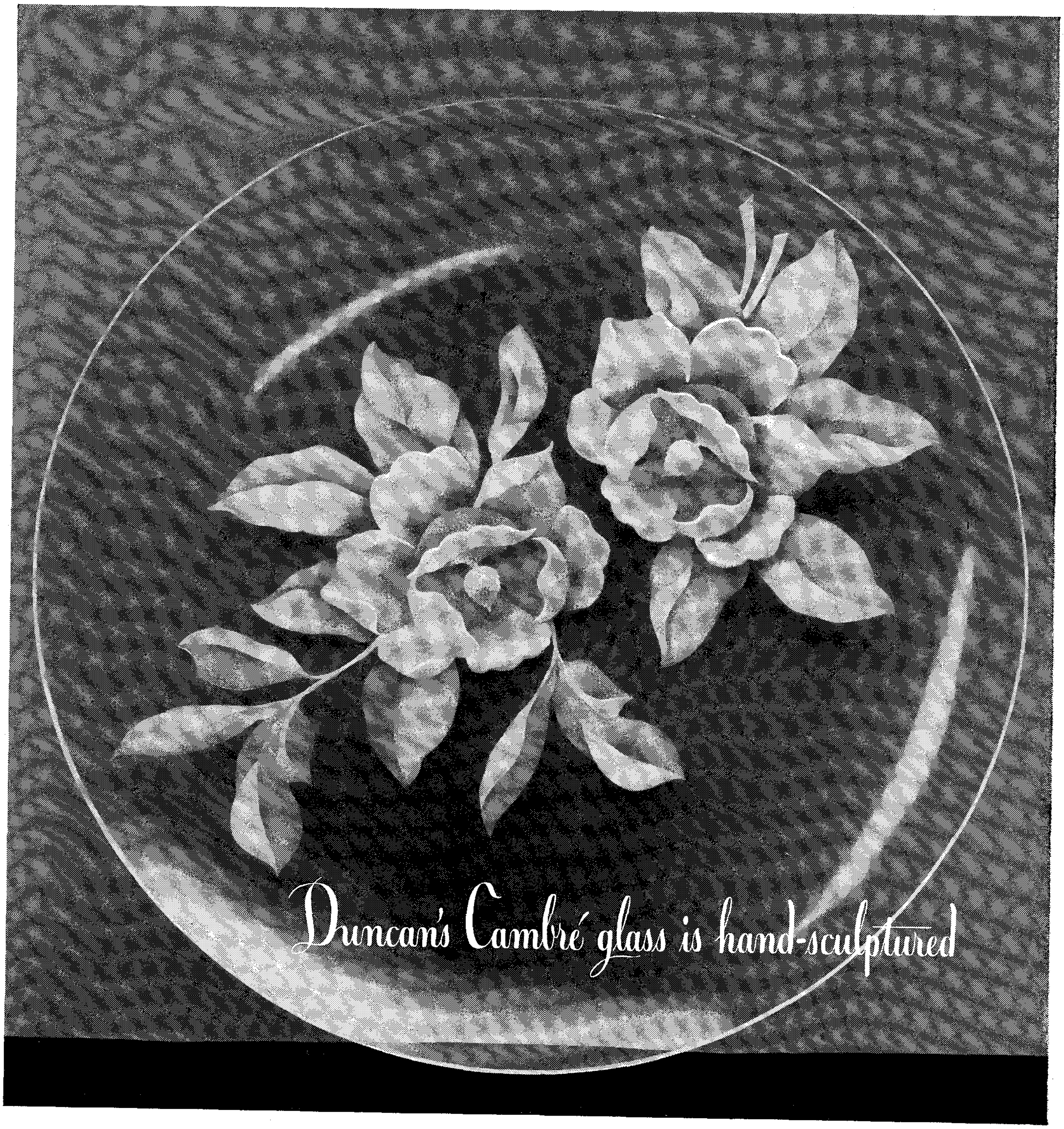
all the thirty-six-year history of the act, Clark says, he had never known McCullough to be melancholy or emotionally unstable. Like his father, an Ohio china-store proprietor who wore a stovepipe hat summer and winter and drove a team of half-wild ponies, McCullough was sometimes regarded as an eccentric, but he seemed far from suicidal. “I think it was just something Paul couldn’t help,” the comedian said recently. “Something that had been with him all the time and he didn’t even know it.” Enormously depressed by the tragic ending of a partnership unique in the theatre, Clark went into almost complete seclusion for several months. He emerged to appear, alone for the first time since he entered show business, at the age of fourteen, in the “Ziegfeld Follies of 1936.” Among the critics, and others, notably Clark, the principal question on opening night was whether the comedian could be funny without his traditional straight man. “His cue came,” one writer reported in a magazine, “he pulled down his ill-fitting swallow-tail coat, jammed an antic hat on his skull, and strode out to a cannonading of sympathetic applause. His first sketch was a burlesque on spending in Washington. He played a role akin to that of Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell in the make-up of the New Deal. It was wild, undisciplined burlesque. Thereafter, the evening was his, the critics wrote him down as a reliable solo clown, his fears ended.”

Saul Bolasni

Clark feels pretty sure that his fears will never end. He approaches each new part with all the happy zest of a man about to go over Niagara Falls in a leaky barrel. By now, his confidence should be securely founded, for his shows in late years—“Streets of Paris,” “Love for Love,” “Women Aren’t Angels,” “The Rivals,” “Star and Garter,” “Mexican Hayride,” “The Would-Be Gentleman,” and, currently, “Sweethearts”—have been, with a couple of exceptions, hits and have made him a lot of money. “The Would-Be Gentleman,” which Clark and a professional playwright adapted from Molière’s comedy, was a critical triumph but a financial flop. During the run, the comedian worried about it terribly, finally deciding that most playgoers were unable to locate the Booth Theatre. He tried getting there, several times, in cabs, starting a block or two away to keep down the fare, and actually did turn up one indecisive driver. Since then he has inflexibly attributed the short run to the geographic flaws. For “The Would-Be Gentleman,” as for all his shows, Clark completely rewrote his part several times. The average dramatic writer would just as soon kill Clark as look at him. “A collaboration job between Bobby and a writer should take place at dawn under an oak tree, with a physician and seconds,” one of his producers has said. “The trouble is,” Clark explains, “I’ve never found anybody who could write for me. The result is I do it myself.” Sam Lambert, the stage manager for “The Would-Be Gentleman,” still has a two-foot stack of manuscript that Clark altered and discarded. The most hostile playwrights nevertheless grudgingly admit that Clark has an odd, untutored knack with words. For many of his shows, he adds, here and there, what he calls “critics’ lines,” such as his aside, in “Sweethearts,” “You’ll excuse my talking to myself. It’s an old operatic custom.” These lines nearly always turn up in the reviews. Several show people feel that he rose to his greatest heights in Molière’s play, notably in the quiet scene in which the philosopher arrived to teach him philosophy and decided to teach him, first of all, French. Informed that the alphabet is divided into vowels and consonants, Clark nodded sagely and replied, “That’s only fair.” The line was his own, and might be difficult for a professional writer to improve.

CLARK baffles not only writers but nearly everybody else in the theatre. His private life has always been considered a puzzle. He shuns “21” and Sardi’s, usually dining with his wife, a small, subdued, dark-haired woman who has practically forgotten her stint in burlesque, at a small, inexpensive restaurant on West Fifty-fifth Street, where they have eaten for nearly twenty years. The owner, Miss Jane Davies, reserves a table for the Clarks every evening when they are in town; they usually arrive early, stay no longer than half an hour, and always telephone if they are detained. The couple and Mrs. Clark’s mother, who speaks no English, live in an unpretentious six-room apartment at 101 West Fifty-fifth



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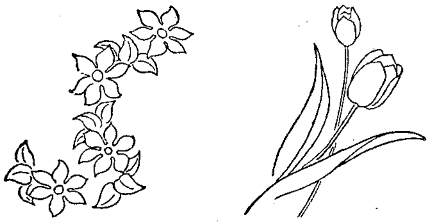

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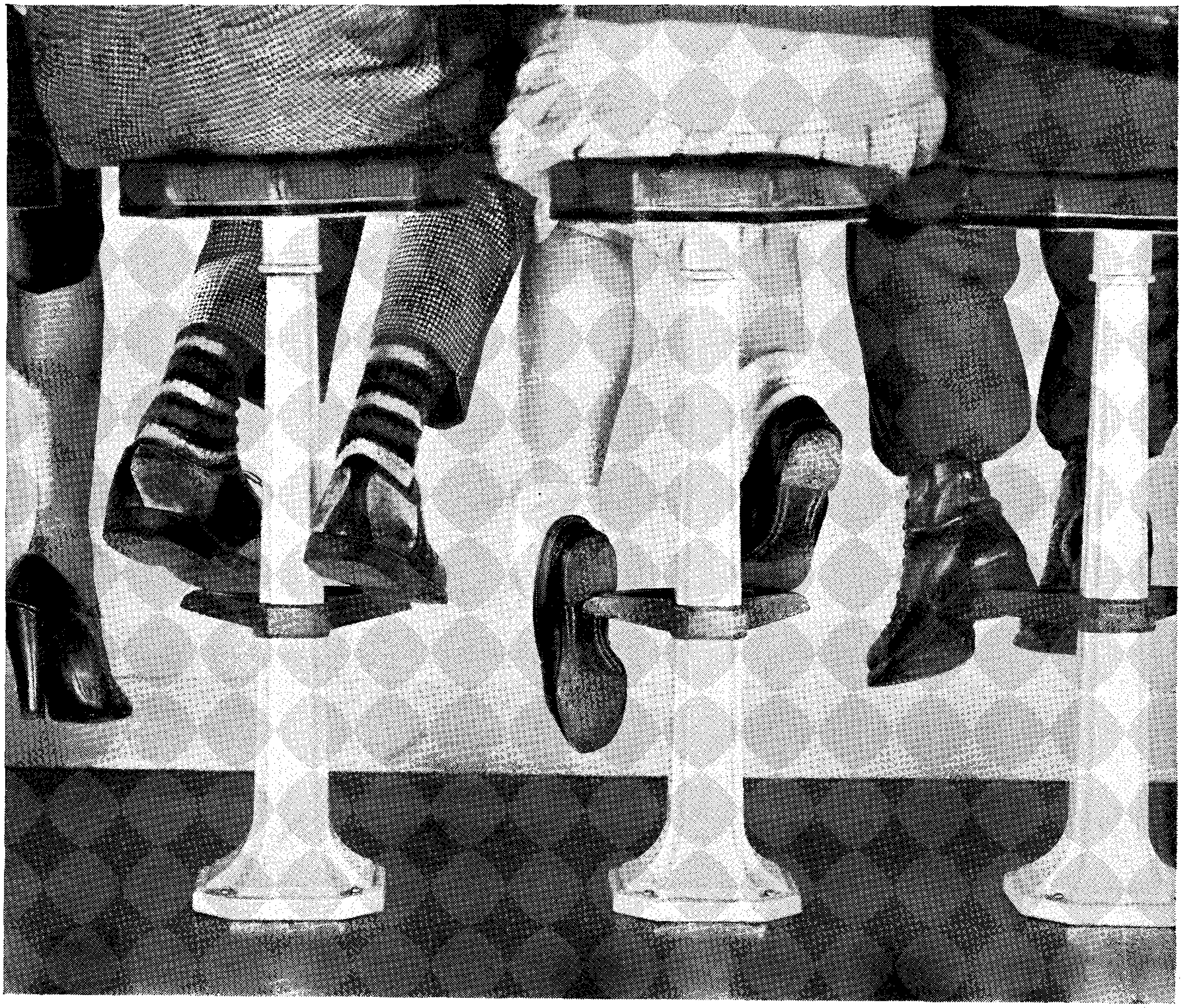
Street, and they have no help. Clark's wife and mother-in-law converse in French; Clark understands only a few words of the language, but he talks animatedly to his mother-in-law in something that sounds like French. Nobody knows for sure just how she feels about these unproductive exchanges. "Bobby has always been one for clowning around," his wife says, indicating that the news will come as a surprise to most people. In the summer, unless he is working, the couple stay at the Hotel Equinox, in Manchester, Vermont. Clark plays golf like a man killing snakes and is touchy about his game. "Say I play in the neighborhood of ninety," he suggests to reporters, and then adds belligerently, "No, I'm damned if you will—make it eighty." He is, in fact, an accomplished player, but he is inclined to blow up and throw his clubs around. "I've never seen him mad anywhere but on a golf course," says Michael Todd, who has produced several Clark shows and is entertained by both the comedian's professional and personal habits. Todd, who is partial to expensive cigars, has always felt that Clark works for him to take advantage of the abundant and high-quality free smokes.

Clark never goes to a night club and rarely listens to the radio. He has never appeared on the radio himself, and he detests radio humor. Almost every day he drops into the Lambs, but he is so unobtrusive and preoccupied that the other members often overlook him. Now and then he plays a quiet game of bridge there, for a quarter of a cent a point. He always carries a book of rules in his pocket. If a controversy arises, he produces the book and says something like "Page twenty-four, paragraph three." He is never wrong, and he seldom loses. Among hobbyists, Clark is known as a diligent collector of old coins and a powerful worker of Double-Crostics. He often spends Sundays at these hobbies, and he likes to tell people that if his theatrical gifts failed, he could lean comfortably on numismatics. The best authorities feel that this may be unwarranted optimism. There is small likelihood that Clark will have to depend on old coins. Unless the Treasury fails, he should be able to get along on new ones. Of the big money earners in the theatre, he has been one of the wisest financially. He has made a good deal, spent comparatively little, and invested his money cautiously. As a result, in the words of a colleague at the Lambs, "They'll never have to hold a benefit for Bobby." His salary in "Sweethearts" is



Seven-foot cross section of America

Young Saddle Shoes just got his allowance and is buying Bobby Sox a sundae . . . Fancy Pumps is resting between rounds of shopping . . . Paratroop Boots is passing the time of day with his friend, the soda clerk.

Familiar scene? Of course. We all know the drug store fountain. The cool, shady smell on hot summer afternoons. The glow at the end of the street on crisp autumn nights. Clean marble and shining faucets. Those first, tender, movie-and-ice-cream dates.

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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
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Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
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FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. N. Y. City. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
JOE E. BROWN in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with MARION LORNE
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
Now Playing CASS Theatre, DETROIT.

expertly estimated at twenty-five hundred dollars a week, and, by an arrangement of a kind for which the comedian is noted, the producer also pays Clark's dresser. Todd has expressed the viewpoint that Clark is neither cheap nor stingy; he is simply frugal. Todd recalls that Clark, recently hearing that an old vaudeville friend was about to lose his California chicken farm, went to a Western Union office and wired him five thousand dollars. Todd further points out that Clark is probably the most tireless worker in behalf of the Actors' Fund, which provides money and other aid for impecunious members of the theatrical profession.

As a rule, after the final curtain of "Sweethearts," Clark accompanies Zac Freedman, the show's press agent, on a midnight tour of mild dissipation, consisting of exactly two beers at the Blue Ribbon Restaurant, on West Forty-fourth Street. He is seldom recognized when he is not wearing the painted-on glasses. A few years ago, a barber who has been cutting his hair for fifteen years said to him, "You know, I saw a namesake of yours last night, a comic actor named Clark." "Was he funny?" asked the comedian. "Craziest fool I ever saw," the barber said. "How do they think up all those things?" "I often wonder myself," Clark told him.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

(*This is the last of a series of three articles.*)

•

Not all the verse in this book is so carefully held back from the breaking point of sentiment (there is too much reliance on that admirable but outworn combination, thighs and roses).—*Book review in the Chicago Tribune.*

Can't be too much for us.

•

Installed by the Moseley Refrigeration Co., the special built unit dehumidifies as well as cools and filters the air.... Ducks that blow out the cool air have been placed along the front, back and top of the building.—*Galveston (Texas) Tribune.*

Funny nobody ever thought of *that* before.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Los Angeles Daily News*]

Marine veteran Richard Barr, of Banks, Ala., had a new bride, a desire for a college education, and $500.

His schooling he could get via the GI bill. But where was he to put his bride. Dick solved the problem here in five days.

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OF ALL THINGS

WHEN the President returned from his pleasant boat trip to Brazil, he found the White House cluttered with tough problems, domestic and imported. It is no wonder that only a handful of men seem interested in moving into the disorderly old place in 1948.

•

The House and Senate leaders assure the nation that the situation in Europe is not grave enough to require a special session of Congress. They have issued the clarion call "The time for inaction is at hand."

•

The reduction in shipments of grain to Europe has stopped the rise in wheat and corn prices in this country, but it has naturally increased the severity of the food shortage abroad. Nobody has discovered a way of curing one of these headaches without aggravating the other.

•

The violence of the Marshall-Vishinsky debate has discouraged the members of the General Assembly. They wonder whether it will be possible to resolve the differences between a hurricane and a typhoon.

•

It seems that the skyscrapers to be erected at United Nations Headquarters will have enormous windowpanes for walls. The planners appear confident that things won't get too rough in the glass-house district.

•

The Bureau of Internal Revenue reports that hundreds of thousands of taxpayers have neglected to pick up refunds due them for overpayment. Perhaps the customers feel that Uncle Sam's service was good enough to deserve tips.

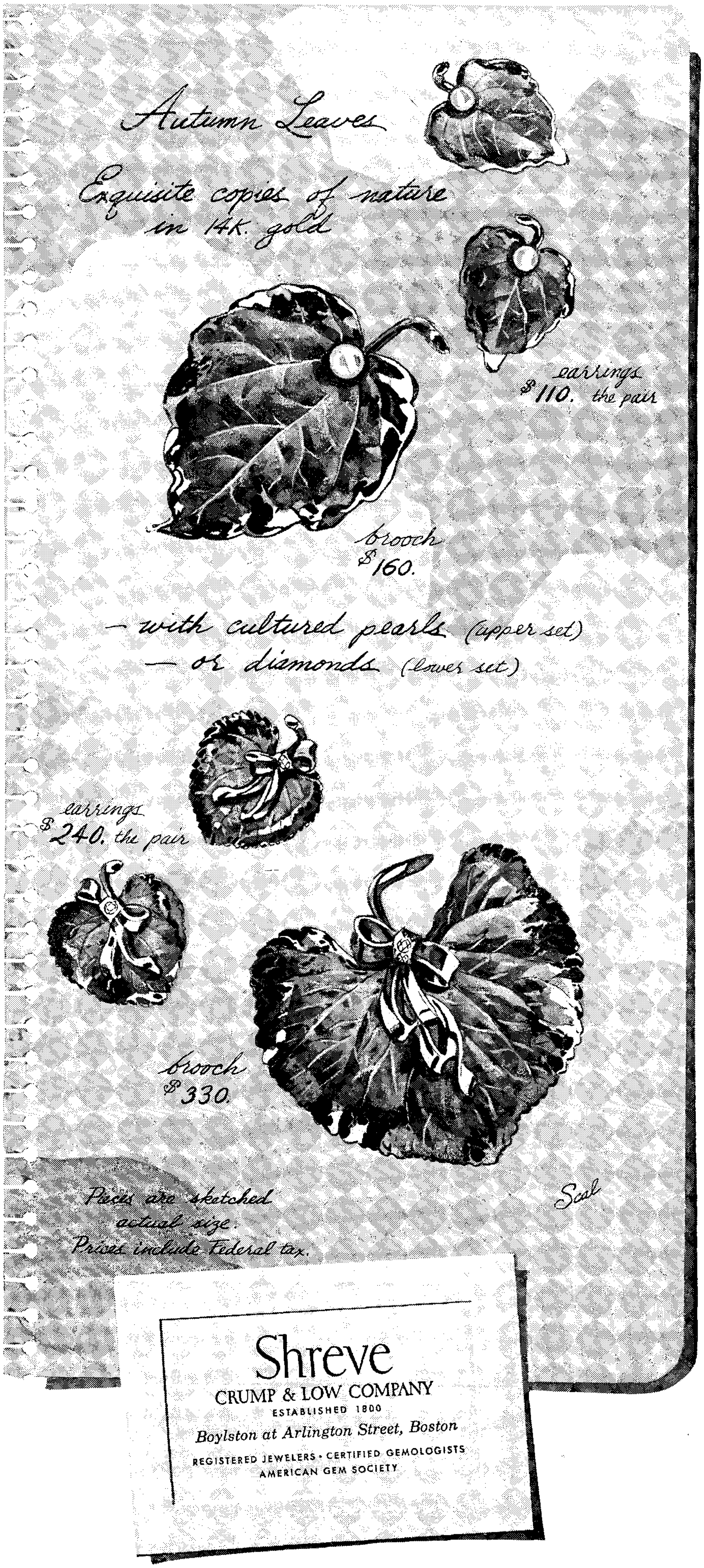
•

The British Government agrees to accept the new Palestine plan if the United Nations helps put it into effect. The London Cabinet, it would seem, suspects that in the Holy Land partition-building is a dangerous trade.

•

Senator Taft's charge that the present inflation is Mr. Truman's fault has stirred up angry retorts. Ill-natured persons are asking him what he was doing the night the O.P.A. was murdered.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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SCIENCE

The Deadly Kiss

Up the little rivers that feed the Great Lakes, an evil invader was swarming last week by the slithering thousands: the sea lamprey. It looks like a mottled, bluish eel, but instead of a proper mouth it has a round sucker, like the rubber gadget that plumbers use to unplug drains. Inside the rim are rows of small teeth. When a hungry lamprey spies a fish, it darts to the fish's side. The sucker's teeth dig in and get a firm grip. Then the lamprey worries a hole in the fish with a file-like tongue and sucks its blood. Even if the fish survives, it is never quite the same again.

Originally a salt-water hunter, the lamprey long since learned to like fresh water, and established itself in Lake Ontario. In 1921 it appeared in Lake Erie, presumably detouring Niagara Falls via the Welland Canal. Step by step it pioneered the Lakes, reaching Lake St. Clair in 1930 and Lake Michigan in 1936. This year, the first lamprey was caught on the U.S. side of Lake Superior.

Up the Rapids. As lampreys multiply, other fish grow proportionately scarce. First victims are the lake trout, whose

THIS STORY READ BY
105 WOMEN TO 100 MEN

NATIONAL AFFAIR

YOUTH

Class of '47

As Zeno ("Buddy") King marched across the stage for his diploma last week, a child's voice shrilled: "That's my daddy." The audience at Southern Methodist University's commencement exercises was crawling with children of the Senior Class. Even more would have been there, if measles had not recently struck "Trailerville," S.M.U.'s student trailer camp.

Buddy King was only one of thousands who were getting their diplomas while *their children watched. For the Class of* '47 was the first big batch of veteran graduates. These were the boys who had been jerked from college years ago, had

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THIS STORY READ BY
87 WOMEN TO 100 MEN

BUSINESS &

CORPORATIONS

Pattern for Success

In a Los Angeles department store, a salesgirl took from her purse a paper bearing the letters V, M, B and S. Beside each, she scribbled numbers, then mailed the sheet to Manhattan's Simplicity Pattern Co. She was reporting on dress-pattern sales in her department—strictly as a favor to the flattering Simplicity salesman who had presented her with a smile and a shiny silver compact. In 100 key U.S. stores, other girls *did* Simplicity a like favor.

Last week in Manhattan, Simplicity's President Joseph Michael Shapiro, 58, who is cut to a short, chunky pattern, added up the reports with a pleased smile. They told him that the pattern business was booming as never before. At the present rate, he believes thrifty women will buy 15% more patterns this year than the record-breaking 120 million sold in 1946. More important to Shapiro—who knew that V, M and B meant Simplicity's potent competitors, Vogue, McCall and Butterick—it proved that S was more than holding its own as the biggest U.S. pattern producer. Now selling 40% more patterns than last year, Simplicity claimed that it could count on supplying more than half of all patterns sold in the U.S. this year.

For this pattern

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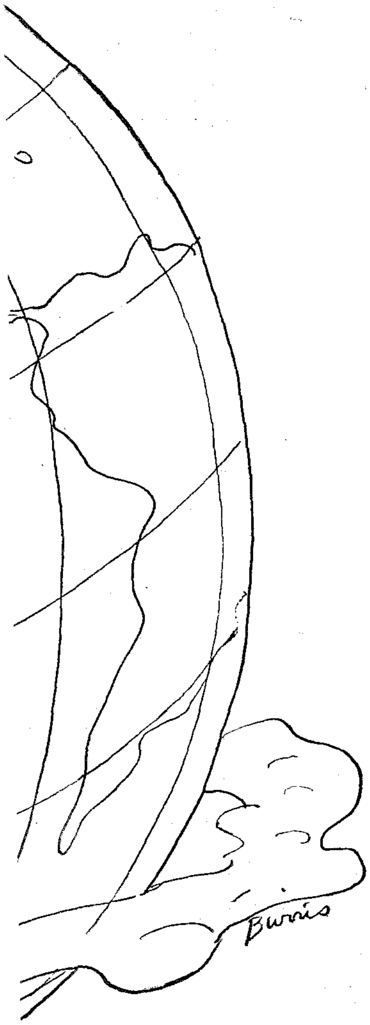

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TIME has 1,800,000 men-readers and 1,500,000 women-readers. A study among equal numbers of TIME-reading men and women reveals the intensity of TIME's readership, department by department, by sexes. The table below is based upon 2400 personal interviews:

ART	99 Women
BOOKS	115 Women
BUSINESS	68 Women
CANADA	76 Women
CINEMA	121 Women
EDUCATION	96 Women
FOREIGN NEWS	81 Women
INTERNATIONAL	82 Women
LATIN AMERICA	75 Women
LETTERS	97 Women
MEDICINE	102 Women
MILESTONES	107 Women
MISCELLANY	101 Women
MUSIC	107 Women
NATIONAL AFFAIRS	86 Women
PEOPLE	102 Women
PRESS	81 Women
RADIO	85 Women
RELIGION	104 Women
SCIENCE	74 Women
SPORT	52 Women
THEATRE	118 Women

For 100 men

Most of TIME's one and a half million feminine readers are wives or daughters of the men who read TIME. They are among America's most alert and active women. In a week they do more planning and discussing and managing, in the home and out—more buying and consuming and recommending—than most women do in a month.

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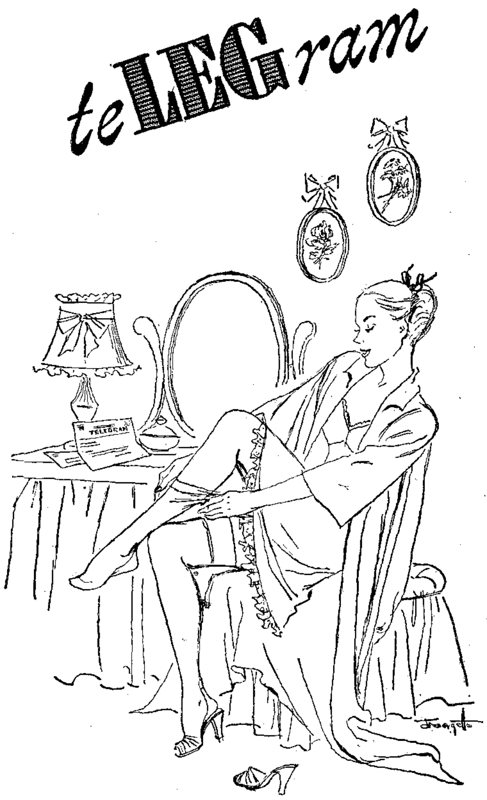

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FITZROY

"AND what's *our* trouble?" asked Mr. Thornton jovially.

Just my luck, I reflected, to get a dog doctor with a bedside manner. "Well," I said, "I know it sounds awfully silly, but he jumped out of an upstairs window. It was terrible. My husband and I were in the library, and there was this awful bump and then a sort of screaming, and he went under a hedge and we had to pull him out. He's been carrying his back leg up like that ever since."

"Let's look at it."

I had brought Fitzroy in to Dorchester on the early-morning bus, and now he stood forlorn on the doctor's table, his tail tucked down and his eyes rolled up in a pious manner. He is a long, low, yellow dog with a lot of tufty eyebrows and whiskers. Even in good health he looks rather odd and absent, as if he were worrying about his parentage, which well he might.

"Look here," I said, "do many dogs jump out of windows in England?"

"Mmmmmm," said the vet, feeling bones. "Nothing broken here. Nothing here, either. . . . Ah, that's where it hurts, isn't it, old boy? He's pulled his hip. Just a little rest and quiet, and he ought to be good as new."

Fitzroy and I caught the ten-o'clock bus back home, and I made my report to the family at lunch. "He ought to be all right in time for the dog show," I said. "We'll have to feed him up a bit first. The vet gave me a pink tonic to improve his appetite."

"And then will he take a prize, Mommy?" asked my daughter, Carola.

"Sure to," I said. Carola's nurse, Mary, who is only fifteen, nodded her head emphatically.

My British husband, who does not usually listen to family conversations, suddenly looked up from his lunchtime reading. "Dog show? You're not thinking of entering that dog in a show, are you?"

"Why not?" I said.

"Why not?" He stared at me in horror. "What sort of dog shows are you used to in America?" he demanded. "Here in England—"

"It's not that kind of a show. It's at a fair they're having over at that town with all the buildings in the guidebook. For the church roof."

"Guidebook? Church roof?"

"It's an abbey," I said patiently. "You took me there once and showed it to me. There's a tithe barn somebody lives in, and the church roof is going to fall down soon—remember? It's all in pieces. We saw lots of other old places in the same town."

"It's not a town at all," said my husband. "Cerne Abbas is a village."

"It's all the same," I said.

"And Fitzroy is going to take the prize," said Carola.

"They want to raise money for the roof," I continued, "and they're going to give a prize for the funniest-looking dog, or something like that. Anyway, they've invited us to put Fitzroy in."

Carola proudly regarded Fitzroy where he lay, under the table. "He's such a clever dog, isn't he, Mommy? He's brave, too."

Carola's father snorted.

"He is, too, brave," she said, her voice rising. "It's brave to jump out of a window. Isn't it, Mommy? Will he win the prize?"

"I don't suppose you'll want to come, Charles?" I said. "You're invited, of course."

"Good Lord, no."

"Well, anyway, Mary, you'll come," I said to the nurse.

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, and we'll fix him up, too," she said. "I seen one show like that where they put a bowler on a bulldog and give him a collar, and he took the prize for looking like Winston. A perfect picture, he was."

"Clever little darling," said Carola, throwing herself on Fitzroy. She hit his bad leg, and he growled.

IT was a lovely afternoon when we went to Cerne Abbas. This was fortunate for the church roof, for the merrymakers, and for Lady Fairly, on whose grounds the fair was being held and whose job it was to declare it open. When we arrived, she was standing with the vicar on a slight eminence of the lawn. She wore a silk print, a smart hat, and gloves. Nobody in England walks through the fields in gloves any more on ordinary occasions, but this was no ordinary occasion, and we all knew it.

For a place that, as my husband insisted, was a village rather than a town, Cerne Abbas had produced a remarkable turnout. Scores of women were sauntering on the grass and gossiping, or picking over the stalls, which were full of jumble-sale articles, vegetables, and point-free but high-priced tinned food. Most of the women wore cotton dresses, cardigans, and that peculiarly English sort of hat that in summer or winter, felt or straw, always turns up in back and down in front. In one corner of the lawn was an alley for skittles, and there most of the men congregated, vying for the honor of winning a small pig, which was on view in a crate nearby.

It was a strangely childless gathering, I thought at first, but in a few minutes I understood why the children were not visible in force. Against the wall of the hostess's house, a loudspeaker roared musical numbers without stopping, and suddenly from the shrubbery opposite, under the watchful eye of a red-haired gentleman who looked like a schoolmaster, came a group of children skipping in pairs. Carola ran off to join them, dragging Fitzroy by his leash. Mary and I joined a clump of spectators at one side of the lawn. With tremendous energy, the children executed a few folk dances, then curtsied in a desultory way and ran back into the shrubbery. A different group, made up of younger children, succeeded them. We onlookers stood about and made admiring noises. The high point of the performance came last; it was a play in costume about nursery-rhyme characters.

Lady Fairly was standing at my side. "You can always tell which ones in the crowd are the mothers and fathers," she whispered. "Just look now. Do you see how one woman's face lights up when a new child begins to talk? And every other mother is glum and worried until it's her child's turn."

Just then my own child, still holding tightly to Fitzroy's leash, came over and pulled at my arm. "When's the dog show, Mommy?" she asked. "Whenever is the dog show?"

"Be quiet, Carola," I said. "Watch the acting."

"Is your dog anxious to perform?" asked Lady Fairly. "So is mine. Just look at him!" Her enormous Boxer lay down at our feet and gave a heavy, disapproving, Johnsonian look at Fitzroy. Lady Fairly watched the two of them with amusement. "Can yours do tricks?" she asked Carola.

"He can jump out of windows," said Carola. "Mommy, when is the dog show?"

When the children's performance had finally ended, Carola and Mary and I made the rounds of the stalls, and then

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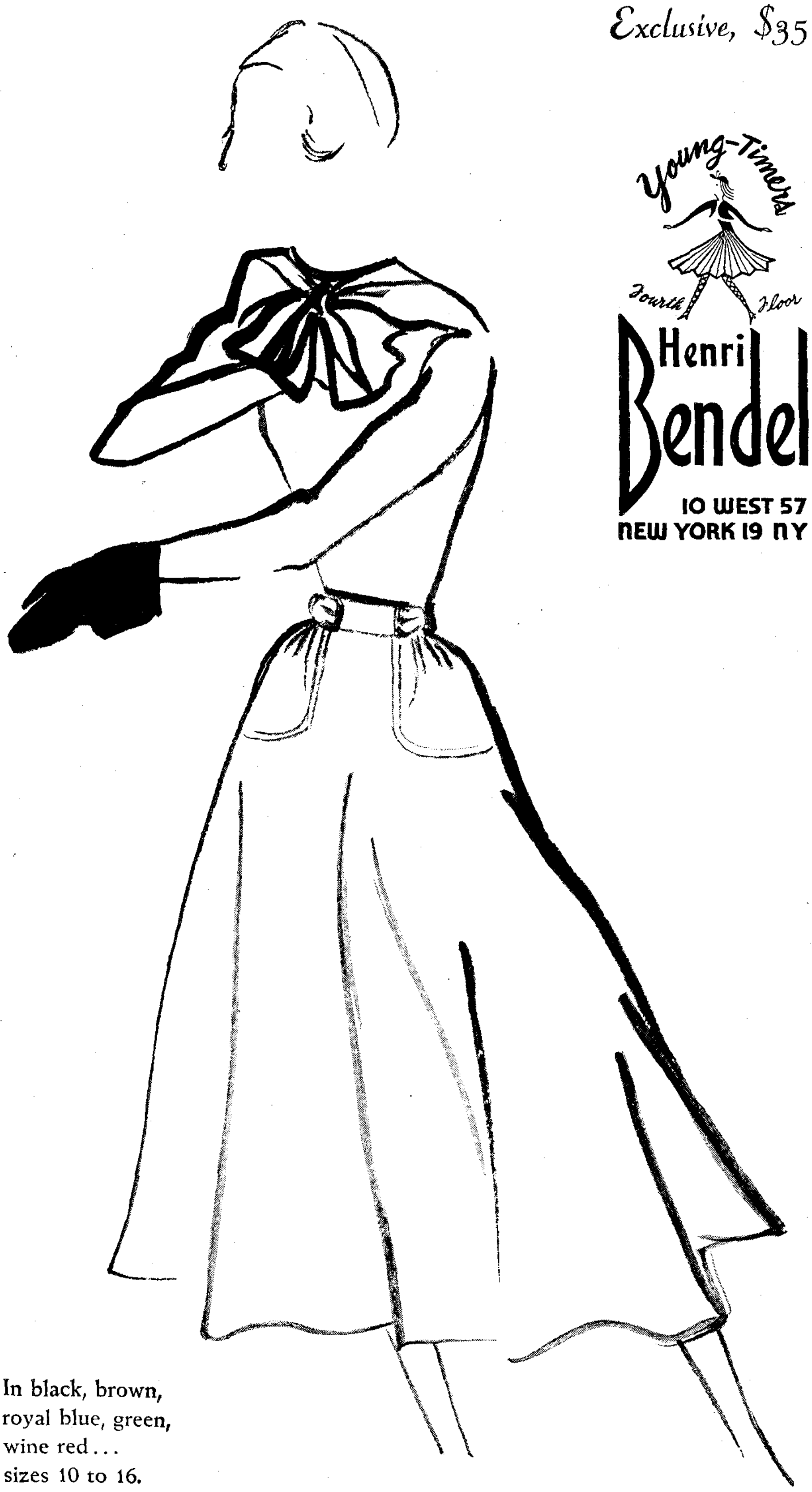

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at last it *was* time for the dog show. Mary rubbed Carola's face with her handkerchief and looked her over with some anxiety. She had dressed her with great care and had done her rather insufficiently long hair into pigtails, tightly tied up with red, white, and blue ribbons. Now, from her handbag, Mary brought out more ribbons of the same sort and proceeded to decorate Fitzroy. "We had him all nice this morning," she said, "but he went and acted silly, biting his tail and all. I had to undress him."

With a red, white, and blue bow at his neck and another on his stumpy tail, Fitzroy looked even more philosophical than he did usually. He attracted some attention from the crowd, for no other dog-owner had thought of dressing his pet. As a final touch, Mary produced a small black paper top hat, with a rubber band to hold it. Anchored to one of Fitzroy's yellow ears, it remained there, reasonably secure.

"There you are," said Mary to Carola. "You both look lovely. And now we can go to the show."

AT the side of the lawn was a square terrace, dominated by a large signboard announcing that entries (at a shilling each) could be made there for the dog show and that prizes would be bestowed on such dogs as won the following contests:

Class A: The fattest dog.
Class B: The dog doing most tricks.
Class C: The dog most resembling its owner.
Class D: The dog with the most appealing face.
Class E: The best tail-wagger.

A shilling for each entry in each class? Mary and I went into a huddle. We had invested rashly in the calf raffle, the guess-the-weight-of-the-cake contest, and chances on a chicken dinner. We had bought a large second-hand book about a Dutch doll, and a small hymnbook. We had eaten ice cream wrapped in pink paper and at Carola's urging had bought a rather worn pair of knitted baby bootees, for threepence. There was still tea to come, at a shilling each.

"Two classes," I decided at last. "We'll enter him for two. One of them, certainly, should be the most-resembling-owner. And how about tail-wagging for the other?" Carola and Mary agreed, and Fitzroy was entered.

All the children and adults who, like Carola, had been guiding their dogs uneasily through the crowd came up on the terrace at this point and stood near the sign, trying to keep their leashes from getting tangled. A tall, gray-haired man who was, I learned, a retired admiral worked manfully at the hopeless task of keeping a part of the terrace clear for the judging. Down on the lawn, the dogs had not been so much in evidence; here they kept coming and coming until there was a throng of sniffing beasts, a froth of waving tails.

"Mommy," said Carola, "have we got the prize?"

"Class A, please!" shouted the admiral. "Let's see, what names have we here? Lady Fairly for the fattest dog. Is Lady Fairly the only one? No other contestant?"

"Dear me," said Lady Fairly, "do we get the prize by default?"

Indeed, not one other dog in this day of austerity and rations was fat enough to be deemed worthy of being entered in the contest by his owner, and the prize went to Lady Fairly.

There were several dogs, though, who could do tricks, and Carola grew increasingly impatient during the judging of Class B contestants. "Is it over, Mommy?" she kept crying. "Have we got the prize? Can't Fitzroy do a trick?" But when her name was called, as the owner of the first entry in the dog-most-resembling-owner contest, Mary and I had to push her into the center of the ring, where she stood with Fitzroy, both of them done up in red, white, and blue. Fitzroy's top hat had slipped to a rakish angle.

"Are you the owner?" asked the admiral.

"Yes," said Carola in a small voice.

With portentous solemnity, the admiral brought out a tape measure and set to work. He measured Carola's nose, and then he measured Fitzroy's. He measured Carola's waist, and then he measured Fitzroy's barrel. Carola stood quiet and unsmiling during the big moment, her chin lifted. Fitzroy sneezed. Then the moment was over, and Carola came back.

"Second entry, please." The admiral summoned a woman with two black retrievers, one large, one small. I was afraid she would claim that the small dog belonged to the big one, in which case they were bound to win, but she hadn't thought of that. There were no other entries, and almost immediately the admiral announced in loud tones that Carola had won the prize.

"Do you hear that?" said Mary. "Do you hear? You took the prize!"

The people surrounding us all congratulated Carola. It was almost a minute, however, before she could speak.

"Fitzroy won the prize," she said at last. "Where is it?"

"We get it afterward," I said.

She didn't really care. She stood there in a dream, staring at Fitzroy, her eyes shining, her lips tremulous.

Nothing after that quite came up to the same pitch. The gaiety went on, swirling around her, and when she was called for Class E (best tail-wagger), she walked perfunctorily into the arena. There Fitzroy, surrounded by tail-wagging dogs, sat down, and Carola, suddenly alert, addressed an anguished shriek to me.

"Mommy, he won't do it!"

"Make him stand up!" I cried. "Make him stand up!"

When he heard my voice, he got to his feet and wagged his little stump furiously. That was enough; he was awarded the prize.

WHILE we waited for the prizes to be given out, we had to fill in the time somehow. Over by the big house, there were pony rides going at twopence a ride, and Carola intrusted me with the prize-winning Fitzroy while she took a turn. As I stood there dreamily listening to all the noise, a lady came over to me. She was a good-looking lady, with a pleasant voice. "He *is* a beauty," she said, indicating Fitzroy. "Do you mind if I ask you where you got him?"

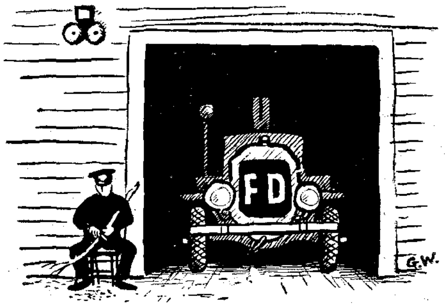
"Why, not a bit. We got him from the Coopers—the people next door to us. We're from Broadmayne."

"Really? Well, that's extraordinary. I had no idea anyone else in the neighborhood bred them," said the lady. "We breed them ourselves. I must say he's a beautiful specimen."

I looked at her with incredulity. I was absolutely certain that nobody in the world except the Coopers had ever bred—if you could call it that—anything like Fitzroy. "Do you mind," I said in my turn, "if I ask you just what you think this dog is?"

"Why," said the nice lady, "a Jack Russell, of course."

"To my certain knowledge," I said, "Fitzroy is half Corgi and half wirehair,



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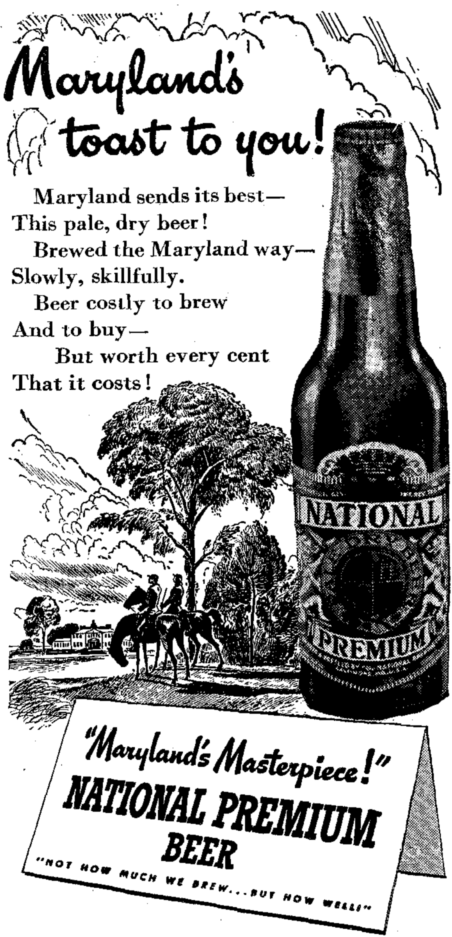

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and the wirehair's own parentage is a little—"

"My word," said the lady. There was a long silence. Then she rallied. "Do you see that puppy?" she asked, pointing to a small dog over by the hedge. "She's the granddaughter of one of ours. Do you see what I mean?"

I looked, and I saw what she meant. The whiskers, the tufted brows, the long body and short legs . . . "It's amazing," I admitted. "It couldn't happen twice, though. You ought to see Fitzroy's brother."

"My word," she said again, and left abruptly.

Carola's prizes were ten shillings and a bottle of pink bath salts. "Can we go home now?" she asked, when she had got them. "I want to show Daddy what Fitzroy won. Clever Fitzroy. Daddy'll never in the world believe it, will he, Mommy?"

"No," I said, "he certainly won't. Never in the world." —EMILY HAHN

•

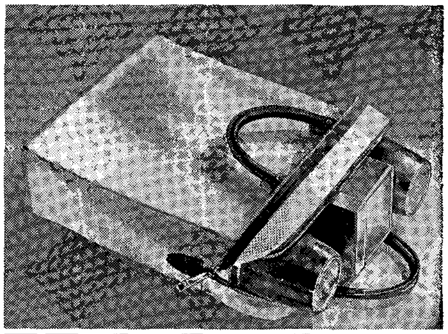
POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Cookeville* (*Tenn.*) *Putnam County Herald*]

HURRY!

All of you candidates had better get in a hurry.
For it is not long till the primary.
Mr. Crawford, bless his heart,
He has made a good start;
He pitched his hat in the ring,
Crawford will oust the whiskey ring.
You bullies that have been DRIVING while DRUNK
You had better stay at home on your bunk.
If you don't, he will get you
Just as sure as you are born.
Crawford made us the best sheriff since General Alcorn.
I want you all to understand
That Mr. Crawford is a Christian man.
Mr. Crawford was in two wars; No. I and No. II,
As sheriff he will know just what to do.
Mr. Crawford is a man that helps the poor,
He will run better this time than he has ever run before.
The people tell me that Johnson is high strung,
But I think that he is too young.
Mr. Pierce will make a flush.
Then the people will hear a hush.
I am truly satisfied,
That Hubert is the best qualified.
Crawford's got a record that is surpassed by few,
When elected he won't have to ask Harvey, Sam Denton and Oscar Gaw what to do.
On August the 9th day,
Crawford will put the clique away.
You all know that this is true,
So now it is up to me and you.
I will stop now, my eyes are getting dim,
I will tell you all to go out and vote for him.
By now—

—Sam D. Sullins,
Buffalo Valley, Tennessee.
(Paid Political Advt.)



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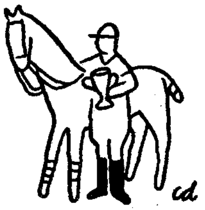
POLO

Meadow Brook Final



AFTER watching Old Westbury defeat the Mexican team, 10–7, for the Open Polo Championship at Meadow Brook last weekend, one might have concluded that the victory was a personal one for Stewart Iglehart. That, however, would not have been quite fair. Iglehart did score eight of Old Westbury's goals and seemed to be playing several positions at once, but he didn't defeat the invaders singlehanded. He received first-rate support from Clarence Coombs, Pedro Silvero, and George Oliver, and he needed it, for he frequently missed shots.

I suppose there are some experts who will argue about whether there was enough good polo in the first two periods to offset the bad polo during the rest of the game, but to most of the people in the stands the match wasn't dull for a moment. The Mexicans, a fast, light group, made up in teamwork what they lacked in weight and experience. The members of the team are Gabriel, Guillermo, and Alejandro Gracida—three of the four brothers who won the championship last year (the fourth, José, was too busy teaching polo at a school in Mexico to try for the team this time)—and a new man, named Jesús Grijalva Sonora. Their biggest trouble was that they were somewhat over-eager. In the first three periods, they could hardly get anywhere against the heavier Old Westbury players; in the next three, they rallied and scored four goals, but it was too late to make much difference. The final match was not the Mexicans' first encounter with Iglehart and the other Old Westbury players. Early in the week, the two teams had a four-period practice match, in which the Mexicans didn't score. I suspect the reason was that they were saving themselves for the final.

THE Mexicans were at their best in the semifinals, the weekend before last, in which they defeated Meadow Brook, 8–5. Their teamwork in that contest was so good that several of the Old Guard pointed it out as an example of the way polo should be played. The Gracidas and Sonora kept the ball to themselves so well that Meadow Brook wasn't able to score in the last three periods.

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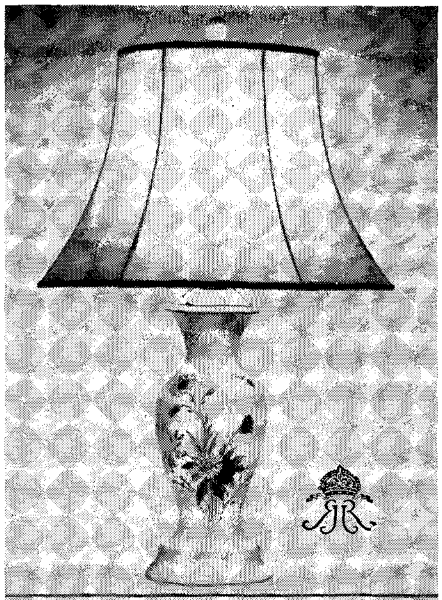

Distinction in Lamps

Our Virginia Garden Lamp . . . in contrasting pastel flowers, on a fine porcelain and hand turned wooden base . . . shade is covered in pure silk (egg-shell or peach). Total height, 22½ inches, $55 complete.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. • New York 22

how ORIGINAL can Christmas cards be?

Your ten favorite comedic artists give you their delightfully amusing answers in Blithe Christmas Cards.

Chas Addams EICKE Robt Day P Barlow whitney Darrow, jr. alain cem cobean WmPrice Alan Dunn

These Blithe cards are new; they're smart, different and amusing for sophisticates to send and to receive. Your Blithe cards will be remembered!

The box of twenty cards, six dollars. Imprinting (optional) at no additional charge. Exclusively by mail.

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I am enclosing my check (or money order) for . . . . boxes of Blithe Christmas Cards at six dollars per box of twenty cards.

Imprint my name (or our names) on each card, at no added cost, exactly as shown here:

. . . .
Please print.

My name: . . . .
Address . . . .
City & Zone: . . . . State: . . . .

disposing of the Hurricanes in as lifeless a game as you could imagine. Someone suggested that it would have been better if Iglehart and Cecil Smith had taken the field alone for their respective teams.

CROSS-OVER SHOTS: This weekend, there will be an East-West match at Meadow Brook. The teams have not been picked, but the chances are that Iglehart, Pete Bostwick, Alan Corey, and Mike Phipps, if he's well again, will play for the East. Cecil Smith's teammates, for the West, most likely will be Oliver, Peter Perkins, and Eric Pedley. . . . Wandering around Meadow Brook one afternoon early in the week, I came across Winston Guest playing in one of those informal, round-robin matches that are usually in progress on one of the club's eight fields. Guest said it was the first polo that he had played since he went to Mexico City in the autumn of 1941 for a special match. He rode hard, hit the ball as long and straight as ever for a couple of periods, and then dropped out. . . . By the way, watching the matches at Meadow Brook would have been more fun if it had not been for the deafening public-address system. —BACKHANDER

•

The voice of Colonel McCormick was recorded for posterity at the Chicago Historical Society building at the unveiling of the earliest issue of the Tribune known to exist, that of April 23, 1849.

Colonel McCormick's remarks before the society were preserved on newly developed magnetized paper tape and placed in the society's "voice library," established in March. The library was established to preserve voices of prominent Chicagoans for future generations.

Officials of the society said Colonel McCormick's words could be replayed with perfect clarity in 100 years.—*From the Trib, house organ of the Chicago Tribune.*

Well, that's a load off our mind.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*C. B. Larrabee in Printers' Ink*]

THE SIMPLE WORDS

I like my dictionaries. I have great respect for the research and scholarship they stand for. But I sometimes think that advertising copy writing would benefit tremendously if copy writers could forget the size and scope of the English language.

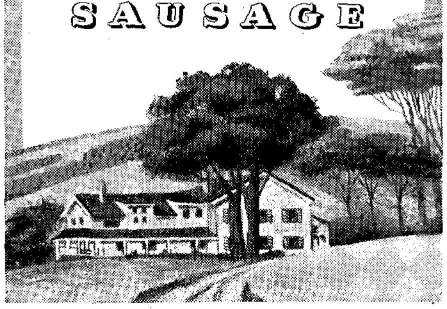
I don't want to engage in the old argument whether advertising writing is literature. Nor am I particularly interested in whether Shakespeare would have been a great copy writer. Privately, I doubt that he would. I am afraid he might have been one of those copy writers who are addicted to purple passages.

The Pig and Us

Have you heard about the pig and us? Well, we have one specialty here at the Jones Dairy Farm . . . making sausage from fine young pigs. For 60 years we've never changed our family recipe. It calls for choice cuts of young pork, ground and carefully seasoned with pure spices. Its flavor takes you right back to the farm. Jones Dairy Farm Sausage is now at Jones dealers everywhere.

Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson Wis.
Mary P. Jones, President

JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE



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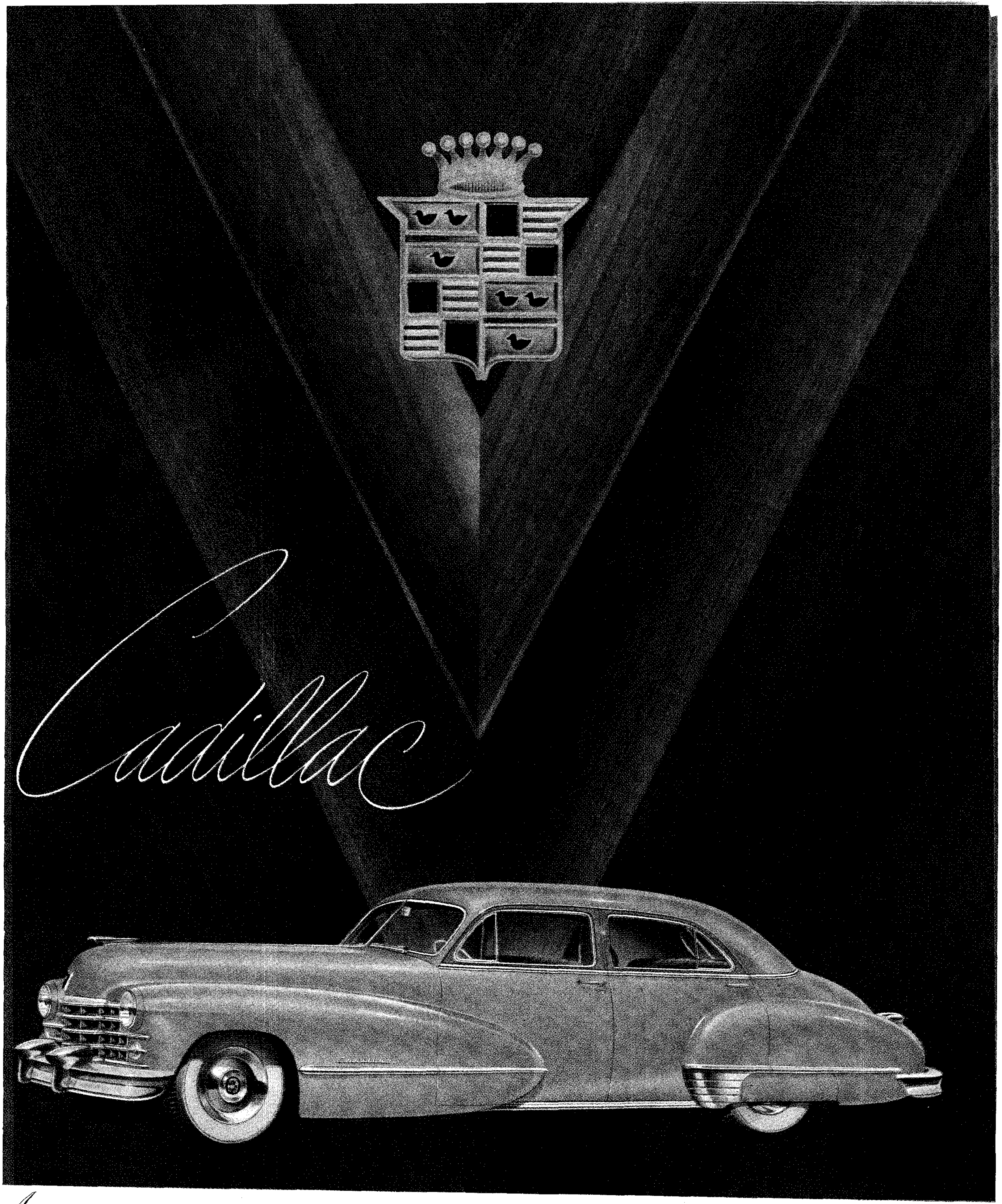
Golf under Colorado's Invigorating Sun . . . Ride on Skyline Trails . . . Skate in the famous Ice Palace . . . Year 'Round Swimming . . . Dancing . . . . . . Metropolitan Luxury with Western Hospitality. Write for illustrated Brochure. Dept. M.

BROADMOOR Hotel
AT THE FOOT OF PIKES PEAK
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.



ASK the average American lad to name car he hopes most to drive when he reaches n's estate—and, quite likely, he will tell a Cadillac. So deep and all-pervading is respect for Cadillac that the car has ome a synonym for quality among people ll ages. Into the building of this unique reputation has gone forty-five years of undeviating adherence to the highest principles of engineering and craftsmanship. Throughout all this time, Cadillac's one purpose has been to bring into being the finest personal transportation it is practical to produce. It is a matter of the utmost regret to Cadillac that its capacity to produce so fine a motor car is as yet unequal to the demand. Some delay is still inevitable. But if your heart is set on a Cadillac, please be assured that patience will bring you one. And once you have it in your possession, we feel sure you will agree that patience never brought you a richer reward!

★ CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION ★ GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION ★

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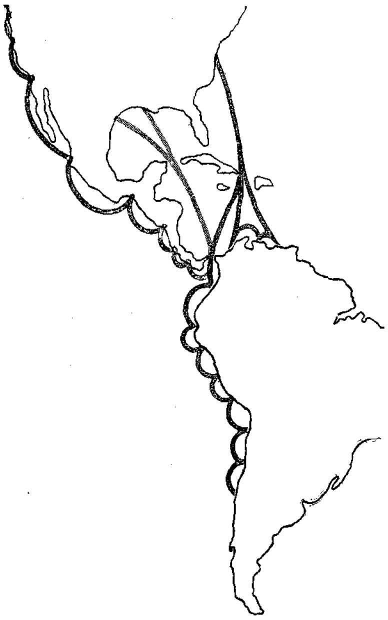
CRUISE CLOTHES B. ALTMAN & CO., NEW YORK • PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT BAGBY

Attractive clubs with fine orchestras . . . light, airy dining rooms with roll-back domes . . . spacious public lounges . . . large outdoor tiled swimming pools every room outside, each with private bath . . . Dorothy Gray Beauty Salons . . . features of the Santa Rosa and Santa Paula



12-DAY DE LUXE CRUISES on the splendid Santa Rosa and Santa Paula, specially built for tropical cruising . . . *visiting Curacao, a little bit of old Holland set down in the Caribbean,* famous for its fascinating shops . . . La Guaira, port for Caracas, Venezuela's picturesque capital, and starting point of *"The Grand Tour of the Andes"* . . . Puerto Cabello . . . Cartagena, Colombia, oldest walled city in the western hemisphere and one of the leading 16th century "Treasure Ports" of the conquistadores. Sailings from New York every Friday.

"Casual Cruises" to Barranquilla, Colombia, and Maracaibo, Venezuela, by new, air-conditioned cargo-passenger "Santas". . . all outside rooms, each with private bath . . . outdoor tiled swimming pools . . . gay verandah cafes. Weekly sailings from New York.

Service to the West Coast of South America, also on the new cargo-passenger ships—with weekly sailings from New York to Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru (Bolivia) and Chile. Limited at present to commercial and other essential travelers.

Consult your travel agent or

GRACE LINE

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25 MODERN "SANTAS" SERVE THE AMERICAS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

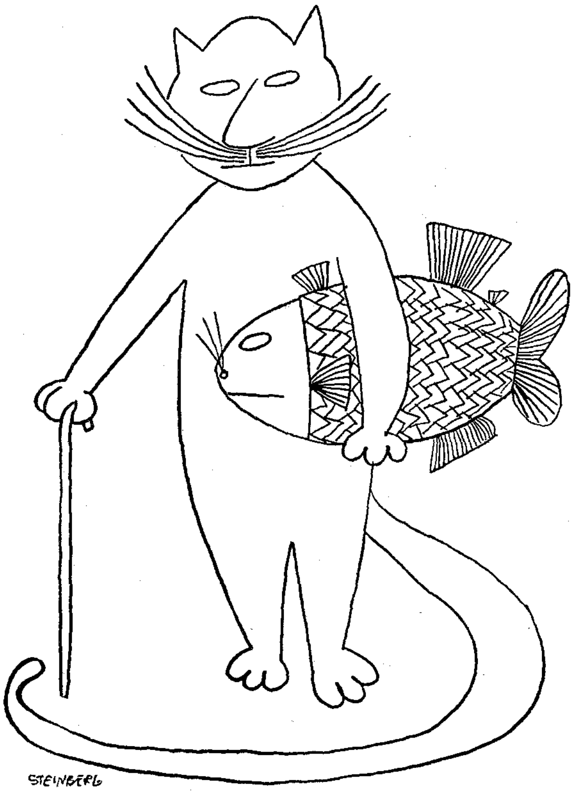
A VERY VERSATILE POTATO

THE other afternoon, I drove out to a flat, sandy, frequently fog-drenched farm on the southeastern shore of Long Island, near the village of Bridgehampton, and gave myself the pleasure of an afternoon in the company of a contented potato grower named George C. Strong. Mr. Strong's farm consists of a hundred and fifty explosively fecund acres, but the peace of mind that he commonly enjoys does not result entirely from the reasonable certainty of profit they give him. The fact is that, unlike many of his confreres, he has a high personal regard for the potato. Twice a day, at lunch and dinnertime, his devotion to it borders on the reverential. Mr. Strong is discriminating in his approach to his favorite delicacy. There are numerous varieties of the white, or Irish, potato. The most generally admired, in this country, are the Katahdin, Pontiac, Chippewa, Rural, Earlaine No. 2, Mohawk, Houma, Irish Cobbler, Erie, Sebago, Warba, Sequoia, Russet Burbank, and Green Mountain. Mr. Strong raises nothing but Green Mountains. He believes that this variety is not only supreme among potatoes but the tastiest, the least cloying, and, with the possible exception of meat, the most nourishing of foods.

Mr. Strong's farm is less than two miles from the ocean. The day of my visit was cloud-hung and windy, and when I pulled up in front of his house I could hear a distant mumble of surf and there was a seaweedy smell in the air. The house is white, green-shuttered, and finickingly Dutch Colonial, with a high stoop, flanked by a pair of built-in benches, and a tidy lawn and privet hedge between it and the road. Off to one side is a substantial two-car garage, the only outbuilding in sight. The place has such a snug and oddly suburban look that the desolate plain of raw, muddy fields surrounding it could be taken for vacant building lots. I went up to the stoop and rang the bell, and a Negro maid opened the door. I said that Mr. Strong was expecting me. "Well, he's in the living room," she said. "Right through there."

I found Mr. Strong sitting on a sofa, smoking an after-luncheon cigar. He is a handsome, muscular, well-fed man of forty-five, with hair that is smooth, prematurely white, and slowly vanishing. He was wearing heavy brogans, tan duck trousers, and a tan cotton shirt. As I came in, he stood up and said amiably, "Hello, there. Glad to see you." Then he dropped abruptly back on the sofa. "Sit down," he said. "Make yourself comfortable. If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon sit here and finish this cigar before we go out and take a look around." I let myself down into a deep armchair opposite him. It was an easygoing room, with a large brick fireplace and a sombre oil painting, in a gilt frame, above the mantel. Bookshelves, crammed with books, papers, and pamphlets, lined part of one wall. Near them was a battered play pen, and in it a battered plush rabbit. In a corner stood a handsome spinet, with a copy of *Popular Mechanics* lying open on its rack. I lighted a cigarette. "Just throw your ashes in the fireplace," Mr. Strong said hospitably. "I'd offer you a cigar if I had another one."

MY host crossed his legs and said, "Now, I don't know how much you know about potatoes, but I wouldn't be surprised if you'd heard that Sir Walter Raleigh found the potato in Virginia and introduced it into England and the rest of Europe." I said that I had. Mr. Strong smiled, more in resignation than in triumph. "Well, there isn't a speck of truth in that," he said. "Raleigh may have introduced tobacco over there, but not potatoes. The first potatoes ever grown in America were planted by some Scotch-Irish settlers up at Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1719. That's a fact. The potato isn't a native of this country at all. It's a native of Peru and Chile. The Spaniards found it down there around the middle of the sixteenth century, and they were the ones who gave it to the world. If you ask me, that's the greatest contribution to civilization that Spain ever made. The Indians who lived along the western coast of South America had been growing potatoes on the slopes of the Andes for centuries before the Spaniards got there. Potatoes were what they lived on. Nobody seems to know where those Indians got hold of them. Not that it matters, though. The big pity is that the world had to wait for it so long. Why, potatoes are one of the few foods of any consequence that's turned up since Biblical times. Not only that, but there isn't any other important food, let alone one as cheap and good and as easy to grow, that people were slower to take to. When they finally did get the potato, almost nobody would eat it. Not even the Spaniards."



Mr. Strong gave a cheerful snort and went on to say that the potato was a wallflower for nearly two hundred years after it had been transplanted to Europe. The exotic origin of the plant alone was enough to make most people leery of it. Many Protestant theologians, being unable to uncover any reference to it in the Bible, declared that it was unfit for Christian consumption. About the only sixteenth-century potato-raisers, I gathered, were keepers of botanical gardens, who regarded it as an interesting freak of nature, and a few princely landowners of jaded, adventurous tastes. "The general run of people thought potatoes looked ugly and tasted worse," Mr. Strong said. "Maybe in those days they were ugly, but I doubt it. We haven't improved the breed that much. Also, the idea got around that they were probably poisonous. I won't deny that there was some reason for that, at first. The potato *is* a member of the

"Why Mother! That man whistled at you!"
Burris

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... when mother uses

Revenescence

Time never tells on the woman who uses Revenescence regularly. The years only *add* to her appeal! *There's a youthful* look to her skin ... a lovely, flattering glow to her make-up; all of which she attributes to the rare, moisture-giving ingredients in Revenescence. No wonder she'll start her daughter on Revenescence *early* ... to capture and keep her young charms for years to come.

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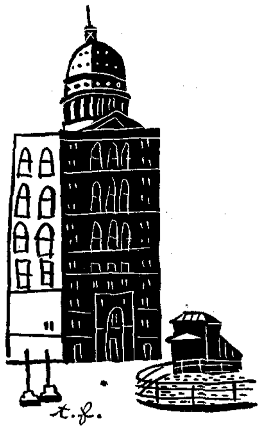
deadly-nightshade family of plants, and certain other members of that group have narcotic properties, so I suppose people just jumped to conclusions. Anyway, that suspicion was cleared up soon enough. After all, potatoes were being eaten to some extent in Europe even then, and nobody was falling down dead at the supper table. My guess is that the potato would have been going strong by the middle of the seventeenth century if it hadn't been for the doctors. They were the ones who did the real harm. First of all, they said it was a dangerous aphrodisiac. Then they gradually worked around to blaming it for lots of bad diseases. They said it was the cause of leprosy and the cause of syphilis and the cause of I don't know what all. Why, up to about the time of Napoleon, doctors were still insisting that eating a potato would give you indigestion."

I asked Mr. Strong what had finally made people change their minds. "Misery," he replied. "Plain misery. So far as I know, the potato is the only blessing in history that mankind had to be driven to. The Irish were the first to warm up to it. They were the first nation to raise potatoes as a field crop—in a serious way, at any rate. That was somewhere in the sixteen-fifties. Potatoes did a lot for the Irish. The peasants didn't have the land it takes to raise enough of other crops, but they found that they could grow more potatoes than they could eat on what land they had. This increased the birth rate so much that pretty soon Ireland had a population almost half the size of England's, and the Irish developed a sense of importance and that proud way of theirs toward the Crown that they've kept to this day. Then, in 1845, the potato blight came along. Within a few years two million Irishmen had either died or left the country, and the whole idea of Ireland's becoming a big, strong nation blew up. But for a while there, potatoes might easily have changed the course of world history. It's no wonder they're called Irish potatoes. By the way, everything about that name is wrong. They aren't any more Irish than cabbage is. And, from one way of looking at it, they aren't even potatoes. What we call the sweet potato is the original potato—*Ipomoea batatas*." He spelled it out for me. "That's a mixup that goes right back to the beginning, to the middle of the sixteenth century. There are two or three versions of exactly what happened, but according to most authorities the two plants were discovered at about the same time. The sweet potato was found in the West Indies by another bunch of Spaniards. For a while everybody thought the sweet potato and the South American potato were related. They're not, even distantly. The name—it's an English corruption of *batatas*, the West Indian word for sweet potatoes—is the only thing the two have in common. The white potato is *Solanum tuberosum*, which, as you can see, has nothing to do with its English name at all. But about Ireland. The fact that the Irish were the first to appreciate white potatoes doesn't mean that they were any smarter or braver than other people. They were just hungrier. Most people in most other countries, including America, didn't get that hungry until well along in the next century. The seventeen-hundreds were full of commotion, you know—wars, rebellions, famines, and especially the Industrial Revolution, which disrupted everything. There's no getting around it; hard times are what it took to make potatoes popular. People just couldn't afford not to eat them. After all, you put away a plateful of potatoes and you know you've had a meal.



"I told you that potatoes are easy to grow. Well, for a cultivated plant, they're unique. Nothing can touch them—wheat, corn, rice, or anything. They grow almost like weeds. The only thing I ever heard of that can match a potato plant in producing is a pair of rabbits. I'll give you an example. Wheat is the only crop that compares with potatoes in food value, and sixteen or eighteen bushels to the acre is a fair yield for wheat. Now, I've seen an acre of land produce *six hundred* bushels of potatoes. Three hundred and fifty or four hundred is not uncommon. Why, a man can raise enough potatoes in his own back yard to feed his family for close to a year. And he doesn't have to pay some miller to make them fit to eat, either. 'The poor man's bread' is what potatoes used to be called in the old days, and you can see why."

Mr. Strong pitched his cigar into the fireplace, stretched, sighed, and stood up. "We've just finished digging the last of our potatoes," he said, "so I've got nothing to do except sit here and talk and wait for supper, but maybe I'd better show you around a bit before we get too comfortable to move. The storage barns are down the road a ways. My place is kind of spread out, but that's the way I like it. I don't see any sense in living in the middle of a barnyard." We went out to the front hall, where he stopped to slip on a suède windbreaker and stick a jaunty ski cap on his head. While we were standing there, I heard voices upstairs. One of them was shrill and crotchety. Mr. Strong fondly cocked an ear. "That's our youngster," he told me. "My wife must be getting him up from his nap, and he likes to sleep. Jimmy's just two years old, but he'd be big for four. We've got four children—three boys and a girl—and they're all hefty. I don't mean fat. Just big, healthy potato eaters. This family doesn't *live* on potatoes, but it certainly eats its share."

"How much is that?" I asked.

"Oh, around thirty pounds a week, I'd say," he replied. "That's probably as much as the run of families this size will eat in a month. I'm not counting the colored girl. She isn't overly fond of potatoes. I guess you noticed that she's a little on the scrawny side." He laughed, and opened the door.

WE cut across the lawn toward the road. Mr. Strong took a deep breath and hunched his shoulders against the wind. "Listen to that surf!" he exclaimed. "This kind of weather gives a man an appetite." He looked thoughtful for a moment. Then, as we turned in to the road, he said, "You know, a person *can* live on just potatoes. Or pretty near. I'm not advocating it, of course, but it's possible. It wouldn't be such a terrible hardship, either. I don't know any food it would take you longer to get tired of, the flavor is so light and gentle. But that isn't the main thing. Potatoes, to my way of thinking, come close to being a perfect food. The Irish proved that. Over there, the poor used to live for months at a time on only potatoes and a little milk. A potato is about four-fifths water, but there's plenty of goodness in that remaining one-fifth. Something like eighty-five per cent of the fifth is starch, and around five per cent is sugar. The rest is made up of potassium, phosphorus, calcium, iron, sodium, sulphur, and chlorine, among other things. It's got a lot of Vitamins C, B_1, and B_2 in it, too, and a little protein, but not enough, I'm sorry to say. The potatoes we grow out here by the ocean even have some iodine. Six or seven pounds of potatoes

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and a big glass of milk every day will give you all the food you need. The milk is to make up for the protein shortage and to provide Vitamins A and D. Those vitamins and fat are about the only things a potato hasn't got any of." Mr. Strong raised his voice a trifle. "I'll bet you've heard all your life that potatoes are fattening," he said. "The health boobs are always spreading that notion. People have been eating less and less potatoes in the United States for the past twenty years, and I lay it entirely to that. Even the vegetarians are getting scared of potatoes. Sure, starch is fattening, but not if you don't eat more than you need. The truth is, as any halfwit should know, that almost anything will make you fat if you stuff yourself with it. The really fattening thing about potatoes is the butter or gravy that most people put on them."

"Don't you like them with butter or gravy?" I asked.

Mr. Strong gave me an indulgent glance. "I like them every way there is," he said. "I pity anybody who doesn't. I like them baked, boiled, and mashed. I like them creamed, browned, hash-browned, riced, French-fried, and home-fried. I like them scalloped and I like them *au gratin*, and if there are other ways, I like those, too. I like potato cakes for breakfast in the wintertime and I like potato salad in hot weather. The best bread I ever ate was my mother's, and she always mixed some mashed potatoes in with the flour. That bread was really fit to eat. It was like angel cake. Some of the smoothest liquor I ever drank was made from potatoes. If I had to choose, though, I guess I'd take my potatoes either creamed or just plain peeled, boiled, and sprinkled with salt." A ravenous grin appeared on Mr. Strong's face, and he shook his head. "I can't truthfully say that I've ever really had my fill of boiled potatoes," he said, "and I could certainly stand a good helping of them right now." I began to feel a little hungry myself.

THE road—humped, cratered, and surfaced with peeling asphalt—ran as straight as a furrow between dark, identical fields. It was an oppressive countryside. There was nothing to hold the eye—just the road, the fields, and the lowering sky. Mr. Strong had drifted into a retrospective, or perhaps anticipatory, silence, but presently he cleared his throat and said, "One nice thing about the kind of potatoes I raise is they're versatile in the kitchen, if you get what I mean. Green Mountains were developed in this country at least fifty years ago, and they're still the best all-round eating potato going. They bake up mealy and they boil solid. If you think just any potato will do that, you're badly mistaken. Those big Idahos you hear about all over the place—Russet Burbank is the real name—are good bakers, but they go all to pieces when they're boiled. It's the other way around with an ordinary good boiler. Bake it and you'll end up with a lump of soap. But Mountains are something else. They hit a pretty happy medium. They'll do anything a potato is supposed to do, and do it better than most. They've got what I call interior quality, and they've got a flavor all their own, too. It's delicious." He smiled faintly. "That isn't just my opinion. I'm not the only man who raises Mountains, you know. Not by a long shot. Close to half the growers here in Suffolk County raise Mountains, and this is the third-biggest potato-producing county in the United States. We produced more than nineteen million bushels last year—the only counties that can top us are Aroostook, up in Maine, and Kern, in California—and nine of those nineteen were Mountains.

"I won't pretend I was always smart enough to go in for Mountains," Mr. Strong continued comfortably and with the air of confessing some youthful peccadillo. "When I started out, back in 1927, I grew Chippewas. My father always grew them. He's a building contractor, or he was, but he used to raise a fair amount of potatoes on the side. Potato growing has been a habit with the Strongs and the Hands—that's my mother's family—for a long time. My people helped found Southampton in 1640 and they've been working with the potato ever since it hit this country. Dad has a place back up the road. This is called Strong's Lane, by the way. Dad went in for Chippewas because so many people have always been crazy about them. That's just because Chippewas look nice. No doubt about it, Chippewas are the smoothest, lightest-colored, shallowest-eyed, and best-looking potatoes on the market. But they're also the soggiest and the worst-tasting. There's no doubt about that, either, although Katahdins are a close second. Well, when I started growing Chippewas, I was just out of agricultural school up at Cornell, except that I'd wasted a couple of years in the real-estate business at Southampton and down in Florida, and I didn't know any better than to go in for Chippewas. Besides, Dad gave me a good part of the sixty-eight acres

I began with, so it was natural to raise what he raised. I switched over to Mountains in the early thirties. I got disgusted with selling a potato that I didn't care much about eating. But that's not the only reason why I like to raise Mountains. It may be my imagination, but it seems to me that they do better in the kind of soil we have out here on the south fork of the Island than any other variety I know."

The soil on Mr. Strong's farm is, it seems, as remarkable as the Green Mountain potato and considerably less abundant. For potato raising, it is almost without equal. Soil of this sort occurs, in the United States, only in an area of about fifty square miles, extending from Southampton on the west to Amagansett on the east and from the ocean on the south to the Peconic Bays and Gardiners Bay on the north. The soil is known to Department of Agriculture agronomists as Bridgehampton Loam, since Bridgehampton is in approximately the center of the region. Bridgehampton Loam consists of silt, clay, and sand, and it is porous and moderately acid. Many other soils possess some or all of these constituents and characteristics, but not in precisely the same proportions. Potato land in the Bridgehampton Loam area currently commands a price of around a thousand dollars an acre.

"The federal crop program has potato prices pretty much fixed right now," Mr. Strong said. "U.S. Number Ones, which are top quality and make up close to ninety-five per cent of my crop, are worth about a dollar and a quarter a bushel to the producer. But in the old days those of us in this neighborhood generally got as much as ten cents more for our potatoes than anybody else on the Island. That isn't a premium to sneeze at, and it gives you some idea how good this soil is. I've sold my potatoes for as high as two dollars a bushel. I've sold them for as little as thirty cents, too, during the depression, but even that was better than most growers got. The lowest yield I've ever had is two hundred and fifty bushels to the acre. The last two years I've averaged better than five hundred, and some of my fields did five seventy."

Mr. Strong went on to say, rather hurriedly, that he was by no means a rich man. His expenses, he assured me, are high. They average about two hundred and fifty dollars an acre annually. This includes taxes, labor (he employs two men the year around, six at planting time, and twelve during the harvest season), maintenance of equipment, insurance, and buying seed potatoes, fer-

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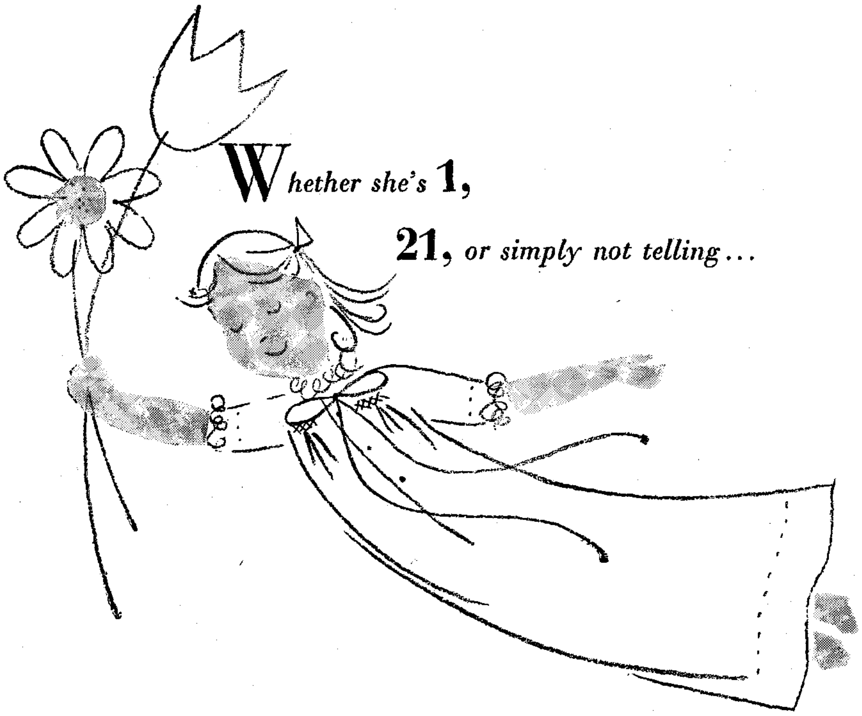

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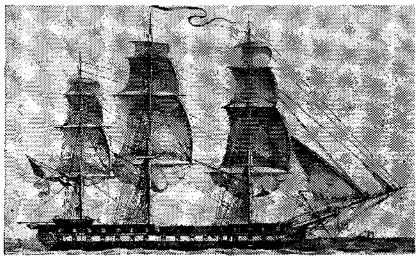

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tilizer, insecticides, and disease-inhibiting sprays. "It costs real money to grow *good* potatoes," Mr. Strong said. "Spray is a big item. We get a lot of moisture out here, which is one reason why we produce such bumper crops, but fungus blight and insects thrive in this climate, too. During the growing season—from the middle of April to about Labor Day, that is—we have to spray the vines every five or six days. We control blight with a mixture of copper sulphate and hydrated lime. Lately, we've been using DDT on insects, and it's a wonder. We mix it in with the blight spray and shoot them on at the same time. I hear some scientists think that DDT may actually stimulate the growth of the plant, like fertilizer. It certainly seems to, but my hunch is that it simply kills off a lot of insects that we've never even suspected were there. I lay the big yields we're getting now chiefly to DDT, good seed, and tractors. Tractors speed everything up, and speed is what we need. It's devil take the hindmost when you're fighting bugs, blight, and weeds. That building you see way over yonder is my equipment barn." Mr. Strong pointed to a bleak gray corrugated-iron structure standing alone in the middle of a seemingly limitless field. It looked like a crossroads garage. "That barn started out as an airplane hangar," he said. "I used to fool around with a little Taylorcraft some years back. That was my hobby. Before that, I played the Hawaiian guitar—or at it. Now I'm going in for archery. Anyway, I got rid of my plane about the time I got rid of my horses. I was the first grower on the south fork to farm without horses. My place has been practically a hundred-per-cent mechanized since 1932 or '33. Picking potatoes off the ground after they've been dug is the one operation we still do by hand. I've even got a machine to cut up seed potatoes for planting. The only living creatures on the place right now, except people, are a couple of cows that one of my men keeps to feed the culls to, and my wife's Manx cat. When I want an egg, I buy it. Except for a winter cover crop of rye, which I plow under just before spring planting, all I raise or ever mean to raise is potatoes. They're enough to hold my interest."

I asked Mr. Strong why he buys seed potatoes. "Couldn't you use your own?" I said.

"I could," he replied, "but I'd be a fool to. I'll tell you why. I wouldn't get nearly the yield I do this way. Seed potatoes are a business in themselves. Most of the seed used here in the East is grown in upstate New York, in northern Maine, or on Prince Edward Island, up in Canada. The growing season is so short in those places that the potatoes never fully mature. The frost kills off the vine before they get a chance to. But here's the thing—it also kills off any disease that may have got started. The potatoes may not be ripe enough to eat, but they're capable of reproducing themselves and they're about as healthy as a potato can be. Then, before they're sold, they're inspected by plant pathologists to make sure they're still healthy. Well, when you plant certified disease-free seed, your chances of getting a good crop are considerable. A sound seed potato will produce up to twenty times its weight in eating potatoes." Mr. Strong lighted a cigarette, striking the match expertly on the seat of his trousers. "Of course," he said, "a potato isn't really a seed, or even, as a lot of people think, a root, which a sweet potato is. It's just an enlarged section of stem. You know how a willow slip will take root and sprout? A potato works the same way. The potato's real seeds develop from the blossoms up on the vine. They look like radish seeds. But nobody bothers with them except plant breeders who are out to work up new varieties, because they never reproduce true to type. If I planted the seeds from my vines, I'd be apt to get a crop of something nobody ever heard of."

WE were almost upon the storage barns before I saw them—two long, squat, low-roofed sheds, facing the road and built into a gentle slope that rose from one side of it. Their sides were banked with earth right up to their eaves, which were overgrown with weedy grass. Only their doors and roofs were visible. Down the road beyond the barns was a brown, shingled bungalow, which Mr. Strong said was the home of one of his helpers. Three little Negro children were solemnly wrestling in the yard outside it, and Mr. Strong waved to them, but they were too busy to respond. He shrugged philosophically, went up to the door of the nearer barn, and swung it open. I followed him into a damp, cool, earthy-smelling darkness.

"It's no cinch to store potatoes," Mr. Strong told me, halting just inside the door, "but under proper conditions they'll keep about nine months. At least, Mountains will. You've got to realize that a potato is a living and breathing organism. There are four things that it can't stand after it's been dug—heat, freezing cold, sunlight, and dryness. Leave a potato on the ground for only an hour on a cloudy day when the temperature is around eighty-five, and it will blister. On even a mild day, if there's a bright sun, it will sunburn. That is, it will build up chlorophyll and turn green and bitter-tasting. We haul our potatoes into the barn as fast as possible during picking. If they freeze, they'll rot when they thaw, and low humidity shrivels them up. We keep it about forty degrees in here. Insulation does the trick in warm weather, and in winter we use a furnace. We've got a machine to keep the humidity at around ninety per cent."

Mr. Strong moved over to the wall and snapped on a light. I almost jumped. Instead of expanding in the light, the room seemed suddenly to contract. A dozen feet or so from the door rose a mighty, slatted crib, filled almost to the ridgepole with potatoes. Several small piles of potatoes in bushel bags flanked the entrance like boulders. Mr. Strong bent down and rummaged around in one of the bags. "I've got a total storage capacity of about forty-seven thousand bushels," he told me over his shoulder. "This barn holds close to thirty-five thousand alone, but it isn't quite full now, and neither is the other. We begin trucking potatoes to a dealer in Bridgehampton soon after we start digging, and we keep selling right through the winter, depending on the way prices are going. Prices generally go up a little toward spring, so it pays to hang on to some." He straightened up, holding an open pocketknife in his right hand and in his left a couple of potatoes, one of which he gave to me. "Nice, isn't it?" he said. "You'll have to take a bagful with you when you go. That pale-brown skin, that oblong shape, and those moderately deep eyes are the main characteristics of a Mountain. The main *visible* characteristics, I mean." I looked at my potato. It looked disappointingly like any other potato to me. But if my expression indicated my thoughts, Mr. Strong didn't notice. He had turned his attention to his potato and had cut off a generous slice. After peeling it, he popped it into his mouth. "Delicious," he murmured, serenely crunching. "Good and starchy. Would you care for a piece?"

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

A $50 fine and 30-day suspension have been meted out to Bob Bartholomew, outfielder with Zanesville of the Ohio State League.... Bartholomew was penalized for throwing his hat into the box seats and slightly injuring two spectators.—*Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal.*

Has one hell of an arm, apparently.

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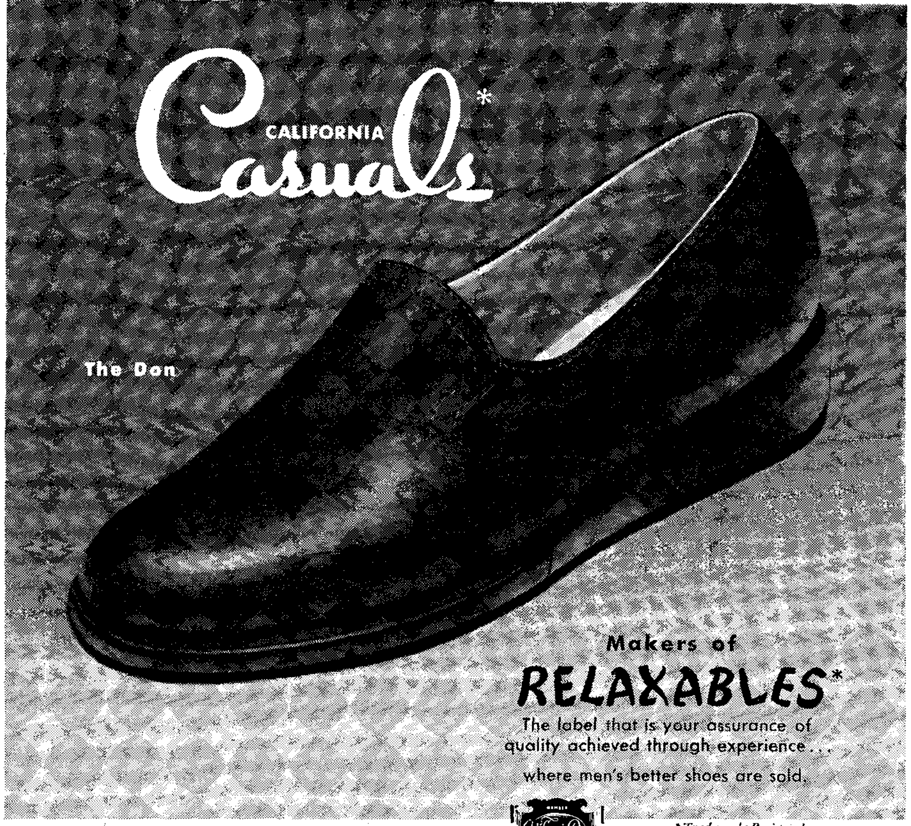

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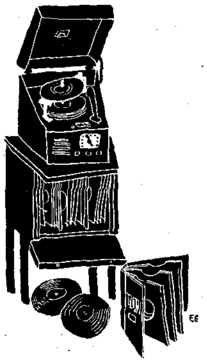
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



FOUR excerpts from the second suite of Prokofieff's lengthy "Romeo and Juliet" ballet score have been recorded by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, in Victor album 1129. The result is magnificent. This music, which was composed in 1935, has, for some reason, never been put on records before in this country, and it is fortunate that it has been given such an exquisite performance the first time out. Probably none of our other important orchestras could have played it so well. I haven't heard the score all the way through, but it's a reasonable guess that these parts reflect the character of the whole. They are almost completely impersonal, but fascinatingly theatrical in their interpretation of episodes from the great romantic tragedy. I was interested in comparing Prokofieff's approach to the theme with that of Tschaikowsky, whose fantasy overture on the same subject is one of his most gratifying works. Prokofieff's music is, as you might expect, more intellectual, and it is satisfying because of the way it contrasts the dramatic forces involved. It is also less moving and less noble, though extremely persuasive on its own terms.

The first of the four excerpts, "Montagues and Capulets," is, I think, the best. A fragile dance theme, which evokes a vision of a pitiable Juliet, is threaded through heavier music picturing a relentless, lumbering promenade by the heads of the two families. "Juliet the Maiden," "Dance," and "Romeo and Juliet's Grave" are the other movements. In the first, a light and impetuous theme is now and then reined in by more sober and romantic music. The second is a graceful, fleet, but not entirely festive piece; and the last, and longest, movement is grave, tragic music that eventually becomes an apotheosis of the whole story.

"Romeo and Juliet" represented Prokofieff's first attempt to harness his creative instincts, after sixteen years away from Russia, to the stern artistic doctrines of the Soviet Union. The

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compromise apparently was no trouble at all.

CLEVER craftsmanship, which sometimes can amount to brilliance, as in the "Romeo and Juliet" suite, characterizes a lot of functional modern music, often at the expense of true creativeness. A timely case in point, although it's not much of a confection in itself, is Morton Gould's "Minstrel Show," which is smartly played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra on a new Victor single, No. 11-9654. The music has all the stock ingredients of a blackface entertainment—jokes, a sentimental song, a soft-shoe dance—but they don't add up to a very good minstrel show. The Gould piece, like a lot of other contemporary compositions, sounds as if it had been written to specifications handed down by a new muse, the Muse of Functional Design. Under this inspiration, as soon as a composer gets his orders to knock together something on, say, a circus, a threshing combine, or a hydroelectric dam, he starts drumming out the appropriate rhythms, relying on a later effort to invest them with emotional content. Too glib, that's the trouble—dazzling, sometimes, but too glib.

RACHMANINOFF's choral symphony "The Bells" is another work that has not been recorded before. The Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jacques Rachmilovich, makes up for the oversight in an album (Disc 804) that features Carmen Prietto, soprano; Breece Westmoreland, tenor; and Stephan Kemalyan, baritone, as soloists, backed up by the Hollywood First Methodist Church Chorus. The original text of "The Bells" was a Russian version of Poe's poem, but for this performance the Russian has been re-translated into English, certainly a roundabout maneuver. It's a moody work, which retains much of the flavor of the poem. I wish I could say more nice things about it, but I'm afraid the four parts are too monotonous to be of real interest. The performance is a fair one, though I think you'll have trouble following all those converted words.

THE most engaging Lily Pons album to come along in some time contains a group of French songs—Bachelet's "Chère Nuit," Duparc's "L'Invitation au Voyage," Fauré's "Les Roses d'Ispahan" and "Après un Rêve," and Milhaud's "Chansons de Ronsard." Miss Pons sings them very

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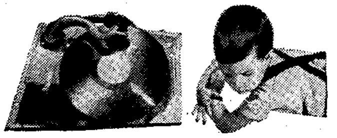

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effectively to orchestral accompaniments conducted sometimes by André Kostelanetz and sometimes by Maurice Abravanel (Columbia 689).

TODD DUNCAN, who was Porgy in both productions of "Porgy and Bess," can be heard in a selection of songs in a new Musicraft album, No. 82. Duncan offers Moussorgsky's "The Song of the Flea," Rachmaninoff's "In the Silence of the Night," two Gershwin excerpts from "Porgy and Bess" ("I Got Plenty o' Nuttin' " and "Oh Bess, Where's My Bess?"), Kern's "Ol' Man River," "Waters of Tralee" (composed for Duncan by a Scotch friend, Jock Prentice), "Omimba" (a Haitian song), and "Every Time I Feel the Spirit." The baritone, accompanied by a piano, does them all admirably.

DEBUSSY'S Sonata No. 2 is played by John Wummer, flute; Milton Katims, viola; and Laura Newell, harp, in a new Columbia album, No. 282. This is a more broadly appealing work than Debussy's recently issued Sonata No. 3, for violin and piano (Columbia album 280) but requires the same exceptionally sensitive playing. This trio does well, but not so well, I think, as a European trio that recorded it for Victor a few years ago (Album No. 873).

THE Metropolitan Opera Orchestra is heard accompanying two Met singers in two new albums. In one (Columbia 691), Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, sings four Rossini arias in fine style—"Una voce poco fa," from "The Barber of Seville;" the recitative and rondo from "Cinderella;" the cavatina from "Semiramide;" and "Cruda sorte!," from "The Italian Girl in Algiers." In the other (Columbia 696), Raoul Jobin, tenor, runs through six romantic arias from French operas. Jobin has a good, full voice and uses it to advantage in "The Invocation to Nature," from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust;" "O Paradis," from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine;" the cavatina from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet;" and three Massenet arias—Jean's air from "Hériodiade," Ossian's song from "Werther," and "Ah! fuyez, douce image," from "Manon."—D. W.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Flight to Arras," by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, in the Atlantic Monthly*]

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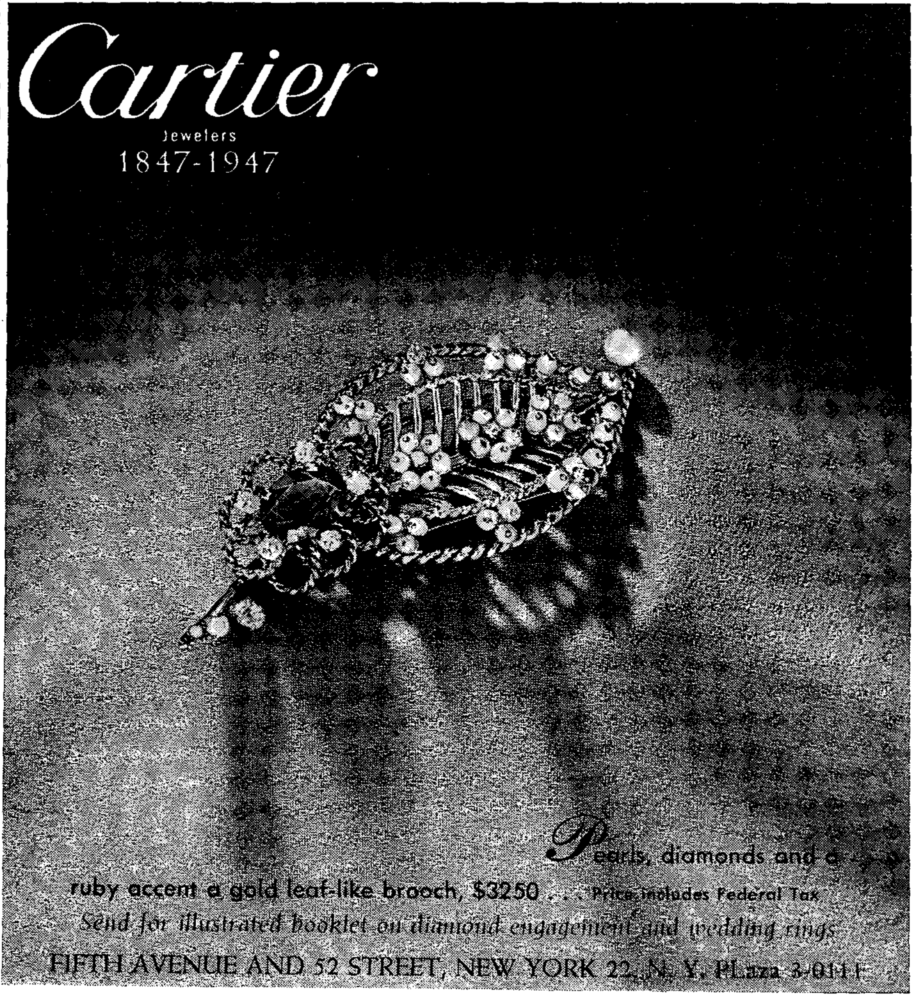

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

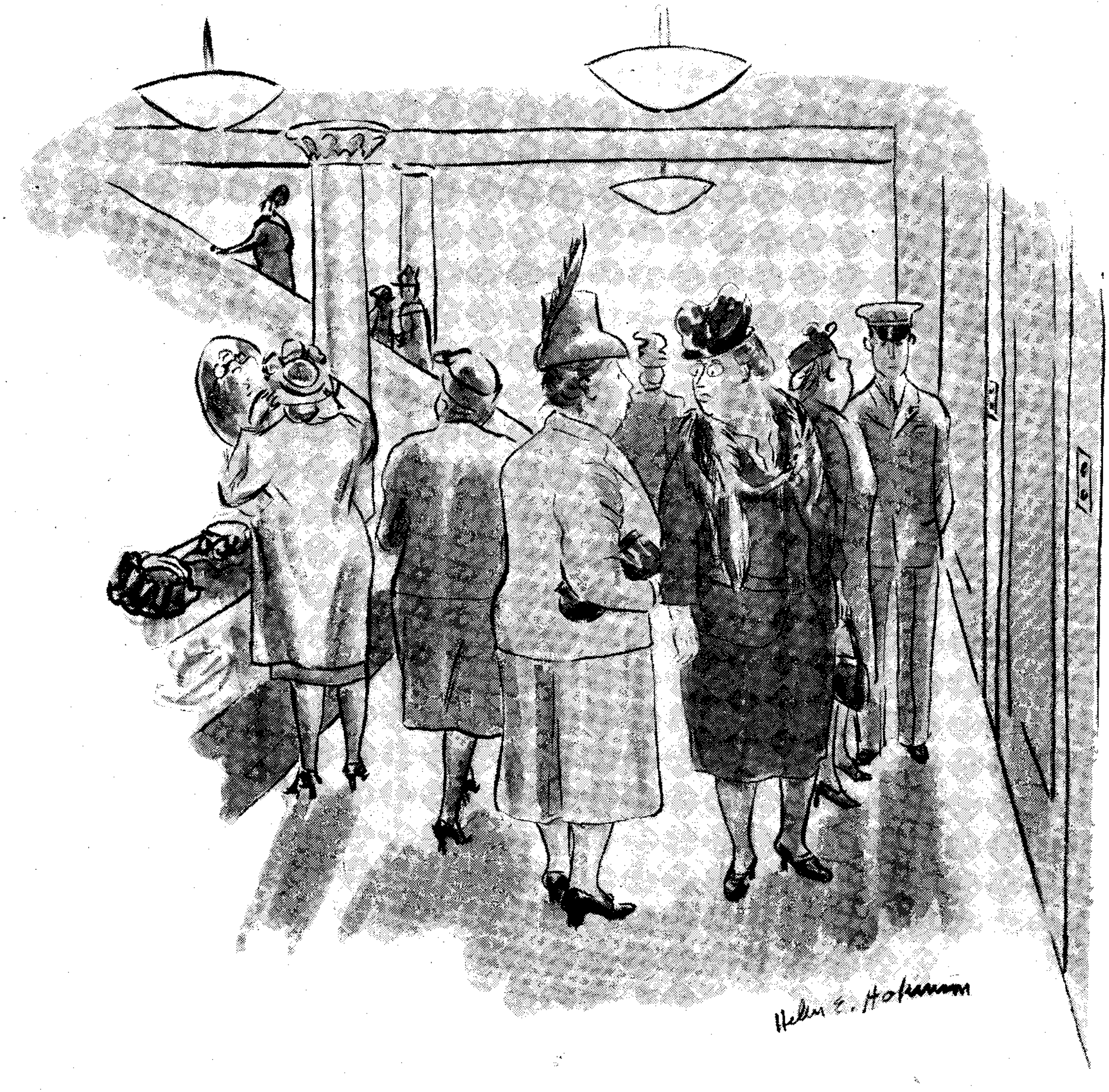
PARIS, SEPTEMBER 5.

THE fashion industry's hopes of settling down to calm and leisurely dealings with local private customers, once the buyers from the States had gone home, are not turning out very well, principally because the private customers refuse to be calm and leisurely and apparently are beginning to expect showings and openings as elaborate and giddy as those put on this season in an anxious effort to break down the foreign tradespeople's formidable sales resistance. This new attitude on the part of Parisians is the result of the industry's new attitude toward the customers from overseas. In prewar years, the buyers were shown the new clothes at special displays, and the hurly-burly they stirred up was looked upon as nothing more than a temporary annoyance. This year, however, the foreigners were so distressingly few that, instead of being relegated to the company of minor commissionaires, salesladies from the boulevard shops, and night-club proprietors and being brushed off by everybody else, they were lionized professionally and socially. They received invitations to Klieg-lighted style parades, where they sat among renowned Parisian painters, impresarios, actors, and cinema stars; they went to opulent buffets at country estates and to intimate dinners in town; and they were sought after at a new kind of gathering, known as the "*allô partie*," which is much like an American business-cocktail party.

One consequence of these desperate, last-ditch efforts to please American buyers is that Paris fashions have been catapulted back into a realm they shared before the war with the theatre, the art shows, and the ballet. Now, even the smaller dressmaking houses once more find themselves besieged by citizens who are as much attracted by the entertainment and the illustrious members of the audience as by the new clothes. The applause and the cries of "*Ravissant!*" that ring through the theatre stalls on first nights are heard with equal frequency in the salons of once staid houses of *couture*. Paris fashion openings, though they have become less dignified, have moved back into the big time, accompanied by their own backstage gossip, their matinée idols, and their claques.

Premières are generally prefaced by secret rehearsals, held in an atelier and watched in prayerful silence by close friends of the designer and a few other privileged persons, who surround the Master afterward and offer earnest handshakes and complimentary remarks of the sort that conventionally follow a christening. The opening itself may be anything from a ceremonious and princely reception to a gaudy, Hollywoodlike extravaganza, advertised by a broadcasting truck and spotlighted doorways, and swarming with visitors, who cram themselves into hallways and crane over stairway balustrades to see a performance that begins with a dramatic flourish and usually lasts for a seemingly interminable number of hours. The seating plan for these events is a matter of protocol, and invariably leads to pouts and complaints from those stationed in the back rows. Those up front are not let off free, however; they have to demonstrate tireless interest and vivacity during the show. Christian Bérard, the bearded artist, who attends almost all the openings accompanied by a small white French poodle, is credited with more front-row "*Ravissants!*" than any other person so far during the season.

Much of the elegance of Paris openings before the war depended on the



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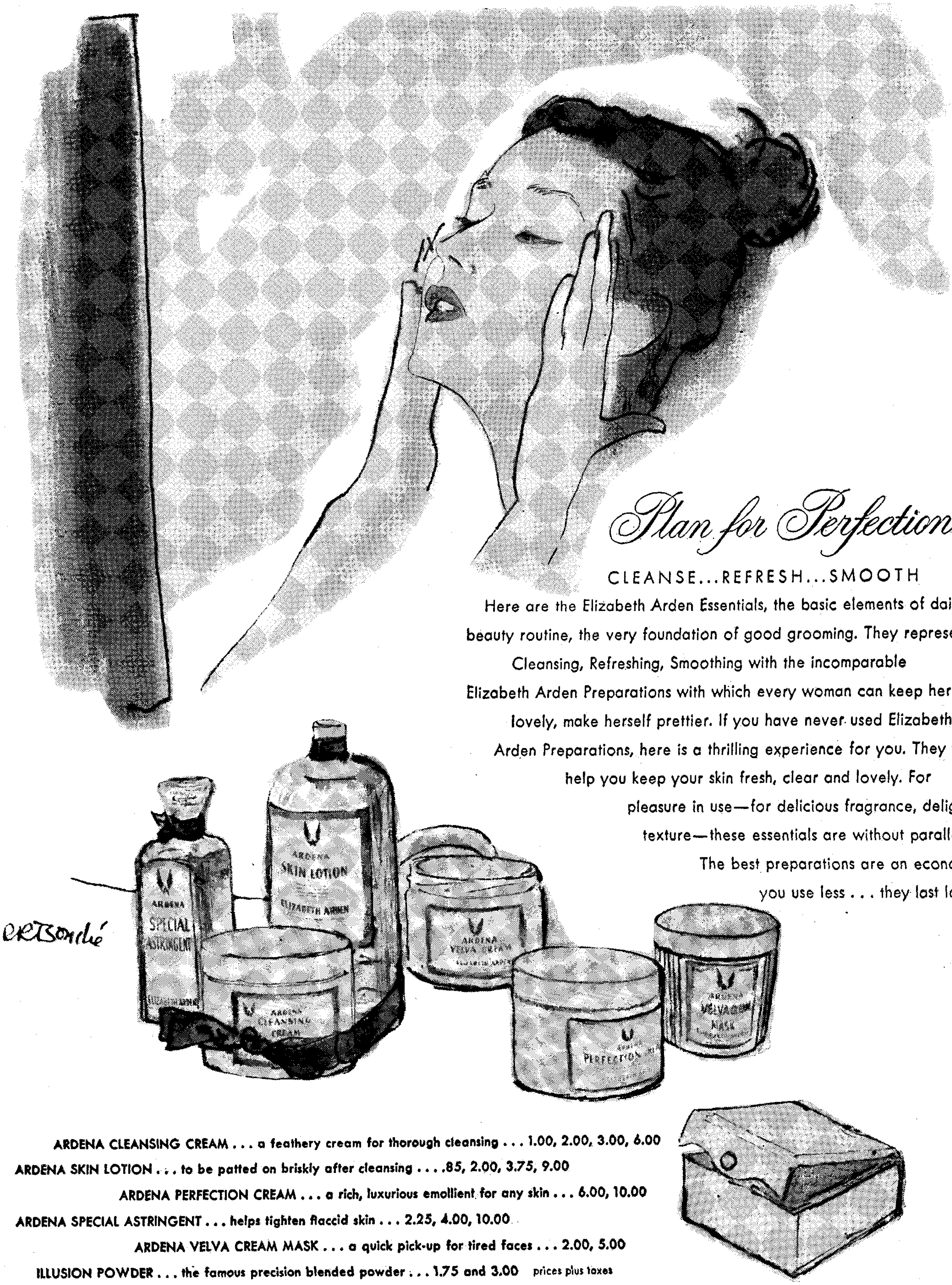
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impressively ornate trappings of most of the salons, on the pretty mannequins, who are trained, after a few years, to become pretty *vendeuses*, and on the good-looking doormen. These stage settings, of course, are still here; at Molyneux's, in fact, Mario, one of the members of the prewar cast, is back on the job of ushering ladies out of taxis in his stately way. There is still the confirmed habit of crowding the audience into rooms that are always too warm; still the custom of insisting that everybody get to the opening right on time, and then delaying the show for an hour; and still the bodiless, shrill, and frantic voice that can be heard calling "Madame Denise! Madame Denise!" at every show.

There seems to be no abatement in the excitement after the openings, either. Every afternoon, throngs of people pour in to see the collections at Dior, Balmain, Fath, Piguet, and Grès. In any of these establishments, on any day, it is a character-building experience to try to keep afloat in the swirl of seamstresses and their *secondes* carrying basted-up *essayages* through the salon to the fitting rooms, photographers and artists posing mannequins for magazine illustrations, and women clamoring for appointments for fittings.

WHETHER all this turbulence means big business is an open question. Guesses at the total number of designs purchased by American buyers so far range from eight hundred to fifteen hundred—no great shakes, on the basis of past performances. Some of the busiest dressmakers claim that their profits will turn out to be the lowest in Paris, because of the time and money they have spent in entertaining the crowds that have come along just for the ride. It may be that some of the firms that have gone on quietly and privately showing clothes to old, reliable patrons, who are good for orders season after season, will eventually wind up at the top of the heap.

No matter how the designers make out financially, it is increasingly evident, as the season progresses and the smaller houses offer their interpretations of the new style, that they have introduced more than just a new silhouette. The change, at once apparent in details of line and cut (the fullness below the waistline all the way around the body and not only at the front; the exaggeration of the sloping shoulder by added thicknesses of material sewed inside the sleeves, just below the tips of the shoulders; the directing of attention to the ankles, achieved by skirts so full that they sway at the slightest motion), makes every woman who puts on one of the new things look more feminine.

—B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

WHATEVER your figure, it's always comforting to remember that it is malleable; nobody ever saw a projecting bosom or a hint of a waistline in the days of the Boyshform brassière, even though Nature must have slipped up occasionally and burdened a few women with these defects. So, now that the current fashions call for the establishment of a small waist, a rounded bosom, and a rounded hipline, there is no real cause for alarm; you can always be rearranged to fit your clothes. One of the most ingenious contrivances to give you this "new" look (last year it was the "American" look) is a sort of corset at Bonwit Teller that will be a big help in wearing the things in the shop's fall custom collection, designed by Fira Benenson. It's made of bengaline, and it goes on over your girdle, pinching in your waistline, hugging your diaphragm flat, and flaring at the sides. An elasticized net panel at the back of the contraption even allows you to breathe (still desirable). The thing also ensures correct posture, because you can't possibly slump in it, and it can take as much as three inches off your waistline, if you're willing to give up eating for the day.

After contemplating this bit of modern functional design, you might well feel that the Benenson collection (which, lamentably, does not include severely tailored daytime suits and coats) has nothing half so interesting to offer, but you would be wrong. You will find stuff to interest and even to please you. As far as Miss Benenson is concerned, the shoulder pad should never have been invented; the shoulders she admires are slim and rounded. Her skirts on dresses for late afternoon are about twelve or thirteen inches above ground, and in motion they seem longer in back, which makes you look flatter astern. There are a few informal daytime things in her favorite wool jersey, among them a brown dress with a black patent-leather belt and a black-and-brown striped jersey top. The longish jacket of this one has revers of striped jersey, and the skirt has bow pockets, which give fullness to the hips. A navy wool jersey dress with narrow shoulders has crisscrossed folds on the bosom and the hips. The jacket of a brown jersey suit is decorated with trapunto work

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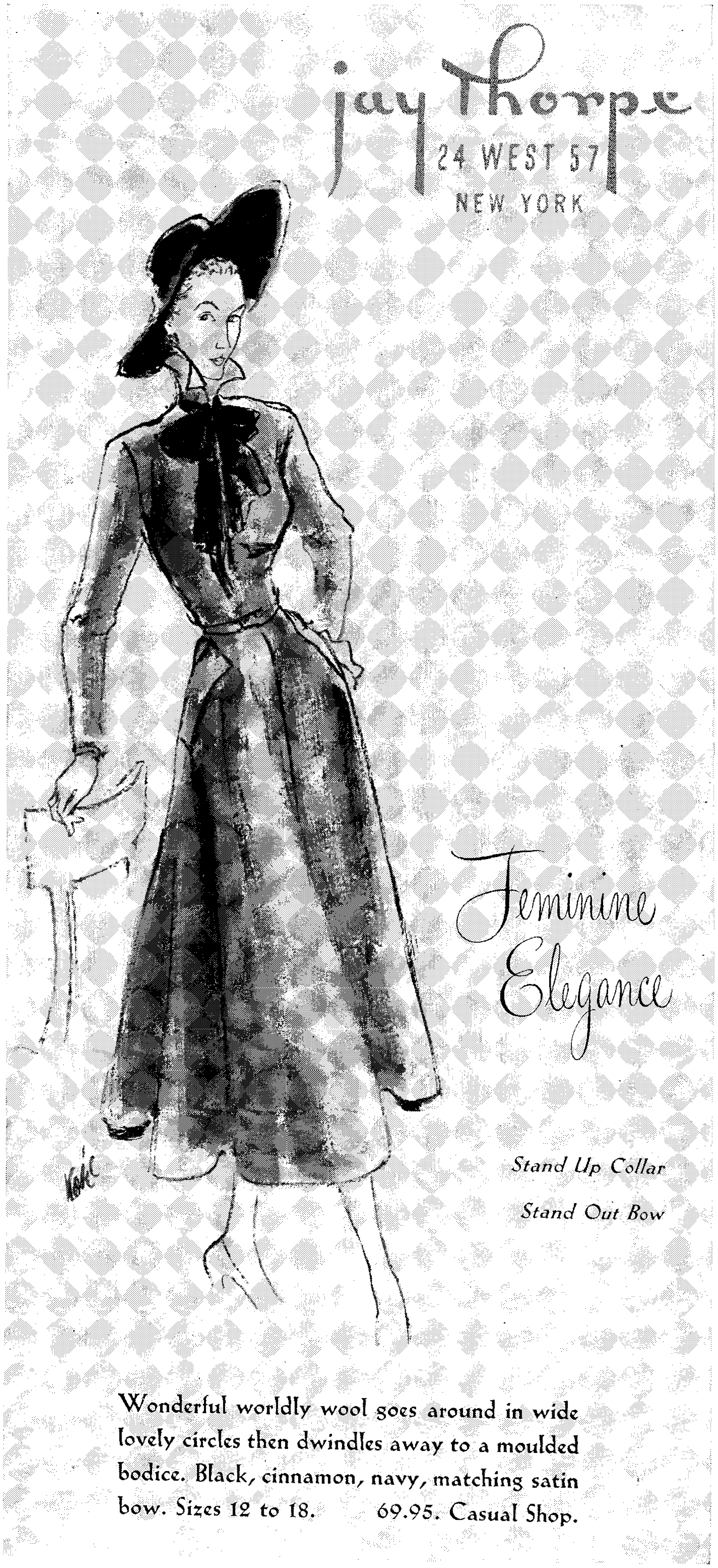
and has buttons down the front and buckram padding at the hips.

But in general Benenson sticks to afternoon and evening clothes. In the first category, there is a black satin dress-and-jacket with a velvet leaf design appliquéd on the chest of the jacket, which is worn over a dress with more velvet leaves scattered on it. Then, a black crêpe dress with a high neck has shirred inserts in the form of inverted V's down the front of the bodice. Another black satin dress has sleeves crushed up to the elbows and a V neckline bordered at each side with pin tucks; more tucks are placed over the hipbones. The jacket of a black velvet suit is trimmed with jet medallions and has jet buttons down the torso; the skirt is bell-shaped. And lest you think everything is black here (it very nearly is, at that), there's a gray duvetyn dress with box pleats down the front and back of the skirt, plus a jacket of the same material with a moleskin collar. Among the other dress-and-jacket numbers, for cocktails and the theatre, I especially noticed one of black taffeta with a full skirt. This has gold bowknot embroidery below the square décolletage of the dress and on the right sleeve of the jacket, a tiny, bolero-length affair that stops short under the armpits and is edged with a wide velvet band. Benenson uses a lot of similarly abbreviated jackets to cover décolletages in back without hiding the generous expanse of chest in front.

The evening décolletages are as beautiful as any you are likely to see this year—low and graceful, a nice contrast to the many sloppy ones around. One dress has a top of black organza, heavily embellished with lace, jet, paillettes, and



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DE PINNA

FIFTH AVENUE at 52nd ST., N. Y. 19

velvet, and is supported by the thinnest of shoulder straps. The skirt is of black velvet, with a wide, jutting panel down its back. A matching jacket completes the ensemble. (There is considerable fullness in back around here, notably on long, trailing dresses.) A pale, blue-green taffeta dress has shirred, bowknot-shaped inserts down the hips and at the back of the full skirt, and a slim, shirred top. A full-skirted, pearl-gray satin dress has flowery self-appliqué here and there on the hips and ascending one shoulder strap. There are some lovely lace affairs, one a pale-blue job encircled with tiers that dip in back; its shoulder-strap décolletage is covered by a matching lace scarf. Miss B. still likes to make thin wool evening dresses, too. A gray one has a square décolletage, back and front, trimmed with yellow wool on which silver sequins have been sprinkled; with it goes a bright-yellow wool bolero that shoots out in back. And occasionally Benenson's beloved wrap-toward-the-back skirts are evident in clothes for both afternoon and evening. A black broadcloth evening dress wraps behind to make an irregular V train. It is accompanied by a gray velvet jacket with black jet and fringe down the front.

AROUND Hattie Carnegie, you hear a lot of talk about "fluid" lines, but my impression was entirely one of crispness and the busy rustle of taffeta. There's a lot of gossip, too, about the "movement" of clothes, much of which is supplied by a couple of the most swivel-hipped mannequins in town. You'll see what is meant, though, when you inspect some taffeta coat-dress types, coming to about eleven inches from the ground, that sway like anything when the wearer walks. One is of black taffeta, with sleeves that grow very tight as they reach the elbow. Its skirt is immense and circular. Another is of faded-navy silk twill and has unpressed pleats that cause great fullness below a small hip yoke. There are wonderful day suits here, as always, but I think that they are too long for the purpose. Black wool ones have long jackets and rounded hips. Another, of brown wool, has shirred pockets on the hips to emphasize them and a brown mink tippet to cover the demure, round collar. The cocktail-dinner-theatre dress, always a specialty at Carnegie, is still very evident. One, of ice-blue slipper satin, has a tight bodice, short sleeves, and a wide, wide skirt. There is a lilac satin dinner suit with a tight, buttoned jacket and a big, circular skirt that drops almost to the ankles in back, and there is a very gay dress of black satin, whose skirt is caught up at the sides and buttoned back in folds a bit below the hips. Now we get to what Carnegie calls the "eggplant" drape, because, she thinks, it looks like a cross-section of that estimable vegetable in profile. To me, it looks like an adaptation of the old harem skirt, whether in profile or full face. One example is a brown satin suit with a longish, fitted jacket. There are long folds down the sides of the skirt, caught in at the hem, and the skirt is so tight that the poor mannequin, expert as she was and short as the suit was, could hardly move in it. Ball dresses, in the grand tradition, may be of ivory satin, with off-shoulder folds and bows in the center back of big skirts, or of white brocade, with a characteristic Carnegie décolletage—strapless, but with deep crumb-catcher folds jutting forward on the chest. These last have a hoop skirt with big folds extending three-quarters of the way down the back. There are many more evening clothes of this elegant nature. Still, women who favor mistier, softer things have their innings, too. There are, for instance, a strapless black point-d'esprit dress with a ruffled bosom, and a black net dress with a sheer top and a peplum that is flat across the front and ends, at the rear, above ruffled tiers that cascade down the back. A black chiffon that hugs the body is cut in a deep V in front and back. This one has a full skirt, and the top is secured by a single diagonal shoulder strap of pink satin.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S Mr. Castillo likes his daytime skirts only twelve and a half inches from the floor, and sometimes makes them of heavy materials pressed into his beloved box pleats. Two inches off the skirts of many of these would, I think, remove that sagging-in-the-rain look. The double-breasted jacket of a lilac wool suit has high velvet revers, a flat panel down the front, and a very wide peplum at each side; the skirt is flaring. You don't find Castillo sticking to black. He turns out some black sheers, but he puts them over peacock-blue satin slips, and there are pale yellows and bright reds all through the collection. He has done some handsome coats, too. My favorite, I think, is the one called Constellation, a rust wool travelling coat with a wide back and a scarf that can be draped over one shoulder, worn over the head, or whatever. A collar and cuff bands of leopard distinguish a bottle-green wool coat that has a bright-red jersey lining to match the dress beneath. Of the day dresses, my eye stayed longest on a black wool that is plain in front and has a pleated panel at the side back, so that it looks like a riding skirt. For after dark, there are lots of ankle-length dresses. One black velvet sheath, with off-the-shoulder cap sleeves, has tulle ruffles, stiffened with horsehair, that begin below the hips and go to the floor. Another evening dress has a long, snug white silver-brocade jacket over a black taffeta box-pleated skirt.

ALTOGETHER, after a survey of the custom collections, it would seem that the tight waist and rounded hip are in, that shoulders are whatever you want, that hemlines are bound to be a good bit longer, and that if you are going to spend real money, you had better think twice before you invest in the extra-large circular skirt for cocktail time, since it is a trick that is too easily copied. —L. L.

•

DARN THE TORPEDOES! HALF SPEED AHEAD!

[*From a letter being distributed to Navy personnel to encourage reënlistment*]

Dear ——

The time is coming soon when the hitch I'm on runs out. Sometime between then and now I've got to decide what to do and I want you to help me. It all boils down to whether I sign on for another hitch or get out and try life on the beach.

The trouble is, I know what it's like in the Navy. And I don't know much about civilian life these days. I read the papers but they put out a gloomy picture most of the time. Everything is unsettled on the "outside;" the world doesn't seem to know where it's going or even why. Prices are going up all the time, a lot of people are still going out on strike. One day the paper will say that there isn't going to be a depression and the next day it says there is. Where there's smoke there must be fire and I would hate to get out just in time to have something like the crash we lived through in the '30s break over my head. You remember how it was then with no jobs, no money, bread lines, and all that. I'd hate to step out into something like that again.

•

WHICH VOLUME OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA D'YA READ?

The first passenger elevator in the United States was installed in 1857 by Otis in the New York store of E. G. Haughwout and Co.—*Vol. 8, page 352, 1947 edition.*

The first passenger elevator, a "vertical screw railway," was installed in 1859, by Otis Tufts in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York.—*Vol. 21, page 479, same edition.*

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THE RACE TRACK

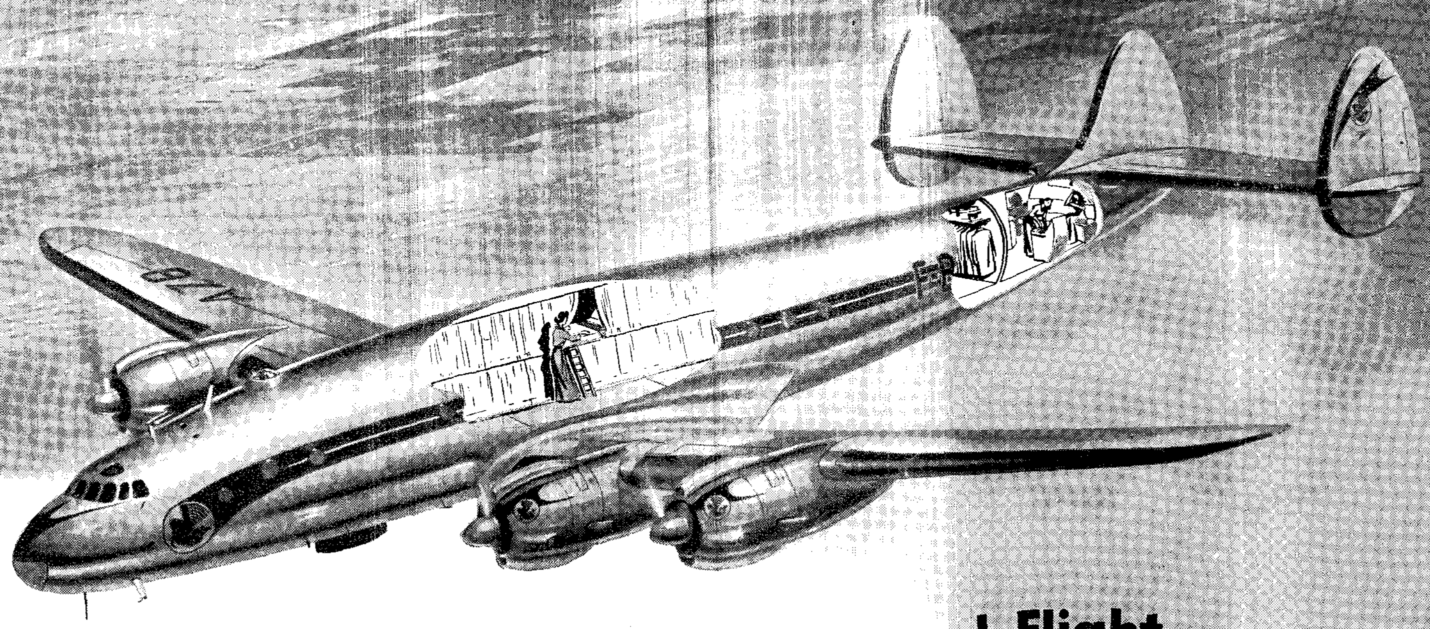
Top Filly

4TH RACE SCRATCHES

WELL, Aqueduct saved its best racing for the end. I daresay the Astarita Stakes and the Beldame Handicap, run on the final day, have made horseplayers forget the track's inadequate accommodations and the dreary performances by third-class horses that took up most of the meeting. On Saturday, even the hurdle race, in which Pebalong caught Look Around in the last few strides, was exciting. Of course, the Beldame was the big show, as it always is. This year, like last year, it had to be run in two divisions, because the track is wide enough only for one fourteen-stall starting gate, and twenty-one runners were entered. There was a fifty-thousand-dollar purse for each division; Snow Goose, a seventeen-to-one chance, won the first, and But Why Not took the second.

It should be increasingly clear that But Why Not is the season's best filly. The tipoff came in July, when she beat half a dozen colts of her own age, among them Fervent, in the Classic Stakes. A three-year-old, moreover, has to be uncommonly sharp to give weight, as she did in the mile-and-a-furlong Beldame, to older animals, especially to such older animals as Miss Grillo, who finished second, and Elpis, Stymie's conqueror, who was third. To be precise, I should explain that But Why Not gave weight only technically, in accordance with the scale of weights adopted four or five decades ago by the Jockey Club as a standard for what are called weight-for-age races. (It was the same scale that had been established in England years before, by act of Parliament.) But Why Not carried a hundred and twenty pounds, four above the scale of weight for age at the distance. Miss Grillo, a five-year-old, had a hundred and twenty-six—three over the scale—and Elpis, also five, had a hundred and twenty-three. As you know, But Why Not won by the merest nod. I suspect that it was part of her trainer's plan to have Bridal Flower, her stablemate, set a fast pace to tire the opposition for But Why Not. This tactic, if it was one, also helped Miss Grillo, who, like Stymie, is a speeder in the stretch.

In the first division, Gallorette, one



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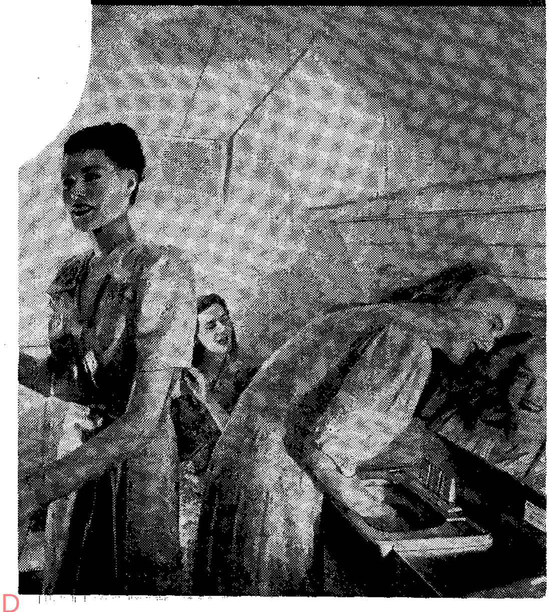

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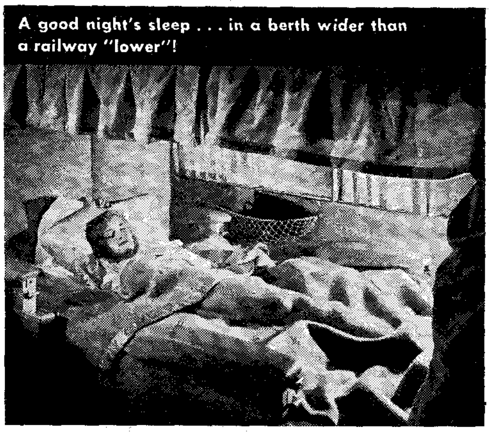

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ROBERT P. PIERCE
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of the two winners of the Beldame last year, had to give thirteen pounds by the scale to Snow Goose, another of those slow beginners and fast finishers, who was next to last for half the way and then came up and won by lengths. Gallorette made a brave try and finished second. I don't think that Snow Goose could have beaten But Why Not, even though she would have had fourteen pounds in her favor. But Why Not's time was a fifth of a second faster.

By the way, the racing secretary did not pick the name of the Handicap out of a Double-Crostic. Beldame was a famous mare, who, as the more senile observers in the paddock will tell you, won the Saratoga Cup from Africander and ran Delhi right out of the money in the Suburban early in the nineteen-hundreds.

You can set down Bellesoeur, the winner of the Astarita, as a good filly, but it's probably just as well for her that she won't race against Bewitch in the Matron Stakes at Belmont on Saturday. She ran with great determination in the Astarita and wore down Grey Flight, the runner-up, in the last furlong. When the races for two-year-old fillies are stretched from six furlongs to a mile, as they will be in Maryland later in the fall, you'd better not forget Dusty Legs, who finished third.

ABOUT the only thing I have to say concerning the Armed-Assault match, which is scheduled to be run at Belmont on Saturday, is that both horses will doubtless be odds-on, because the pari-mutuel takes fifteen per cent of all wagers as a brokerage fee. The prices, consequently, will remind you of those a betting commissioner offers on football games. Obviously, it will be no race to bet on. My choice, if you are interested, is Armed. He's faster and more versatile than Assault; he can turn on top speed at any point in a race. Assault has only one way of running: he begins slowly and finishes fast. You may be sure, though, that Arcaro will handle him well. —AUDAX MINOR

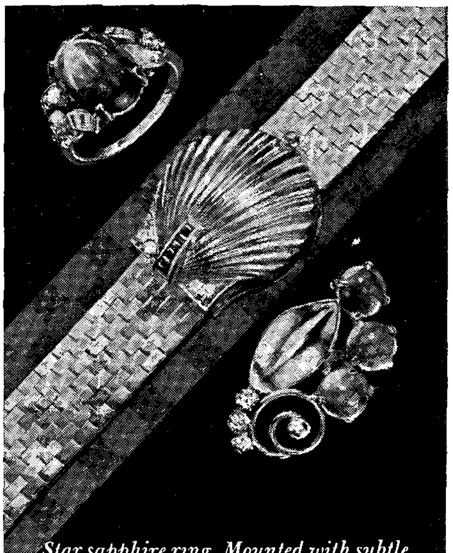
•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

(GALA NIGHTS DIVISION)

[*From the Dallas News*]

> Shirring that goes deep into the skirt for a long-torso look, busts that extend to the floor and the use of black net to allow a back neckline to dip to the waist will make gala nights for the dream-of-a-winter ahead.



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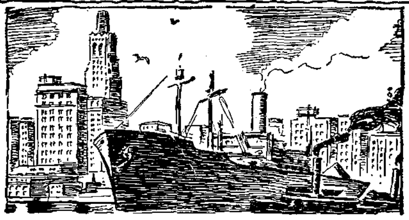

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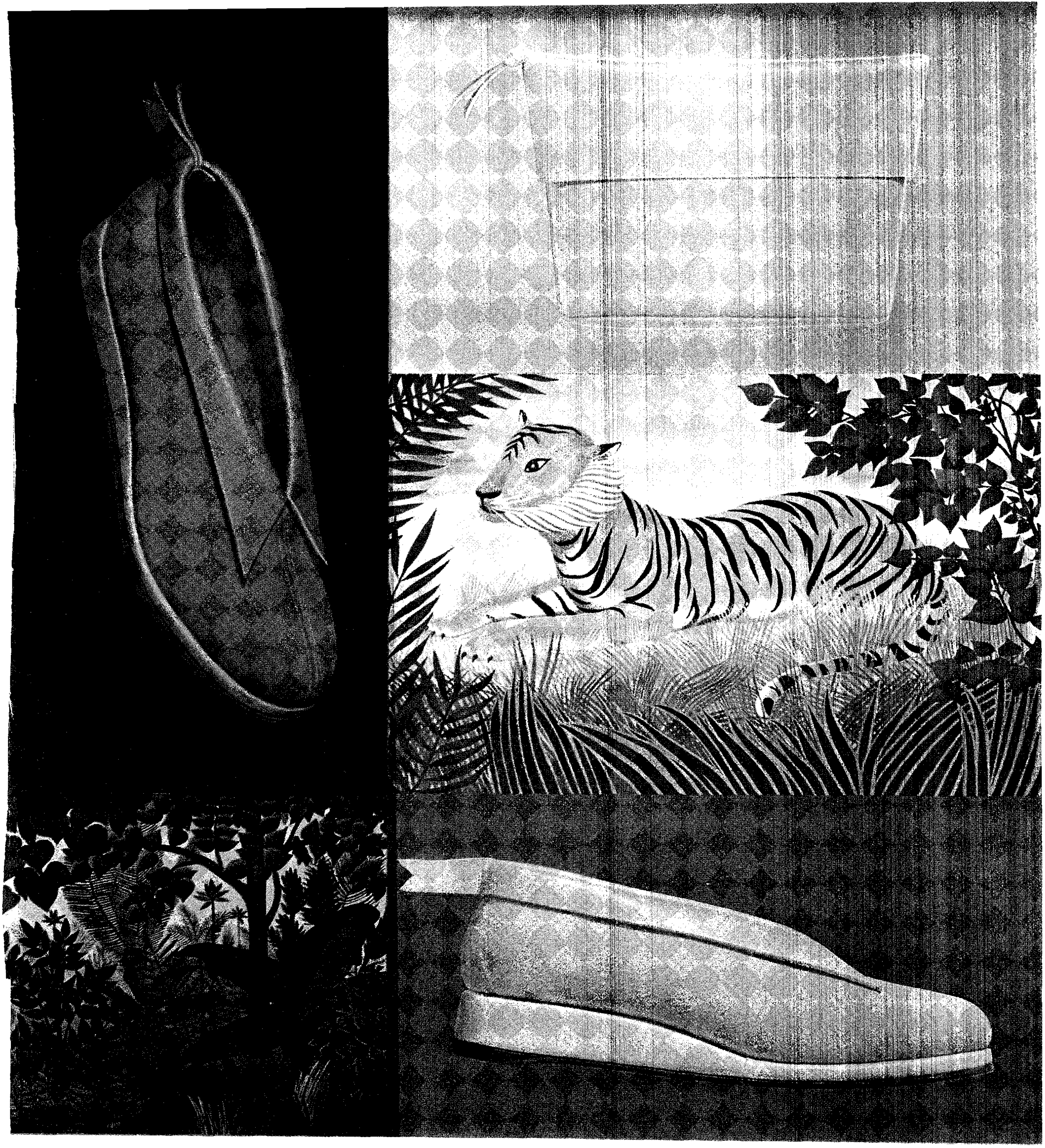

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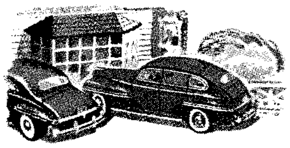

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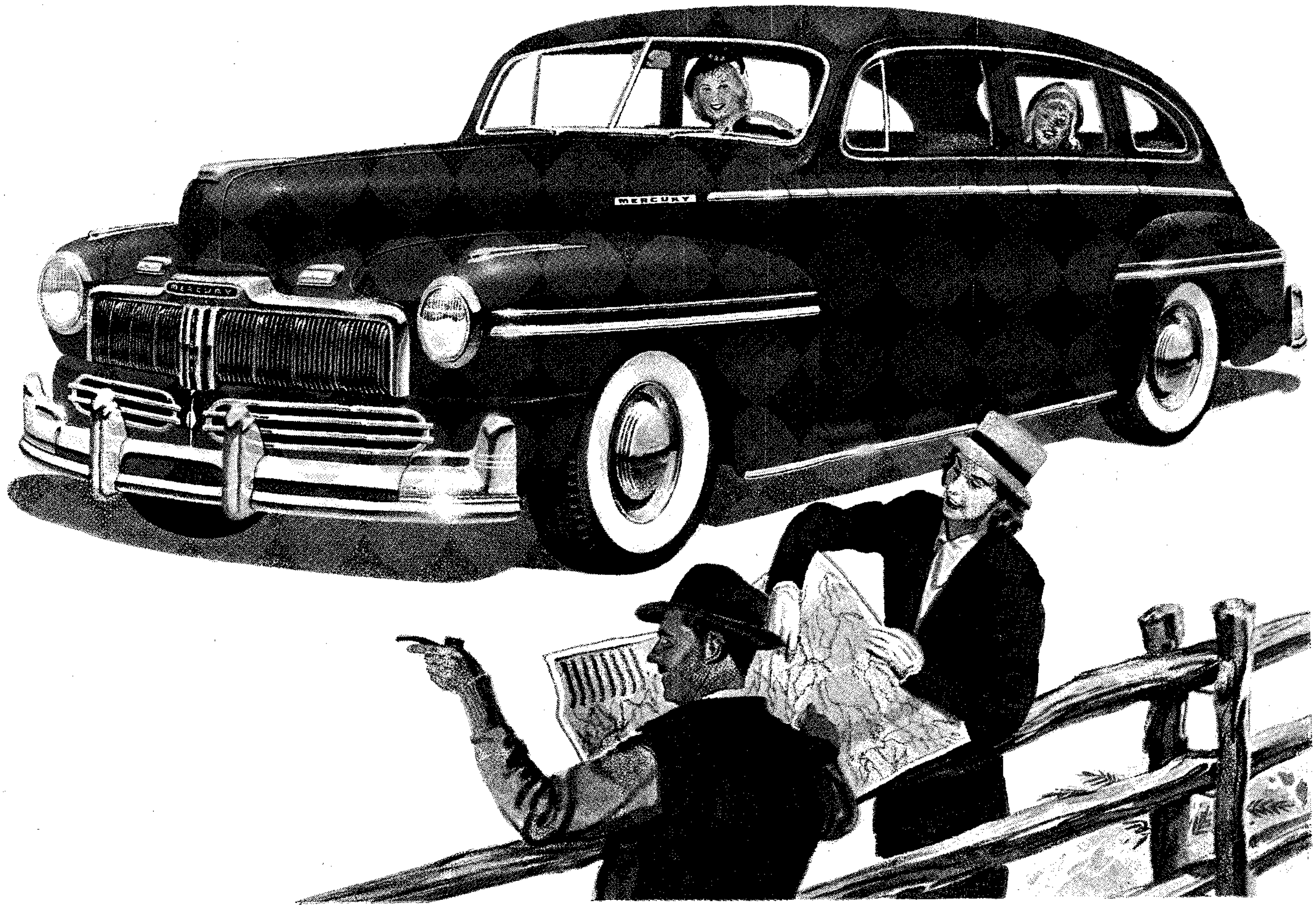

A VERY OLD MAN

IN a few more years, probably, somebody will make a movie of the life of John D. Rockefeller, Sr. There is no doubt that the moral indignation against him has died down. Once, the trustees of a college refused an endowment by him on the ground that it was "tainted money." The action seems absurd now. I sometimes wonder how those trustees, if they are alive, feel today, and hope that they feel uncomfortable, for ever since my boyhood, when I lived near Mr. Rockefeller, I have been on his side. Regardless of how much I have read about him, I still think of him as an underdog.

My family moved to Ormond Beach, Florida, in 1928, when I was about eight years old, and my parents decided to buy a house. Mr. Rockefeller was almost ninety years old then. He lived in The Casements, a large, gray, unostentatious dwelling near the Ormond Hotel. He did not enter much into the society of the town. He suffered from the infirmities of age and also from the fear that someone would attempt to kidnap or assassinate him. He had a sentry box outside his door, and armed guards stood there twenty-four hours a day.

Past Mr. Rockefeller's house ran a small, narrow street called the River Road. The branches of live oaks joined over it, and Spanish moss hung so low from them that the passing of a car set the tendrils waving mildly back and forth. On this road, a few hundred yards from The Casements, was a house that Mr. Rockefeller owned and wanted to sell. My father opened negotiations to buy it. Dad was greatly amused by the rigmarole the transaction involved. Mr. Rockefeller was represented by an agent and a large firm of lawyers, and at first he himself didn't appear on the scene. Dad and the agent dickered, and finally a price acceptable to both of them was agreed upon. An uncle of mine who was in the real-estate business was called in to help Dad, and he had the title of the house searched. It was clear, and Mr. Rockefeller's lawyers said they would draw up the deed. A delay of several weeks ensued, and we grew impatient. One reason for the delay was that all Mr. Rockefeller's Ormond Beach property had originally been recorded on a single deed, and the land my father was buying had to be surveyed. Finally, the document was delivered, and Dad found that Mr. Rockefeller's lawyers had made an amazing mistake: they had deeded us not only the smaller house and the land around it but also Mr. Rockefeller's home, The Casements.

Without any question, we could have moved into The Casements any time we wanted. My parents and my sister and I all agreed that it would, however, be a shame to evict Mr. Rockefeller from his home in his old age. Dad immediately went to see him, destroyed the faulty deed, and a new one was drawn up. This incident started a friendship between Mr. Rockefeller and my father. With a good deal of justification, Mr. Rockefeller was under the impression that everybody was trying to get something out of him. My father had had a chance to stick him and didn't, and Mr. Rockefeller never forgot it.

We moved into the house and saw Mr. Rockefeller almost every day as he took a walk down River Road. Although the temperature on sunny mornings rarely fell below seventy-five, he used to wear a fore-and-aft peaked tweed cap with ear flaps, and a scarf wound tightly around his neck. He was always accompanied by his secretary and two guards. If one of us was sitting on the front porch, Mr. Rockefeller would stop to pass the time of day. Invariably, he would say that he was going, or had been, around the block and that it was a distance of three miles. The secretary and the guards would stand shifting from one foot to the other, and we would say, "My, that *is* a long walk!" It was, too, but it wasn't three miles.

After we had lived in the house a few months, my father decided to make several changes in it. He increased the size of the living room, added to the closet space, and so on. Then Mother had the dining room redecorated. It had been painted a kind of visceral red. Mr. Rockefeller took a considerable interest in these alterations, and when they were finished he called on us to see the results. The whole family was present on the occasion. After showing him the

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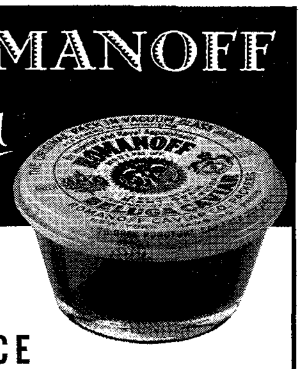

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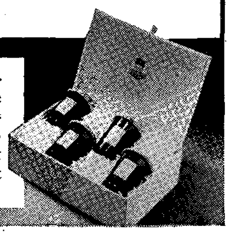

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changes, Mother asked him if he'd like a cup of tea. He accepted graciously, settled down in a comfortable chair, but asked that instead of tea he be given warm water with a little salt in it. We had a long chat with him, during which, of course, we addressed him as Mr. Rockefeller.

"You mustn't call me that," he said suddenly. "You must call me Neighbor John."

"All right, Neighbor John," my father said stoutly.

Whether Mr. Rockefeller had been brought up in a locality where people referred to their neighbors in this fashion, or had few friends in his old age and thought that such an appellation would be a kind of proof of good will, I don't know, but he used to reprove us afterward whenever we forgot and called him Mr. Rockefeller.

I MUST have been vaguely aware that the beginning years of my life coincided with the closing years of Mr. Rockefeller's, and I remember how sorry I felt for him. I had never met anyone with so many troubles. Caricatures of him were still appearing in the local papers. Occasionally, he talked with my father about Communism, and how we might have a revolution in the United States. As he grew still older, he sometimes imagined that he was running out of money. During the depth of the depression, he stopped handing out dimes and started giving nickels, and shortly before he died, at the age of ninety-seven, he just looked solemnly at the people who hung around him with the expectation of receiving coins whenever he appeared in public, and kept his hands in his pockets.

The first Christmas we spent in our Ormond Beach house, all of us received gifts from him. They were inexpensive, but we hadn't given Mr. Rockefeller anything and we felt embarrassed. When the next Christmas approached, Mother said we would have to give him something.

"He's an awfully hard person to buy a gift for," my father said, and laughed.

"Nonsense!" my mother said. "He's just a very old man, and I bet he gets hardly any Christmas presents at all."

My mother decided to give Mr. Rockefeller a bunch of bittersweet from a supply we had received from the North. Christmas morning, we delivered the red-berried branches at his door. Bittersweet was a rarity in Florida, and the gift turned out to be a great success. Mr. Rockefeller said that it had grown around his home when he was a boy and he hadn't seen any for a long while.

Shortly after Christmas, Mother and Dad got an invitation to play golf with Mr. Rockefeller. They weren't very enthusiastic about the game, but they accepted. An aristocratic-looking woman, whom I shall call Mrs. Carstairs, was to complete the foursome. She had recently moved to Ormond Beach and was said to be an excellent golfer. On the morning agreed upon, Mr. Rockefeller showed up at the links with an elderly Negro caddie, who carried not only Mr. Rockefeller's clubs but also, strapped to his body, his umbrella and a pair of rubbers—just in case. Mother played with Mr. Rockefeller, Mrs. Carstairs with Dad. Mother's golf was, as usual, erratic, with some good shots and some very poor ones. Dad's general dislike of the game and Mr. Rockefeller's age made their playing about equal, and Mrs. Carstairs showed everybody up. The occasion was especially memorable on two scores. Mr. Rockefeller insisted upon giving dimes to the other golfers, including Mrs. Carstairs, who was known to pride herself upon her financial and social standing. And he thriftily replaced his good ball with an old one whenever a hazardous part of the golf course was reached. Dad and Mrs. Carstairs won.

After the golf game, my family continued to be on such friendly terms with Mr. Rockefeller that we almost forgot that people were often critical of him. One day, Mother came into the house and shocked us all by saying, "They're going to expel Mr. Rockefeller from the Garden Club!"

"What?" my father exclaimed indignantly.

"They're talking about it, and a lot of the women want to do it," Mother said.

Ever since Mr. Rockefeller had come to live in Ormond Beach, he had been a member of the Halifax Country Garden Club, and each year his butler had carried some kind of exhibit to the annual flower show. The first year we were there, Mr. Rockefeller had exhibited a large floral battleship. Some of the ladies had indulged in malicious talk about whether such an unusual and pretentious offering was in good taste, and Mother had been afraid that this gossip would get to Mr. Rockefeller, but apparently it didn't, for the next year he exhibited a huge floral bird. No one had ever questioned whether or not Mr. Rockefeller had lived up to the Garden Club rule that each exhibit had to be shown under the name of the person who had arranged it until this year, when the butler had brought down a vase of flowers and entered it in a class of artistic floral compositions. A tag with Mr. Rockefeller's name on it was attached to the vase. Shortly before the show opened, some of the ladies had observed the butler fluffing out the leaves and *actually arranging* the flowers. The ladies had gathered immediately, and some of the more radical of them were proposing that Mr. Rockefeller be expelled from the club.

"You can't let them do it, Mother," I said, and was amazed when she declared herself helpless. I waited anxiously for the next meeting of the club a week hence, when the issue was to be decided. After the meeting was over, Mother told us that the ladies had relented. Instead of expelling Mr. Rockefeller, they had merely directed him to display his flowers under his butler's name if the butler had arranged them.

Mr. Rockefeller complied with this ruling, but he was hurt. He had shown us with pride the pictures of his exhibits of previous years which had appeared in the local newspapers. The next time, his name didn't even appear on the list of exhibitors, and he had nothing to show. It didn't help that his butler was given third prize.

The next time Mr. Rockefeller called on us, my father made some joking references to the ladies of the Garden Club, but Mr. Rockefeller didn't laugh. "I didn't know I was breaking any rules," he said. "I had no idea." The way he spoke made us realize how old he was. Not long afterward, he had to give up his walks and his golf. Occasionally, we went to The Casements, but the nearness of death grew increasingly obvious in his face and, young as I was, depressed me every time I saw him. He talked about his ailments a lot, and I became convinced that he was one of those persons whom fate always turns against. When, years later, I came to New York and saw Rockefeller Center, I could hardly believe it. He hadn't seemed *that* sort at all.

—SLOAN WILSON

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COCAINE, LLAMAS, AND JAZZ

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

WHEN we told friends in Lima that we were leaving to spend a few days wandering around La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, seven hundred miles or so up in the Andes, they stared at us as New Yorkers might if someone suggested a junket to Hudson Bay. To the comfortable Limeños on the coast, the whole of the Altiplano—Bolivia's high plateau on which her capital is situated and which is populated by alpacas, vicuñas, chinchillas, and most of the country's more than three and a half million citizens—appears to be a barren waste and hardly a place to go for fun.

Bolivia is proud but poor. In one war and another, she has managed to lose two-thirds of her original territory to her neighbors. The first thing that strikes a visitor is the eagerness of all Bolivians to get rid of the national currency. Practically anything is welcome in return. The government's Banco Central de Bolivia under certain circumstances refuses to accept its own currency in exchange for foreign monies, leaving the would-be customer to do the best he can for himself on the black market. The Indians and the cholos (people of mixed Spanish and Indian blood), who make up about eighty-five per cent of the population and are all that is left of the once great Inca civilization, spend their time chewing coca leaves blended with a plant the natives call *yuta*. The *yuta* possesses properties that enable the chewer to extract fifty grams of cocaine daily from the coca (American doctors consider less than one gram sufficient as a local anesthetic), so a lot of Bolivians are pretty groggy most of the time. The men of La Paz are equally fond of the Basque beret and the Bolivian *lluchu*, a wool ski cap decorated with loud, geometric patterns and having long, tasselled ear flaps and a conical peak that flops over to one side. The *lluchu* gives a man the appearance of a Dickensian character about to go skating. The hats of most of the women look like little felt derbies.

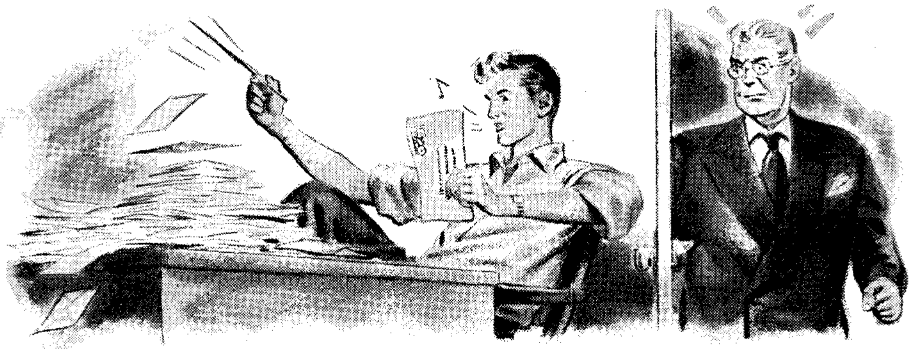
Bolivia begins, on the east, in the Amazonian forest and extends across the Chaco desert and salt swamps to the bleak, chill steppes of the Altiplano, two miles or more above sea level. The country is far from self-sufficient. Most of its food—and other needs, from penicillin to the popular Pills of Life—must be either flown in, or brought by rail from Argentina, Chile, or Brazil, by river boat along the tributaries of the Amazon, or by steamer across Lake Titicaca from Peru. The lake, of which about half lies in Bolivia, is a hundred and twenty miles long, thirty to sixty miles wide, twelve thousand feet above sea level, and paralyzingly cold. In it are the islands of Coati and Titicaca (Moon and Sun). The latter is said to be the birthplace of the mythical first Inca, Mano Capac, and of his sister-wife, Mama Ocllo. The Indians still paddle around the lake in balsas, which are vessels that rather resemble life rafts and are made of bundles of the reeds for which they are named. Most of the lake traffic, however, is handled by the five steamers belonging to the Peruvian Corporation. The pride of the fleet, the two-hundred-and-twenty-ton Yavari, was carried over the Andes in sections on the backs of mules and Indians back in 1862, but it still looks pretty good.

Because of the altitude, the denizens of the Altiplano have developed outsize lungs, which enable them to absorb sufficient quantities of what little oxygen there is. Visitors may at first suffer a mountain sickness called *soroche* or *puna* and characterized by headaches, earaches, vertigo, lassitude, nausea, and bleeding from the nose and mouth and, in extreme cases, the eyes. La Paz has only an amateur fire department, but nothing burns very fiercely two miles up, so that isn't terribly important. There is talk of building a race track, but whether thoroughbreds from the lowlands would have breath enough to get around it is a question.

CHECK ROOM
Neuwirth

LA PAZ is the commercial and cultural center of the Altiplano, which has been called the Roof of the World. The town is slightly higher than Lhasa, Tibet, and is sometimes called the Navel of the Universe. The average temperature in the town is about fifty; even so, there are two palm trees flanking the base of Bolivar's statue on the Prado. Because of the narrowness of the valley in which La Paz lies, the town has nowhere to spread and consequently runs to stubby skyscrapers. Most of these have a new-Bauhaus look, with round corners and cantilevered projections, which provides a sharp contrast to the traditional Spanish architecture. The skyscrapers are not all unqualified successes; the Yugoslavian Building, for instance, which is thirteen stories high and houses the American Embassy, has been up for some time but still has not received all the machinery for its one elevator. The 287,029 Paceños, as the citizens of the capital are called, probably spend more time climbing than the inhabitants of any other capital in the world; streets running northwest to southeast are fairly level, but those running northeast to southwest often tilt as much as forty-five degrees. On these inclines, the bus drivers display a daring that would make the Fifth Avenue Coach Company men ashamed of themselves.

In La Paz, you don't tell a child that the stork brought his new baby sister. You say that a "little package from Paris" has arrived. An appointment may be kept either at the *hora inglesa* (punctually) or a little later, at the *hora boliviana*. In 1900, the percentage of illiterates was estimated to be eighty-four. Some progress has been made since then, but trucks nevertheless carry on the sides of their cabs stencilled leopards, Supermen, and Mickey Mouses as graphic identification for those who can't read. Life is not simplified by the fact that there are two telephone systems. At the milk bars, you can get drinks laced with port or cognac. There are about a hundred sports clubs, many of them with Yankee names, such as the Northern, Always Ready, Five Juniors, and The Strongest. Saturday is the accepted day for begging in La Paz. A local merchant with whom we've had some dealings was very annoyed with a beggar who turned up on a Monday with the explanation that he had been too busy on Saturday to come and see him. Early one morning not long ago, we encountered a procession of ragged urchins, none of whom looked over eight or nine, being shepherded, not ungently, by two policemen. It was, we found out, the customary pre-dawn roundup—children on their way to jail for stealing drinks in cafés. Prisoners get only one bowl of thin stew a day, so those who haven't the money to bribe the guards to bring them extras have to rely on



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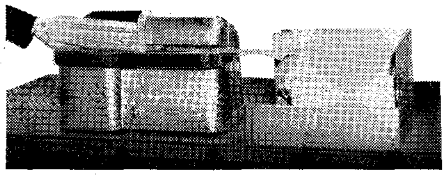

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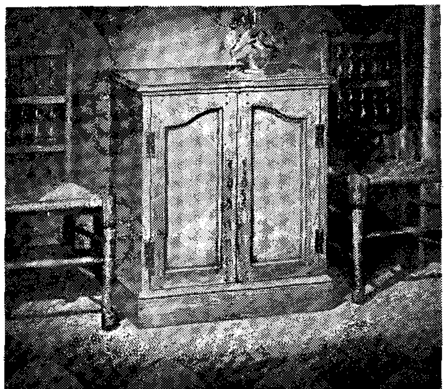

GOOD WILL

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their friends and relatives to cater for them, or starve. Certain prisoners can get credit ratings; a not unusual advertisement carried recently by one of the papers read something like this: "Señor Fulano de Tal is requested to stop immediately at Restaurant Cervantes and pay for food consumed while a prisoner at Panoptico Penitentiary, or steps will be taken." Convicts may leave jail and go to the movies if they pay the admission, ten bolivianos (about a quarter), for an accompanying guard.

Doctors in La Paz follow the Latin-American custom of advertising extensively, and they use every medium, from the telephone book to neon signs. Their displays are of the scare-the-hell-out-of-them school, and the more intimate a doctor's specialty, the gaudier and more explicit his advertising is likely to be. A dentist named Garcia Pradel has had a particularly artistic job done on his business stationery. His letterhead bears the portrait of a man with his abdominal wall removed, exposing his lights and liver; beside this are detailed pictures of various organs, and above is a large tooth, with roots.

PARTLY because of a brisk trade in illegal visas carried on by Bolivian consuls in Europe, at least seven thousand refugees, mostly from Austria and Germany, are now in this country, and as a result you're apt to hear less Spanish than German in some sections of La Paz. The foreigners have spruced up life in the capital considerably. They produce the best food, music, and drama, and a lot of the best talk in town. Several smart new haberdasheries and fur shops have opened. With the arrival of the refugees, "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön" invaded La Paz, and it has since become an almost obligatory ritual at Jewish celebrations, especially weddings. American music, of the gut-bucket rather than the Muzak school, has grown as familiar to Bolivian ears as the Argentine tango. The amplified "Beep-bat-bop" of a scat singer blaring from the loudspeaker in front of a radio store doesn't particularly interest the Indians climbing up and down the steep streets of the capital, but it makes their llamas visibly nervous.

The llamas, which come padding in to the markets every day, are an important factor in the life of the highlands. Llamas are used as beasts of burden, and, later on, as meat, rugs, and blankets. They can carry about a hundred pounds. Their dried embryos are employed, with the approval of some local physicians, in the treatment of some female disorders, and they are also considered potent charms against bad luck. Llamas have spongy, splay feet, a curiously graceful way of bounding across a plateau—as though they were on rockers—and a permanent air of disdain. They also spit at people, and their aim is good.

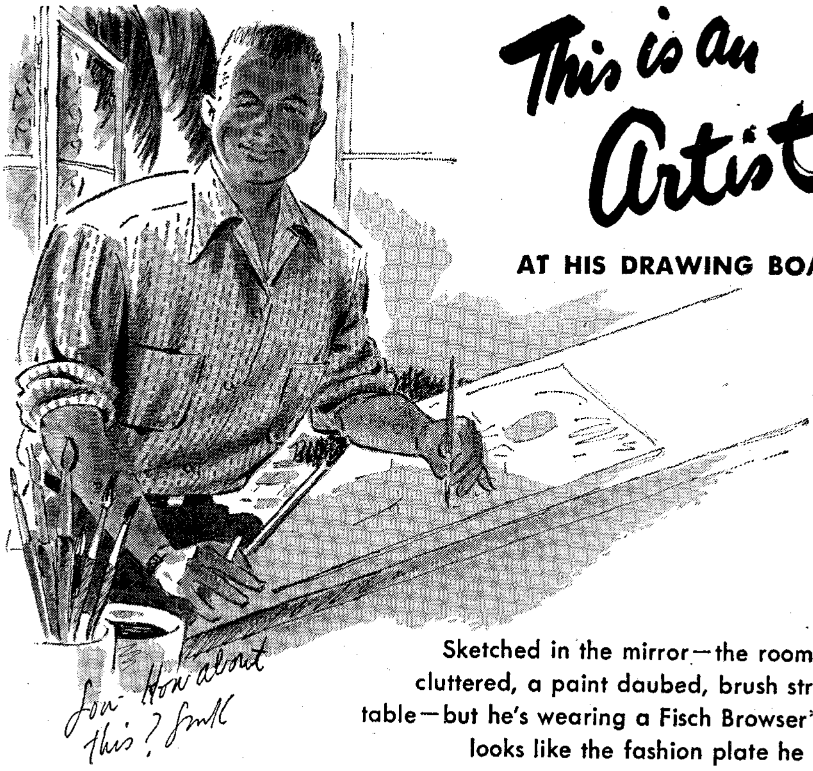
American comic strips absorb a good deal of the Paceños' time. The Bolivian papers are filled with American comics—"Red Ryder," "Buck Rogers," "Winnie Winkle y Familia," "Terry y los Piratas," "Mandrake el Mago," "El Pato Donald," and, of course, "El Ratón Miguelito." There are also "Mutt and Jeff" ("Bentin y Eneas"), "Alley Oop" ("Trucutú y la Maquina de Movimiento Perpetuo"), "Blondie" ("Hogar, Dulce Hogar"), and "Bringing Up Father" ("Educando a Papa"). La Paz papers are, for the most part, surprisingly well printed. They reveal, however, much the same tendency as the small-town American press to fall back on syndication and straight publicity handouts; even in *La Razón*, one of the best of the dailies, you will often find a headline reading something like "THERE IS GREAT ACTIVITY IN THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS" spread out over a snappy little press release.

BOLIVIA'S economy depends to a great extent on its mines; it is a one-crop country, and its crop is tin. During the pre-Lenten carnival, the Oruro and Potosí (*potosí* means "noise") mining companies sometimes hand out barbecued bulls to their workers, along with fireworks, candy, and alcohol. The blood of the slaughtered bulls is saved to sprinkle in front of the mine shafts as an offering to Pacha-Mama, the earth mother, in thanks for metals received during the past year and in hopes for a good yield next year. One of the few legends of wealth that the conquistadors finally cashed in on involved Cerro Rico, the incredibly rich mountain in the Department of Potosí. Cerro Rico's wealth of minerals was supposedly found by the Spaniards in 1545, but the legend is that it was discovered earlier, by the twelfth Inca, Huayna Capac, who began to exploit it but stopped abruptly when the mountain said, "*Pachacamac janac pachapac guaccaichan*," which is translated by our guidebook, a little stuffily, as "The Lord guards the treasures for one who will come later." The Spaniards, apparently under the impression that the mountain was referring to them, extracted from this mass of ore so much silver that they set up a mint at Potosí which supplied

Spain with nearly all its currency during its great colonial period. The Andean Indians, whom the Spaniards quickly enslaved, made fine miners; because of their extraordinary lung development, they could carry on at altitudes of up to fifteen thousand feet. Working conditions were so wretched that they precipitated a series of revolts. Even today, under a timid and conservative government that is pretty much dominated by the mine owners, there is periodic labor trouble in the mines.

Eventually, the supply of silver diminished, but by then it had been discovered that the mountain also contained tin. Bolivia had another fine time of it when, early in this century, the late Simón I. Patiño, who had been a laborer in one of the Oruro mines, embarked upon a career of aggrandizement, in the course of which he gained control of the nation's tin-mining industry, introduced modern machinery and methods, built mills and railroads, and became so wealthy that probably only a few maharajahs in India and a couple of Americans have ever been in his class. The city of Potosí, a cold and windswept spot stuck on the side of Cerro Rico, again became a boom town, with the inevitable mansions, dance-hall girls, and champagne.

YOU don't have to be in Bolivia long to realize that it's a military-minded country. There are more uniforms per square yard than there are in a Shubert operetta, and some of them are just as gorgeous. The privates are an unkempt lot—their uniforms are rumored to be a batch rejected by the United States Army because of a bad job of dyeing, and their sandals sometimes seem to stick to their feet simply by suction—but the officers are gaudy fellows who wear shiny boots, flaring breeches, and elegant gloves and go in heavily for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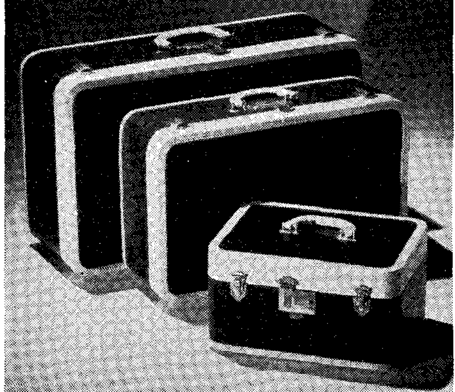

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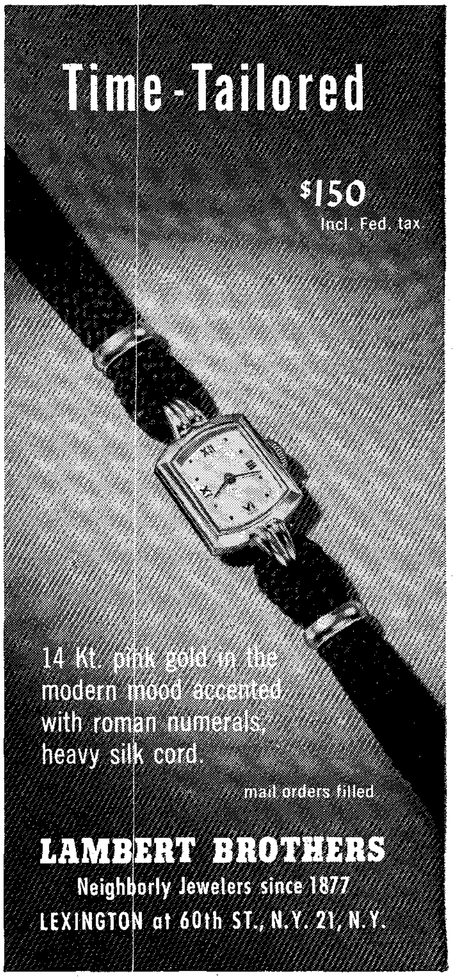
swagger sticks. We have seen uniforms of French gray and old rose, bottle green and orange, silver and gray green, and one of dark blue with a three-inch pink stripe running down the trouser legs. Cadets of the Colegio Militar, known to local humorists as the Reform School, wear a navy-blue uniform with magenta piping, white Sam Browne belts, stand-up collars and deep cuffs of black velvet, and epaulettes of heavy white braid. Until quite recently, the guards at the Government Palace, though on foot, wore on their heads the *Pickelhauben* of the old German Imperial Cavalry. The motorcycle cops are trying to carry on the same tradition by wearing spurs.

—ODEN and OLIVIA MEEKER

●

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT
(SQUEEZE DIVISION)

[*From "Watson on the Play of the Hand at Contract Bridge," by Louis H. Watson, copyright 1934*]	[*From "Better Bridge for Better Players," by Charles H. Goren, copyright 1942*]
The squeeze play is undoubtedly the most fascinating and the most exciting of all the so-called advanced plays.	By far the most fascinating of the advanced plays is the squeeze. . . .
The Vienna Coup is a play made in preparation for a squeeze play. The play is made by leading out a high card—cashing it in—so that one of the opponents is deliberately given the controlling card in that suit.	The Vienna Coup is a preparation made for a squeeze play. The play is made by leading out a high card so that one of the opponents is deliberately given the controlling card in that suit.
No discussion of the simple squeeze would be complete without an explanation of its half-brother, the pseudo-squeeze. The prefix "pseudo-" is simply ancient Greek for "false." The pseudo-squeeze is not really a squeeze at all, but is an attempt by the Declarer to make his Opponents *think that they are being squeezed*, so that they will have to guess which discard they should make. Sometimes, when the Opponents are thus made to guess, they will guess wrong, and those are the times when the Declarer will make his contract.	No description of a simple squeeze would be complete without its half-brother, the pseudo squeeze or fake squeeze. The pseudo squeeze is not really a squeeze at all but is an attempt by the declarer to make his opponents think they are being squeezed so that they will have to guess which discards they should make. Sometimes when the opponents are thus made to guess they will fall into an error, and those are the times when the declarer will make his contract or an overtrick.
When a contract is assured, and the Declarer holds a number of good trumps and other established cards in his hand, it does no harm to play these out before conceding his losing tricks. Frequently the Opponents will not discard as well as they might, and will either throw some commanding card or unguard some protected suit. The Declarer will then find himself presented with an entirely unexpected trick or tricks.	When the contract is assured and declarer holds a number of good trumps and other established cards in his hand, it does no harm to play these out before conceding his low tricks. Frequently the opponents will not discard as well as they might and declarer will find himself presented with an entirely unexpected trick.



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GOOD TIMES
A FIRST READER

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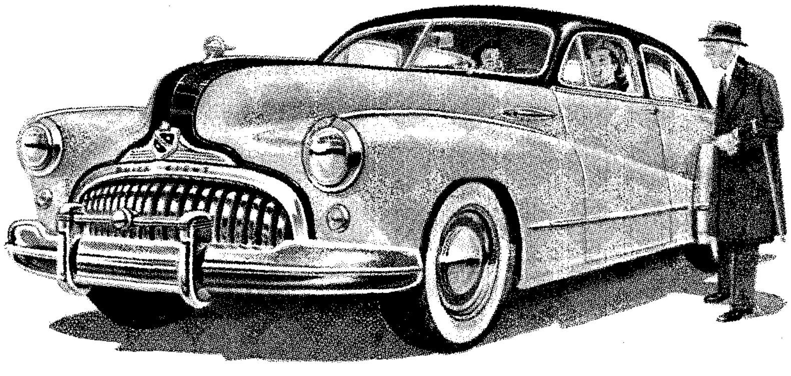

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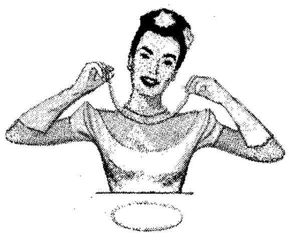

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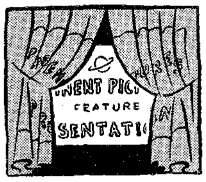
THE CURRENT CINEMA

New-Day Enoch



THE Enoch Arden theme has been put to use by Hollywood again in "Desire Me," a film that is mostly a mélange of confusing flashbacks and contains enough rain, wind, and fog to provide atmospheric effects for half a dozen pictures. In this latest attempt to demonstrate why a wife must be sure her husband is soundly dead before she awards her hand to another, a number of topical touches have been introduced to give the rancid old story a bit of new-day shine. In the opening scene, which takes place in a doctor's office, before the flashback plague sets in, the heroine (Greer Garson) is advised by a kindly, bewhiskered healer that there is nothing wrong with her organically. "You're sick in soul," he observes shrewdly. "Go back to the man that loves you." "Our life together has—no meaning," Miss Garson replies, and in a trice we're peering into the past to find out why. Miss Garson's husband, it develops in the first flashback, is a French fisherman, who has been captured by the Germans and (subsequent flashback) is presumed to be dead after an attempted escape. Miss Garson doesn't believe in his death until a concentration-camp pal of her spouse comes along and assures her falsely that it's true. The deceiving pal then proceeds to woo her until she finally agrees to marry him. When her husband shows up alive, hell immediately pops. Just why, I can't say, since the husband's friend has been behaving like the sort of man who would always be welcome at the Martha Washington. His malfeasance, apparently, is that he has proposed to Miss Garson while knowing that her husband is alive, but there's no reason for *her* to weep and call herself a wicked girl when her mate walks in. Scattered among the emotional crises are some pleasant shots of a lovely seashore, but such pictorial rewards can't offset the dreariness of the drama. Robert Mitchum, as the husband, is grim and muscular, and Richard Hart, as the would-be cuckolder, is sly and handsome. Miss Garson seems harassed throughout.

THERE are almost as many flashbacks in "The Long Night" as there are in "Desire Me," and the re-

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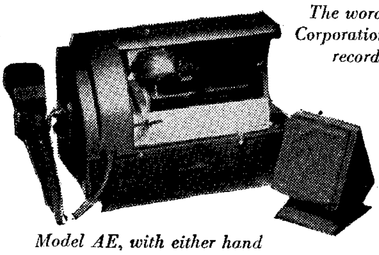

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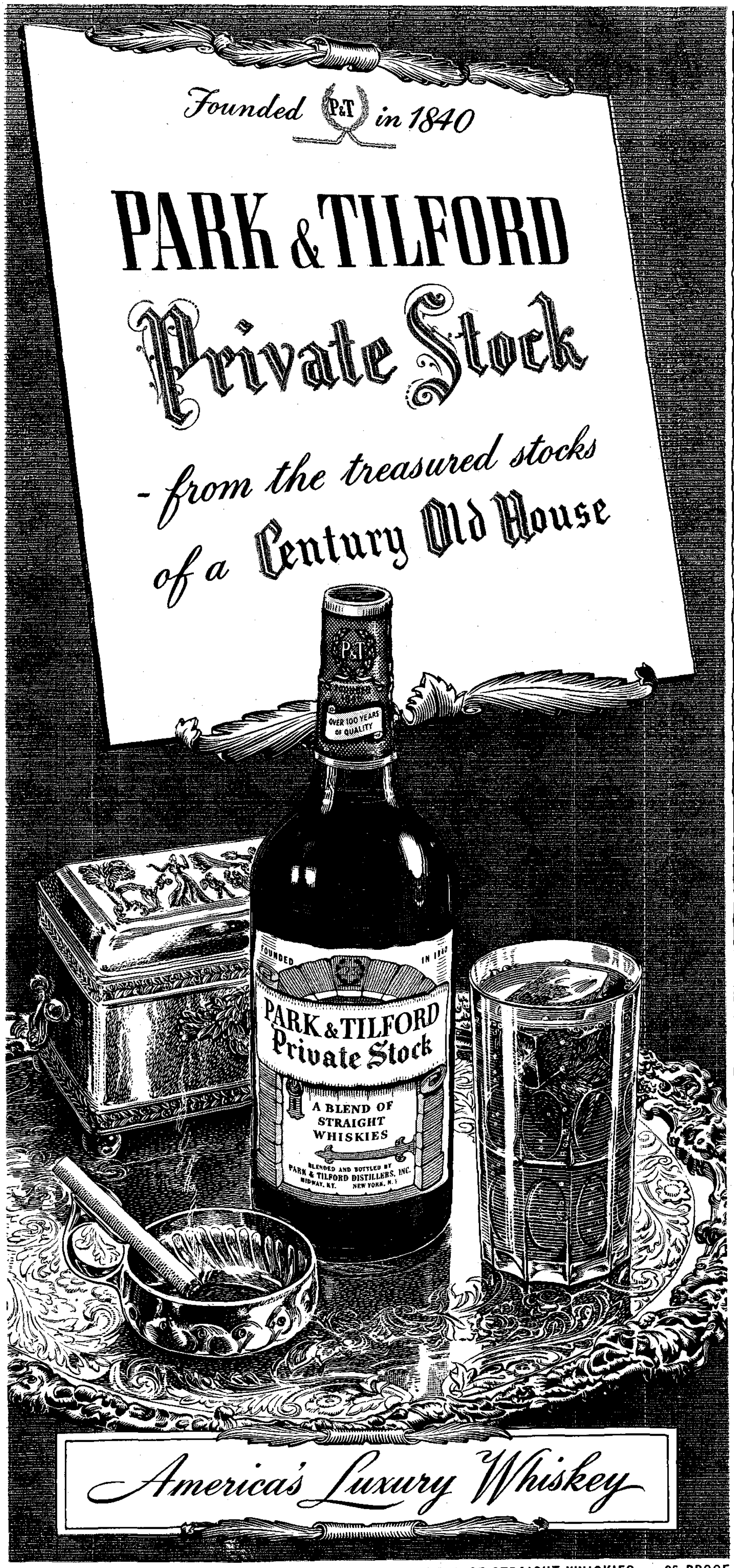
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sulting product is just as muddled—perhaps a little more so. In this one, an honest sand blaster shoots a villain who runs a vaudeville dog-and-magic act, because the latter has turned the head of the sand blaster's sweetheart, an orphan who works in a greenhouse. When put this plainly, the plot sounds silly but intelligible. On the screen, though, it is stuffed with fake social significance and garnished with lunatic dialogue that seems to be striving to establish the peculiar notion that it is the right of every citizen to let go with a revolver when his amours are disturbed. The picture is also one of the noisiest I've ever come upon, with a deafening musical score and a finale that includes more shooting, sirens, and other uproar than I would care to hear again. As the hero, Henry Fonda frequently seems to be portraying one of the Jukes boys, evidently under the impression that idiocy is the chief component of simplicity, and as the dog-and-magic man, Vincent Price is incredibly bombastic. Barbara Bel Geddes, in the role of the greenhouse girl, is fresh and attractive, even when she has to deliver such a line as " 'Romeo and Juliet' was one of the great love stories." "The Long Night" was written by John Wexley and directed by Anatole Litvak. Together, they have managed to make it practically interminable.

"SINGAPORE" describes the romantic capers in that city of a pearl smuggler from Brooklyn and a girl from Rochester, whose love affair is interrupted when the girl gets amnesia. If you stay beyond this point, you'll probably begin to envy her. Fred MacMurray and Ava Gardner are the unfortunate principals.

—John McCarten

•

I have a printed copy on silk of the inaugural address of Martin Van Buren. Who collects items of this sort?

When cooking the fine grain cereals, add a little cold water to it before stirring it into the boiling water and it will not become lumpy.—*Washington Star.*

Next question.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "To Walk the Night," by William Sloane*, 1937]

The two of them travel over Europe and America together, dance, drink, make love to each other—they're a disgustingly devoted couple—move into a different apartment every year just to have the fun of fixing up a new place. . . .

BOOKS

Our Side Did Not Lose

ONE current definition of a diary seems to be that it is a series of short, loosely written pieces, set down day by day, to be published as a book as soon as enough have accumulated. This form of compilation has several advantages, from the author's point of view. It serves as a sort of Christmas Fund, to which he contributes every day an amount of time he will never miss, until, before he knows it, he has a valuable property. It relieves him of the necessity of writing carefully, since an air of spontaneity is part of the convention of the published diary. Finally, it doesn't interfere with an overstuffed schedule of activities, if, like William L. Shirer, author of "Berlin Diary" and of the just issued "End of a Berlin Diary" (Knopf), the diarist-for-publication is an extremely busy man. It is not, however, the best way to write a book, and in Shirer's case this is a pity, because he is one of the soundest and most useful journalists of our time. A book in which he thoughtfully synthesized his views of European events and policies during the last ten years might well be a classic.

During most of the period between July 20, 1944—the date of the first entry in his new volume—and the spring of 1947, when he finished the manuscript, Shirer, who had broadcast from Berlin for the Columbia Broadcasting System in the early part of the war, was preparing and delivering a weekly news program for the same network and writing a weekly syndicated newspaper column on foreign affairs that was (and still is), in my opinion, by far the best in its field. As if this were not enough for any man to attempt, he was also, I learned from entries in "End of a Berlin Diary," contributing to the *Reader's Digest* and lecturing. His devotion to the dissemination of honest news by all these mass media is praiseworthy, but it has prevented him, I think, from giving his full measure.

In "Berlin Diary," published in the spring of 1941, Shirer succeeded, as had no one before him, in making an appreciable number of Americans understand the menace and the bestiality of the Nazi state that had suddenly expanded to include all western Europe. Other correspondents, returning home after the fall of France, had the feeling of walking in one of those dreams in which you shout without being heard; Mr. Shirer, broadcasting from Berlin with the triumphant Hitler thugs all around him, managed to intimate by intonations more than by words how much he would have to tell when he got home. He had the ready-made nucleus of an audience waiting for his first book, and he didn't disappoint it. I think that Shirer, when he set down the entries that eventually became "Berlin Diary," intended to use them only as notes on which to base a book. However that may be, he ended up by publishing them verbatim. Probably the decision to do so was influenced by the necessity for getting out quickly a book on what he knew was the hottest story in the world. The flat, frequently banal phrasing of his diary added to the effectiveness of his writing as journalism; it seemed an index of authenticity. The reporting in "Berlin Diary" was even more effective than the writing; events since 1941 have confirmed nearly all Shirer's judgments upon the German state. In "End of a Berlin Diary," however, the breathlessness is out of place, since the author surely knew when he set this stuff down that he might publish it and since the last diary entry is dated December, 1945. Passages like "But, ah, Berlin this morning! The utter wasteland where once stood the proud capital of the regime that Hitler said would last a thousand years!" appear to have been deliberately left in to create the impression that the writer lacked time to think of anything better.

"End of a Berlin Diary" covers a two-month trip by the author to Europe in the fall of 1944, during which he briefly visited London, Paris, and the American front before the Rundstedt counter-offensive; plus the San Francisco Conference, in the spring of 1945, and another two-month trip to Germany, in the early winter of 1945. Shirer hated the Nazis not simply as you hate a nation but as you hate exceedingly unpleasant people you know only too

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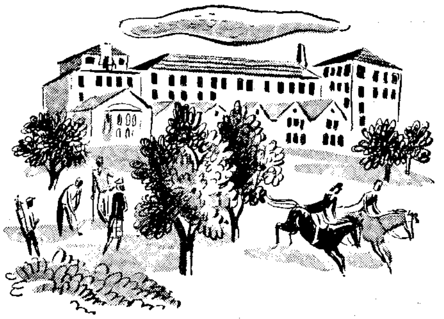

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well, and he also hated what they stood for. His satisfaction at the tangible evidences of their defeat is refreshingly honest, although, considering Mr. Hoover's recent cordial remarks about Germany, it may now be archaic. Let me quote Shirer: "By God, our side did not lose—despite the odds, despite the Nazi terror and the obscene Germanic brutality and all the Nazi-German lies and deceits and hideous massacres! Yet do you remember how hopeless it seemed that raw, dark December day of 1940 when you drove down the Wilhelmstrasse past the Chancellery, where Hitler, who seemed to have Europe at his feet, was, and then out to get your plane at Tempelhof, bristling with Göring's deadly planes? Remember that?" (He left Berlin on December 5, 1940.) Hardly anybody else, to judge from today's news, does remember.

Before leaving Germany after his 1945 visit, Shirer decided that the German people "have not . . . by a hell of a long way . . . learned the lessons of this terrible war. . . . In the end—*Ja*—the Russians and Americans would never understand each other," he fancied them saying. "If so, that was the Germans' chance." He is first incredulous and in the end very nearly frantic about the signs of indulgence toward Germany he sees in high circles in the United States, Great Britain, and even in France. "On Germany I find my Labour Party friends definitely bad," he notes in London on October 12, 1945. "They want to build up western Germany, especially the Ruhr, they say, 'in the interests of European economic prosperity.' That this *may* mean building up Germany again as a military power . . . is a consequence that they refuse to face."

Later, he quotes from a speech by Secretary of State Byrnes in 1946 that advocated letting the industrial regions go back to German control if their inhabitants wished it. "To allow the inhabitants of the Ruhr and Rhineland to decide this all-important problem of European and world peace is sheer lunacy," says Shirer. Mr. Hoover's recommendations for the revival of German industry (they preceded his much more recent statement that we never should have fought the Germans anyway) terrify Mr. Shirer. He cites Leo T. Crowley's report that Germany, left to her own devices, could be far more formidable in five years than she was in 1939.

Shirer's antipathy to our recent enemies seems no more out of date now than the hopeful tone of the entries in his diary while he was attending the San Francisco Conference as a C.B.S. correspondent. "The success of this conference (which I personally have never doubted) was definitely assured today," he wrote on May 5, 1945. "Some problems remain, but the conference is over the hump. And we shall have a new charter and a new League of Nations within a month!" This puts him back in the short-skirt era, as John O'Donnell of the *Daily News* could tell him.

The second section of "End of a Berlin Diary" contains a passage on the Nuremberg Trials, a number of important captured documents touching on unrealized Nazi plans for further conquest, and an account by the aviatrix Hanna Reitsch of Hitler's last days. A postscript, dated "Spring 1947," contains the confession of Rudolf Hoess, a Nazi mass murderer. These facets of the German story have all been covered more thoroughly, and often more brilliantly, by others—the trials, for example, by Victor Bernstein, in "Final Judgment;" Hitler's death by H. R. Trevor-Roper, in "The Last Days of Hitler;" and the camp horrors by the authors of several long books, among them "The Other Kingdom" and "Beyond the Last Path." But few of these books are likely to reach a large audience. It is possible that Shirer's new volume will reach as many readers as "Berlin Diary" did. I hope so, for the man has the truth in him, although, as I have noted, he is old-fashioned in the naïve, 1939-45 manner. A mighty smudge is going up from some prestigious smoke pots to obscure the memory of what the war was fought against, and Shirer's ability to interest a lot of people can be extremely valuable in laying the soot.

The postscript contains, among other matters, an allusion to the author's losing his news-commentary spot on C.B.S. last spring (his broadcasts had an audience of five million): "The intolerance in the nation spread even [*sic*] to radio and brought the sudden ouster of several of us whose views could no longer be tolerated." Shirer's removal, however, had one beneficial result. Newspapers commented on it so sharply that C.B.S. began a program of counter-criticism a couple of months later, calling attention to the beams in the newspapers' own big, black eyes. Reciprocal criticism helps keep everybody honest. If Shirer will devote some of the time his enforced departure from radio gives him to construct a careful book, planning each paragraph thoughtfully and going over it at least twice, we may live to thank whoever was responsible for firing him.

—A. J. Liebling

BRIEFLY NOTED

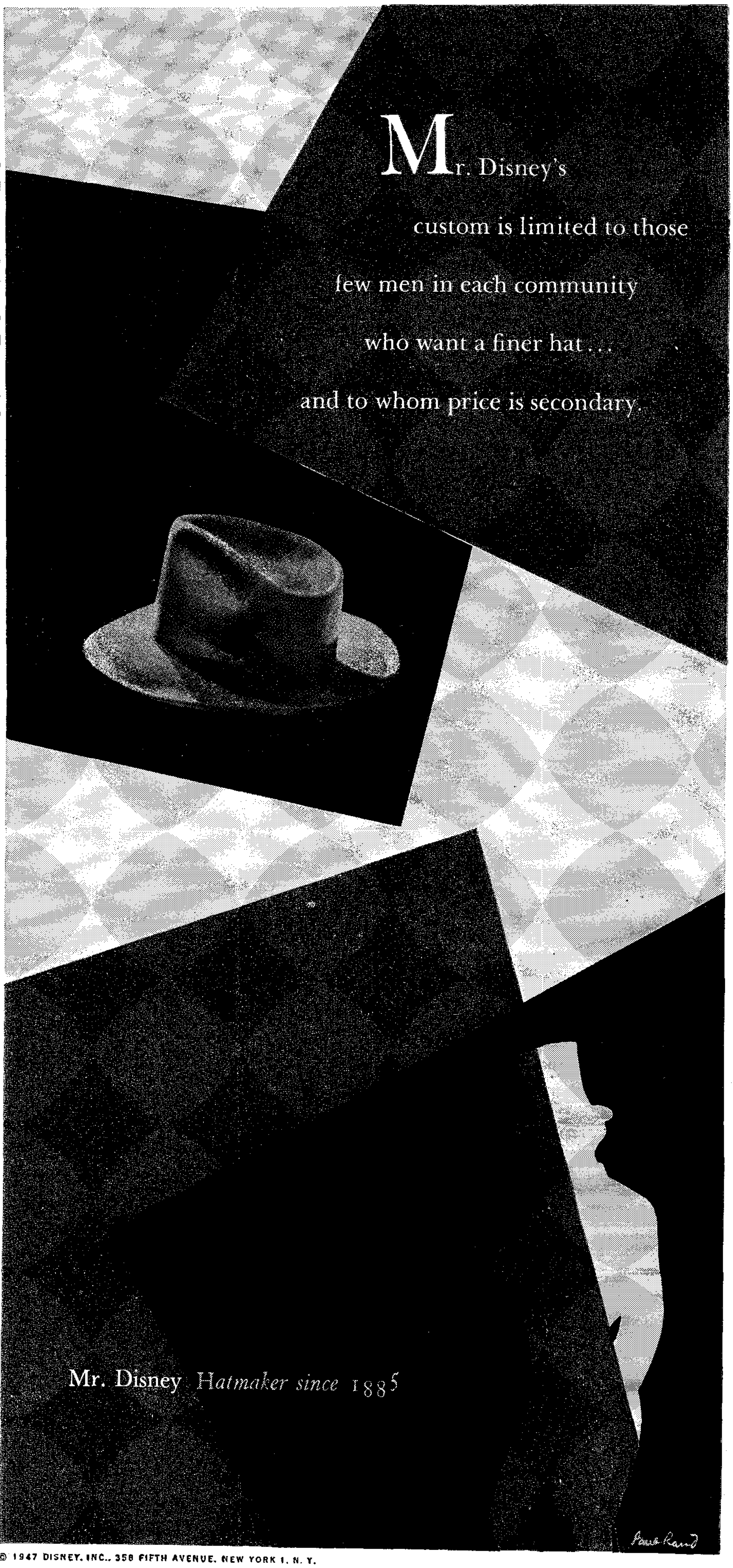
FICTION

Gus the Great, by Thomas W. Duncan (Lippincott). This seven-hundred-page chronicle of the rise and fall of a high-flown promoter and circus owner is the Book-of-the-Month selection for September. The novel has been called Elizabethan by its publishers, but it could be quite as accurately described as a remote echo of James Joyce's "Ulysses" written in the literary tradition of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Mr. Duncan is said to have required ten years to put down everything he wanted to say about the appetites, dreams, and financial accomplishments of his chief character and the people most intimately associated with him. It is unlikely that you will be able to match his endurance.

Laughing House, by Warwick Deeping (Dial). The story, written in the first person, of Sir John Mortimer, an old gentleman who is a strong Tory and something of a curmudgeon. Sir John's only interest is his big house in the country, and when that is requisitioned during the war by the government for a barracks and he is obliged to move to a cottage, he becomes even more testy. However, love, in the persons of a young wounded officer and his warmhearted girl friend, softens him, and after the war is over, he is scarcely a Tory at all and not a bit of a curmudgeon. The molasses, as you can see, is pretty thick.

God Is for White Folks, by Will Thomas (Creative Age). An earnest first novel, whose subject—the social tortures experienced by a Southerner of mixed white and Negro blood—the author might better have left alone until he had developed a little more as a writer. Right now, unfortunately, Mr. Thomas sounds too much like a man who fears that his readers may at any moment get bored and wander away, an anxiety that may account for the murders, assaults, lynchings, and other forms of violent action with which he has festooned this story of race prejudice in the Deep South.

Two Per Cent Fear, by John Burgan (Farrar, Straus). One more novel about the war, complete with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descriptions of battle and preparation for battle but mainly devoted to illustrating the truth of the other half of the popular remark from which the author has taken the title of this book—that war is also ninety-eight per cent boredom. Mr. Burgan makes his point all right, but his account of the meditations and activities of a group of Marines and sailors who spend most of their time on a quiet island in the Pacific will seem fresh and interesting only to those who have missed all the other novels like it in the last couple of years.

ANNA COLLETT, by Barbara Lucas (Houghton Mifflin). A formless story of a romance between the wife of an English farmer and an Italian prisoner of war who is working on the land. The principals are both Catholics, and eventually the woman realizes that divorce and remarriage are not for her. The writing is banal; the love scenes read like excerpts from a novel by a solemn child.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART, by Sterling North (Doubleday). The most recent addition to that clump of novels about the goodness of life on a farm in the Midwest forty years ago. This one, which deals with the open country in southern Indiana and has for its major characters an orphaned boy and his spirited grandmother, isn't helped very much by what appears to be an awkward attempt to pilfer the best prose style of the Old Testament.

GENERAL

DREYFUS TO PÉTAIN, by Wilhelm Herzog (Creative Age). A thorough and able review of the still astonishing Dreyfus affair and its repercussions in the political life of France, which, the author believes, have not yet stopped spreading. The book contains probably the most comprehensive account in English of Count Esterhazy's and the German General Staff's complicity in the affair. Mr. Herzog, a politically astute historian but a somewhat overemphatic writer, maintains that the rigidly reactionary officer corps of the French Army learned nothing from the Dreyfus case and has never softened its opposition to any form of liberalism. From this viewpoint, he assays Marshal Pétain's responsibility for France's plight during the war, without, however, coming to any new conclusion, and winds up with an estimate of the future of France, paying special attention to de Gaulle who, he fears, may turn into another Fascist-style dictator.

RUSSIA: THE GIANT THAT CAME LAST, by Joshua Kunitz (Dodd, Mead). A history of the country, beginning with the earliest days of the Kingdom of Muscovy and ending with the Revolution of 1917. By not bringing his narrative up to the present, Mr. Kunitz, who has long been identified with the Left, neatly avoids getting into controversial territory. His book, which is notably clear and concise, should be helpful to anyone who wants a forthright account of Russia's complex past.

DR. CAMPBELL'S DIARY: OF A VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1775, edited by James L. Clifford (Cambridge). A new and fully annotated edition of the journal of Dr. Thomas Campbell, the Irish divine and part-time travel writer who went over to London to meet some of the major British literary figures, especially Dr. Johnson. Campbell cast a professional eye over the preaching situation in England, which, he noted in his diary, was in a deplorable state, and recorded his conversations with Johnson and Boswell, along with any other literary gossip he picked up. The entries about Johnson, naturally, are the most interesting. A perceptive and entertaining comment on eighteenth-century London.

WE WERE INTERRUPTED, by Burton Rascoe (Doubleday). More of Mr. Rascoe's peppery reminiscences, which he began in "Before I Forget." This sequel deals with his adventures as a journalist in Manhattan, Paris, and elsewhere during the twenties. It is an anecdotal social history of an era to which distance is lending an increasing enchantment, abounding in names of the famous and marked by Mr. Rascoe's customary enthusiasm, mordant humor, and airy disregard for accuracy.

ATLANTIC HARVEST, edited by Ellery Sedgwick (Atlantic-Little, Brown). An anthology of writings from the *Atlantic Monthly*, selected by a man who edited the magazine for thirty years. The material, almost all of which is first rate, is of magpie variety—literary, scientific, and philosophical essays, plays, stories, memoirs, and fragmentary pieces about the stage, religion, nature, and politics. The writers, who are similarly disparate, include Woodrow Wilson, Ernest Hemingway, Margot Asquith, and

D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Sedgwick rambles on in his introductions to each entry with agreeable garrulity.

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY, by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper). A photographic record of what the American people were up to during the years between the two World Wars. Mr. Allen, the author of "Only Yesterday," has written a reassuring text that serves as a nice balance to the five hundred photographs assembled by his wife, some of which don't add much to our reputation as a civilized nation.

THE HAPPIEST OF MEN, by E. E. Fearon (Crown). Quiet living on a farm in Essex, described by a man who must surely be the most articulate farmer in the South of England. Mr. Fearon has real feeling for animals, crops, flowers, and everything else that goes with farming. He makes the life of a farmer seem so delightful that the reader is bound to wonder if anything ever went wrong at the Fearon place. The author's style, however, is rather irritating and his humor is often heavy-footed.

VELASQUEZ, by José Ortega y Gasset, and ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN, by Walter Ueberwasser (Oxford). Two additions to the Iris series of art books, as impeccable in makeup and craftsmanship as their predecessors. The discovery, which didn't occur till the late eighteenth century, of van der Weyden as a major master of the Flemish Renaissance is charmingly recounted, and his paintings are brilliantly interpreted. The volume on Velasquez is more soberly written and just as authoritative. Each book contains about a half-dozen full-page color plates.

DAUMIER, by Jacques Lassaigne, translated by Eveline Byam Shaw (Hyperion). In this straightforward account of the life and accomplishments of one of the greatest of the French draftsmen, proper attention is at last paid to his paintings as well as to his black-and-whites. A hundred and sixty plates, many of them of works that are still little known in this country.

GUERNICA, by Juan Larrea (Valentin). No other painting of recent years has been as much discussed and analyzed as Picasso's big mural of the destruction of Guernica, now on loan at the Museum of Modern Art. Mr. Larrea, a Spanish writer now living in Mexico, adopts what might be called a psychosymbolic approach

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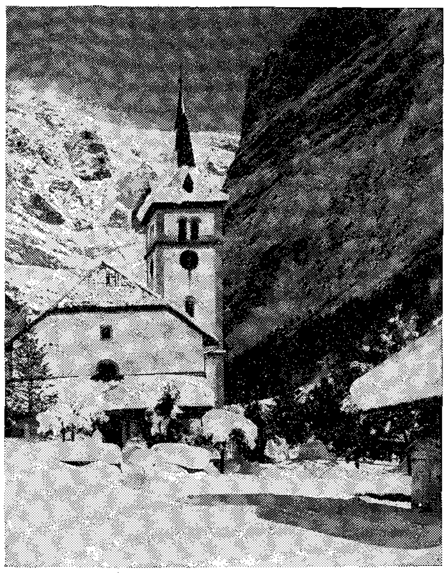

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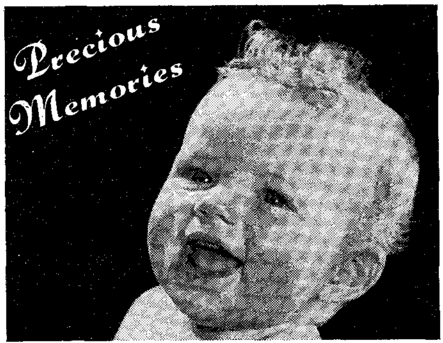

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in his analysis, and though he frequently makes the picture more obscure than the artist probably intended it to be, he does, in recompense, say a number of things about it that are extremely penetrating. A hundred and four reproductions of "Guernica" in its various stages of development, and of related drawings and paintings.

NOTE: "How to Disappear for an Hour," by Geoffrey Hellman, a collection of light stories, essays, treatises, and Profiles, almost all of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Dodd, Mead. Illustrations by Saul Steinberg.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A NIGHT OF ERRORS, by Michael Innes (Dodd, Mead). Detective Appleby, now retired, returns to duty to solve another of his highly intricate cases, which, as usual, implicates some members of the English peerage. The problem involves a set of triplets, advanced pyromania, Shakespearean references, and, altogether, colossal complications. The book, like the others in the series, is well written, but Appleby's final punch isn't nearly as swift or tricky as it has been in the past, and Mr. Innes's characterizations are becoming more and more grotesque.

MADAM IS DEAD, by Robert Terrall (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). During the liberation of Paris, the madam of a big-time brothel that had catered to the Nazis is stuck through the back of the neck with a spindle. A drum-playing, heavy-drinking American captain, assigned to the case by the Military Government and helped out by a red-headed Wac sergeant, runs into a motley set of types in trying to clear up the mess. Diverting, if a little sloppy.

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR—1947, edited by David C. Cooke (Dutton). Fourteen entries of the short-stemmed variety that seems to thrive best in anthologies. Mr. Cooke's catholic taste ranges from a neat A. A. Milne shocker to a slapstick bit of research into obscure city ordinances and dumb cops by Matt Taylor. Fine if you like brief and pat stories.

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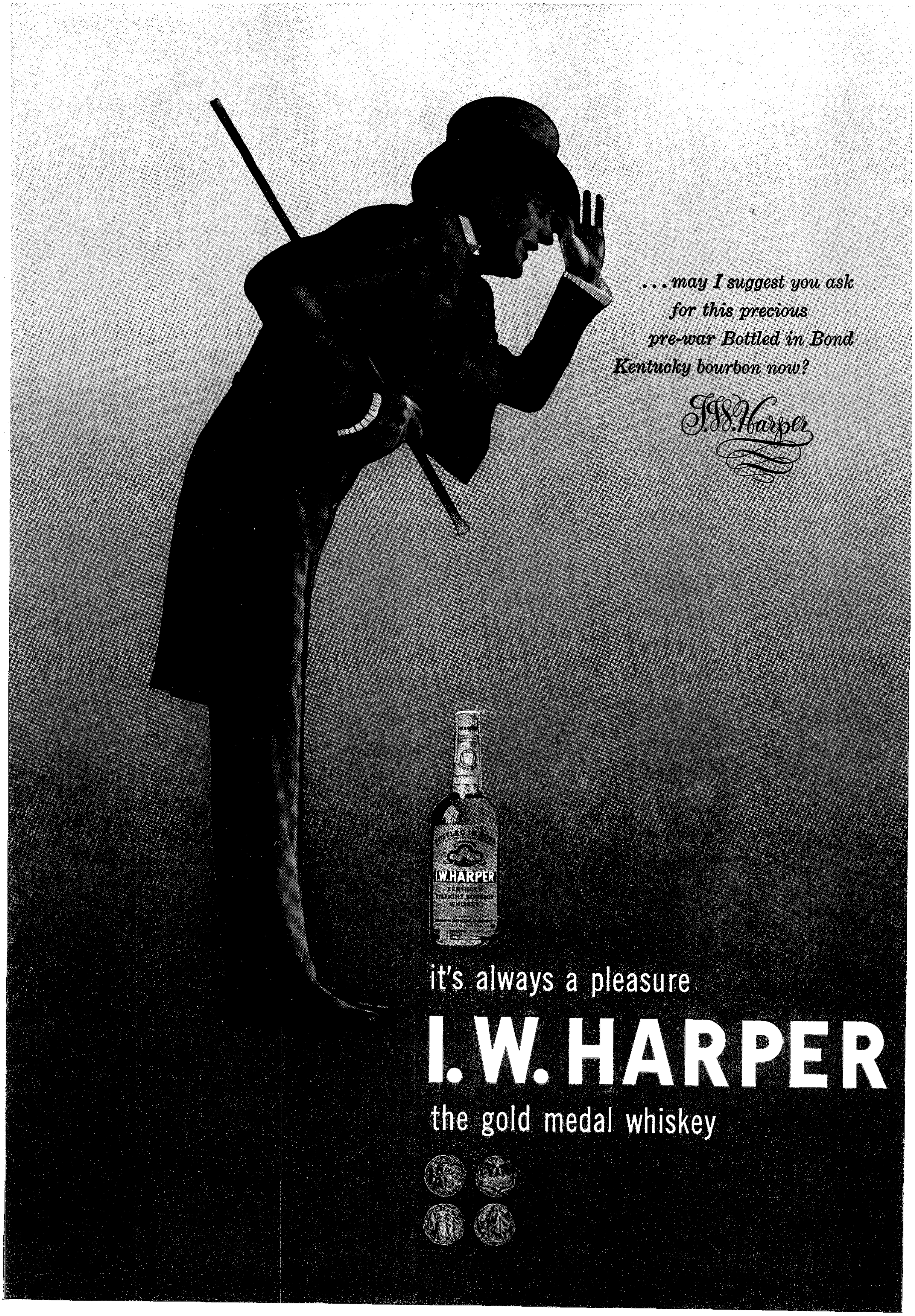
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